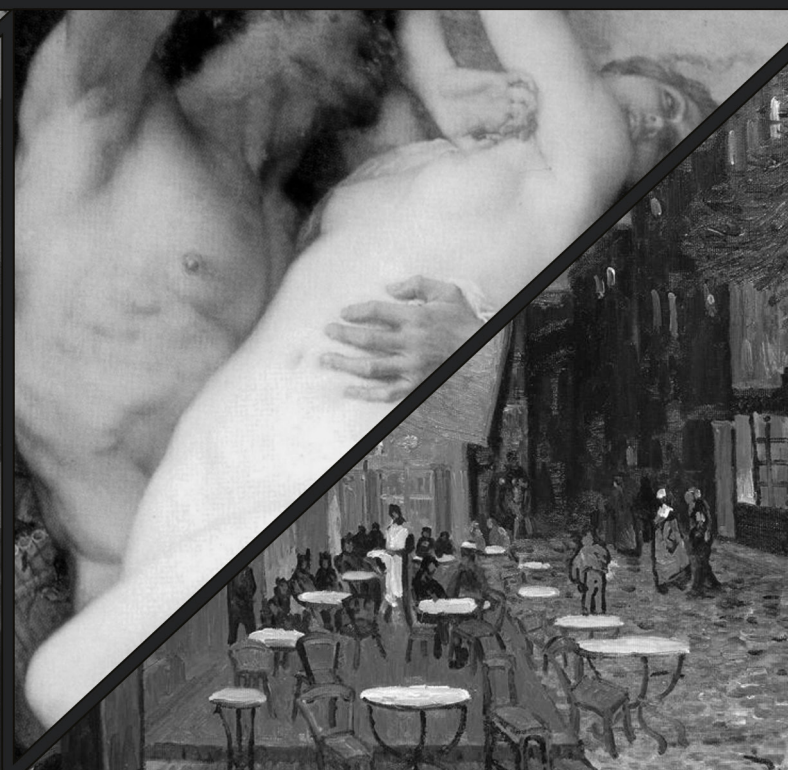




LOVE



ON  
CANVAS



# LOVE ON CANVAS

*English Students Stories*

*It's not what you look at that matters, it's what you see.*

*Henry David Thoreau*



*For William Netto*

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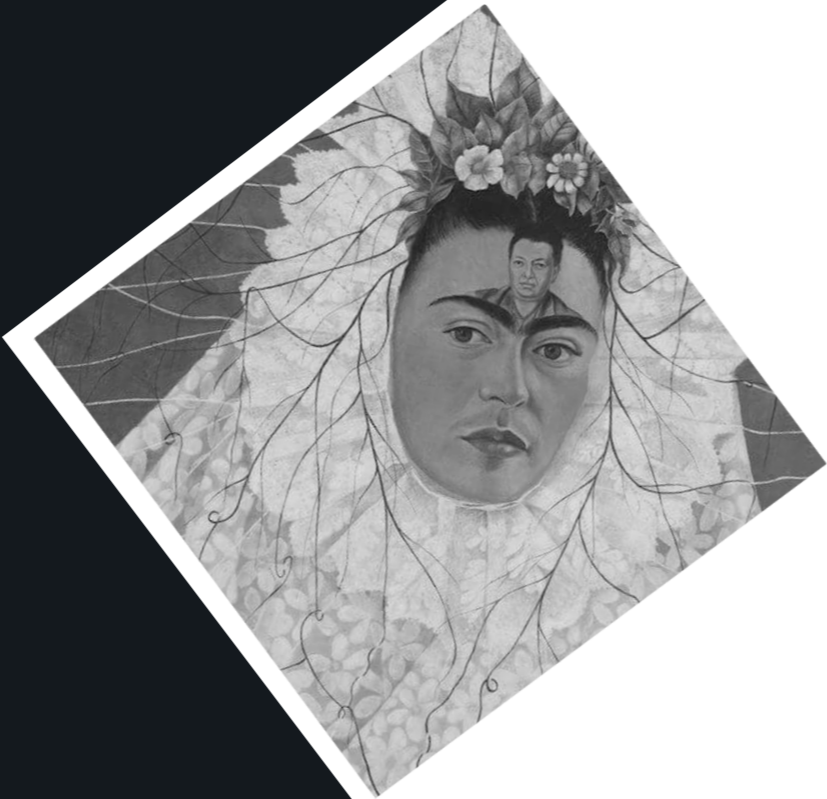
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### A Stroll on a Canal at Quimperle

Henri Le Sidaner



It was a beautiful day in Quimperle, France, in 1912. The wind in the French city was making the leaves on the trees slowly sway along the edge of the city's Canal. Amélie walked around the small town, an activity she liked to do while going to the local shops. It really was a nice afternoon walk along the river. Amélie was a 20-year-old girl with black hair, brown eyes and lovely lips. As she walked, she hummed and admired the Isole River, an important river in her city. Walking along the same canal was Pierre, a 25-year-old son of a local artisan. With each step, Amélie and Pierre approached. They didn't know each other, but that afternoon would change their stories.

Slowly, Amélie and Pierre approached. With each step, the gazes were more fixed and penetrating. Their eyes crossed all the time, but Amélie could only hope for an initiative from Pierre. A few more

steps and the two finally crossed. The two soon began to get to know each other and to show interest in each other. A love story was born there, on the banks of the Isole river, in that small French town. I don't know if they both believed in love at first sight, but in fact it happened. What should have been a quick walk across the Canal became the beginning of a family. Pierre decided to accompany Amélie in the rest of her tasks throughout the afternoon, it was enough time for them to realize that they should stay together.

Seeing this painting “At father Lathuille’s”, from Manet, here at Musée des Beaux-Arts Tournai, in Belgium, makes me think about a lot of things: Is it true? I mean, did that happen to the artist or someone who he knew? Did he see this situation on a beautiful sunny day or did he just create this in his mind? Well, I can’t get the answers but I’m sure of one thing: the passion in the painting is real and I can even imagine what could have happened on the day in which this man and this woman met. In the XIX century, on a beautiful day in Paris, a white man, with big eyes, black hair and mustache decides to leave his house to enjoy the spring. The temperature is comfortable and the clouds in the sky are perfect. The other people had the same idea, so he finds many known (familiar) people and talks to them, but when he’s walking past an open air restaurant, an unknown woman attracts

his attention. She’s wearing a black dress and a hat with stylish gloves and apparently she’s alone at the table, so he keeps watching her from afar. “Is she single? Would she talk to me?”, he thinks. After a moment, he decides to go to talk to her and, as he is coming closer to her table, he kneels to look at her face to face, but before he says one word, suddenly she turns to him and their eyes meet. The explosion of feeling is so strong around them that everyone pays attention to them at the moment, including the restaurant’s waiter.

At father Lathuille's  
Manet



## Cafe Terrace at night

van Gogh



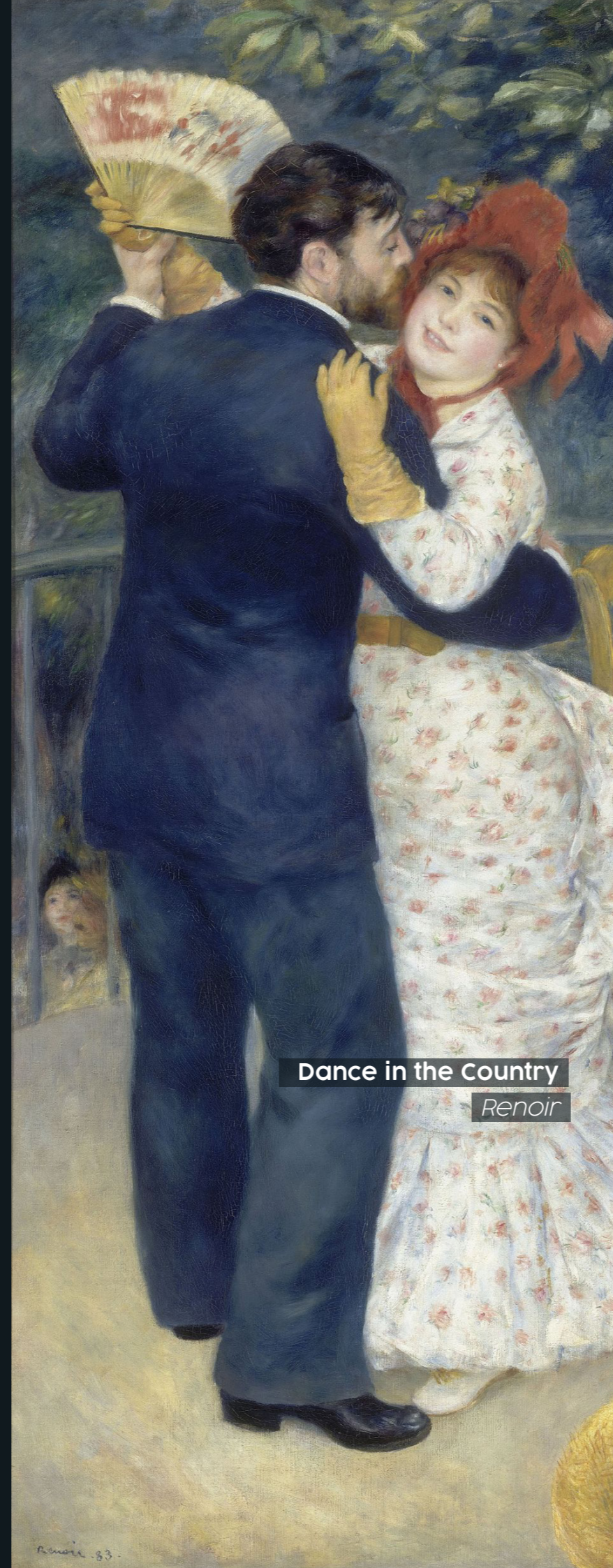
In the enchanting city of Arles, 1910, a cafe has become a corner of love. The starry night in this cafe inspires lovers and encounters there are magical. Alice, a kind and dedicated Literature student, loves to read, write and enjoy the view from this cafe. One night, Alice arrived at the cafe and noticed that the place was crowded. Old waiter Joe suggested that the young woman share a table with a customer who was alone. Alice looked around and saw Harry across the room. Harry is a charming young man who had a shy smile.

Alice walked over to the boy and asked if she could sit with him. The young man said no. Discouraged, Alice talked to Joe who suggested she wait a few minutes. Alice stood there and noticed that Harry was still alone at the table. She decided to insist. Alice asked: Can I sit here? With no hope of his friend's arrival, Harry said yes to

Alice.

That chance meeting changed their lives. Alice sat down and started writing. Harry asked what she was writing about. Alice said that she writes poems about love encounters and that the cafe is her inspiration. As Alice spoke, Harry was delighted and a genuine feeling was born there. After the conversation, Harry made a request to Alice: write about me tonight, save one of your poems for me and I'll save a place at the table for you every night.

**T**he two were born in London in the Victorian era, but while Leonardo had gone to Paris to study biological sciences as a young man, Liana remained in the capital with her family studying etiquette, music and other duties reserved only for girls. He always wanted to raise a family and take his children on his world travels, just like his parents did to him. She wished she could study gastronomy, hated classical music and hoped to find a man who would make her happy since marriage was inevitable. They would meet at a brunch hosted by one of London's great aristocratic families to celebrate the arrival of spring.



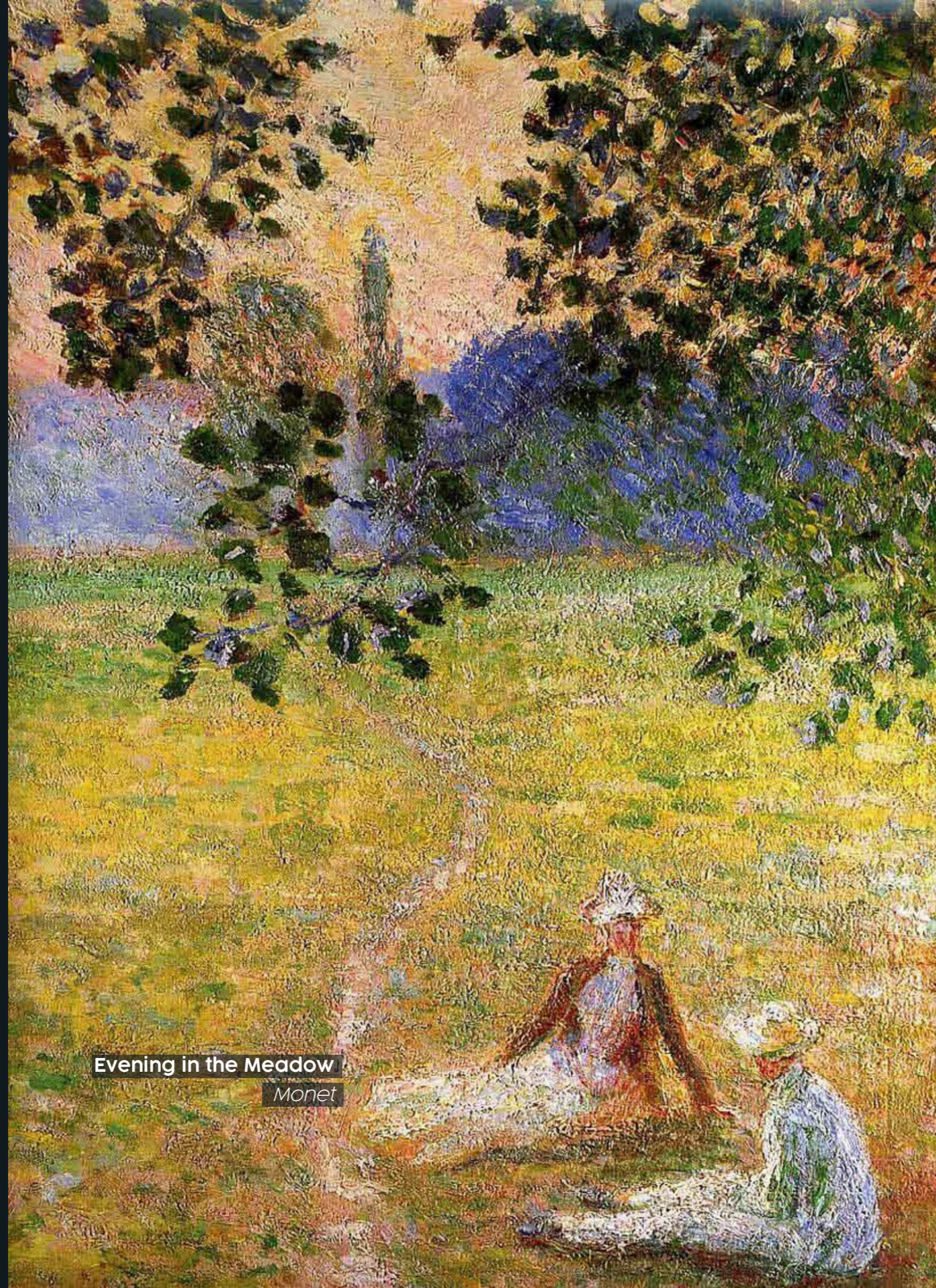
**Dance in the Country**

*Renoir*

It was a sunny Saturday morning on a remote London property, Leonardo was sitting in a gazebo distracted by the nearest tree when he was interrupted by a breeze with her scent. Liana was climbing the stairs alone and their eyes met, a lively song had just started to play and when the two found themselves, they were ready to start the dance saying their names to each other. The dance between red and brown hair, flushed cheeks, a flowered dress, a fan and their smiles infected everyone who was close; and this sensitive moment of joy was of paramount importance in the meeting. The couple came to build a beautiful story with dreams come true and a family, they ended up finding each other.

**E**lizabeth and Christopher had been together for over two years, but it seemed that with each passing day, their love grew stronger. They were already mature and no longer felt that typical anguish from teenage love affairs. But Elizabeth still found it strange to be as cherished as she was now. She had spent a lot of time alone and when her previous relationship ended, she felt trapped in her own world. But life decided to give her another opportunity to find a significant other and dance the dance of life in good company.

**Evening in the Meadow**  
Monet



One day, a great friend she hadn't spoken to in a long time resurfaced. He returned to his hometown after serving in the army and was much better looking and much more serene than he had been in his youth. Already in their first conversations, the affinity between the two manifested itself as before and she felt as if her heart was waking up after a long time asleep. She felt alive, joy was part of her routine again. Now she felt like there were butterflies in her stomach.

Christopher wanted to see her well, he listened to her, cared about her, liked when she talked about her passions, even the smallest details she vaguely mentioned. She knew this man was the perfect partner for her life. In a few months they were married. Their relationship was a kind of rebirth for both of them. When they looked at nature in that spring afternoon, they were sure they filled each other's lives with flowers.

**Flaming June***Frederic Leighton*

I try to enjoy the meal while ignoring the judgmental looks that haunt me from everywhere. The party has just started, but it feels like I've been there for an eternity, at my grandparents' summer house. Although I don't mind being single at 21, people keep looking at me with pity and dismay, as if there's no future for me or place in society that I can fit. Oh, if they knew I was the one who abhors them, maybe they'd stop pestering me, or disinherit me altogether, which doesn't seem like a bad idea if it's to avoid all these judgmental and hypocritical encounters.

After dessert, I manage to sneak out and reach one of the unoccupied rooms. Realizing I'm completely alone, I lock the door. It's like I'm breathing again. The smell of the sea air starts to tipsey me and the sunlight that comes in through the window starts to warm my skin. I kick off my shoes and walk towards the porch. I close my eyes and feel the breeze goosebumps me. I snuggle into the blanket draped over the sofa. All sensations come together in me and, in ecstasy, I fall asleep. I no longer exist as just a being. Now I am part of a Universe much bigger than me.

Tarsila fell in love with nature. It was a perfect day. The sun was shining and the sky was blue. The young artist always traveled to her country house. She grew up in that house. Her childhood was lovely. She has always had good memories from her childhood.. When she was a child, she used to play with her brothers and sisters and her cousin in that house.

One day, Tarsila went away for the weekend to the country house and she invited her boyfriend, Oswald. He was intelligent and gentle. They had absolutely everything in common. Tarsila and Oswald fell in love with each other. The couple contemplated that nature. He looked at her and they hugged, after that he said: I love you, Tarsila. She answered: I love you too.

The young couple talked about the Earth, the water and the air. So, they remembered the trip they took together to France. Tarsila and Oswald talked about Modernism and The European Vanguard Art. Oswald said: "Tarsila, you're

an avant-hard woman and you're an inspiration for everyone in Brazilian modernism. Fernand Léger, your teacher, did an amazing job. You deeply learned cubist techniques. I loved the gift. I think Abaporu is an excellent name for a painting. Congratulations, honey!". Tarsila loved Oswald and his sweet words were songs to her ears. The poet was charming, and he had a great heart.

In 1929, Tarsila and Oswald weren't together anymore, because Oswald cheated Tarsila with Patricia Galvão (Pagu), so they broke up.



**Idílio**

*Tarsila do Amaral*

One more time Soledade was reading that letter. She doesn't know how many times she has read it in the last two months. It was the last one that she received from him. The last one before the sea took him away. Everyday she reminds herself that Iemanjá has her purposes, but the hole still there. The letter contains such good news, it contains hope for them both. A new boat was in his plans, a new little house was in their plans, the wedding was already scheduled. But now it's just letters in an old paper.

Everytime she reads it, she cries. Soledade remembers his touch, his smell, his voice, but it's strange how everything goes so fast, how in one moment you are there and in the next second you're not anymore. She didn't have to dress the grief, the black garment, because they weren't married, but she needed to. She needed to express her feelings, she needed to take it



**Saudade**  
Almeida Junior

away. But she was not succeeding. It was always getting worse and worse and worse, the feeling of saudade was consuming her. She'll never forget him for as long as she lives.

She stares at the sea with a mix of feelings of hate, fear and respect. After a long time, she realizes that she's crying, she cleans up the tears and reads the letter again and it hurts even more. So she hears the whistle, she knows that sound, it's so familiar but she doesn't remember why... She hears it again and it's getting closer to her window, she gets out of the house and sees him, he's going up the street, and it's at this moment she learns to trust in Iemanjá's purposes. He finally came back to her.

**Self-Portrait as a Tehuana***Frida Kahlo*

**A**rtist Frida Kahlo has always been a strong, intelligent, and independent woman. But her husband, Diego Rivera, also an artist, was a little intimidated. He wondered how a woman like Frida could be so sure of herself.

Years after the wedding, Frida and Diego separated. Diego felt that betraying his wife would make him a safe and desirable man. Even with an image of a woman with a free soul, Frida was stuck with Diego. She loved him body and soul. Literally, Diego had always been engraved in Frida's mind. He was tattooed on her brain, despite all the agony of her extramarital affairs. She couldn't stop thinking about him.

Obsessive, Frida began to wear Mexican costumes that her traitor loved to no avail. The free-souled woman was trapped in her sad love. In response, Diego promised

to never love her again. Frida went crazy and committed suicide.

Talking about love is sometimes a specific way of talking about all the things around you. It's never something isolated. What doesn't change is the fact that love is always unique. Many people pass through your life, but only a few of them have real meaning for you. Besides that, we live in a society that discriminates against specific kinds of love, which builds up the revolutionary side of this subject. Why is the concept of love related to skin colour, sexual orientation or gender identity, wealth or poverty? I believe love is energy, confidence, connection, simplicity and intimacy.

When Abby trespassed my house door, I felt something was going to be different. We've known each other since childhood. However, because of life's discrepancies, we lost touch. Even though we've changed a lot - she was in the middle of her twenties exploring her

transsexuality, and I was getting into my thirties, questioning my affections - we decided to re-establish our connection. When I realized that we were almost losing contact, I invited her to my house. That was the moment I have carried in my thoughts since then. As we talked about our discoveries and conflicts in our lives, she took out my phone, chose a song, which was already known by us and gently asked me if I wanted to dance with her. The moment we were dancing and touching each other set our compass amidst the frantic chaos of the world. We extended the time so that all our conflicts could talk to each other. At that moment, they could be pierced.



**Slow Dance**  
Kerry James Marshall



Sublime love

*Liu Kojima*

Louise had short, brown, curly hair. She was friendly, smiling, and liked animals. When I met her, in 5th grade, in Recife, I was totally in love. I thought about her all the time and spent the day waiting for the end of the afternoon to arrive, when she went out for a walk with her mother in the woods near my house.

I used to like trees. There was a very special place for me in these woods, under a cherry tree, the kind that makes you want to sit on the ground and admire it all day, without getting sick. I loved enjoying the rain fall, watching the flowers being washed by the water, and the birds singing... It was my place. I dreamed of the day Louise would spend the afternoon with me right there.

One day, my mother was offered a job she couldn't refuse and we had to move to Natal. When I heard this news, I missed Louise in advance.

How would I live without seeing her? I protested to my parents, but I was bribed by a birthday party, which I always dreamed of.

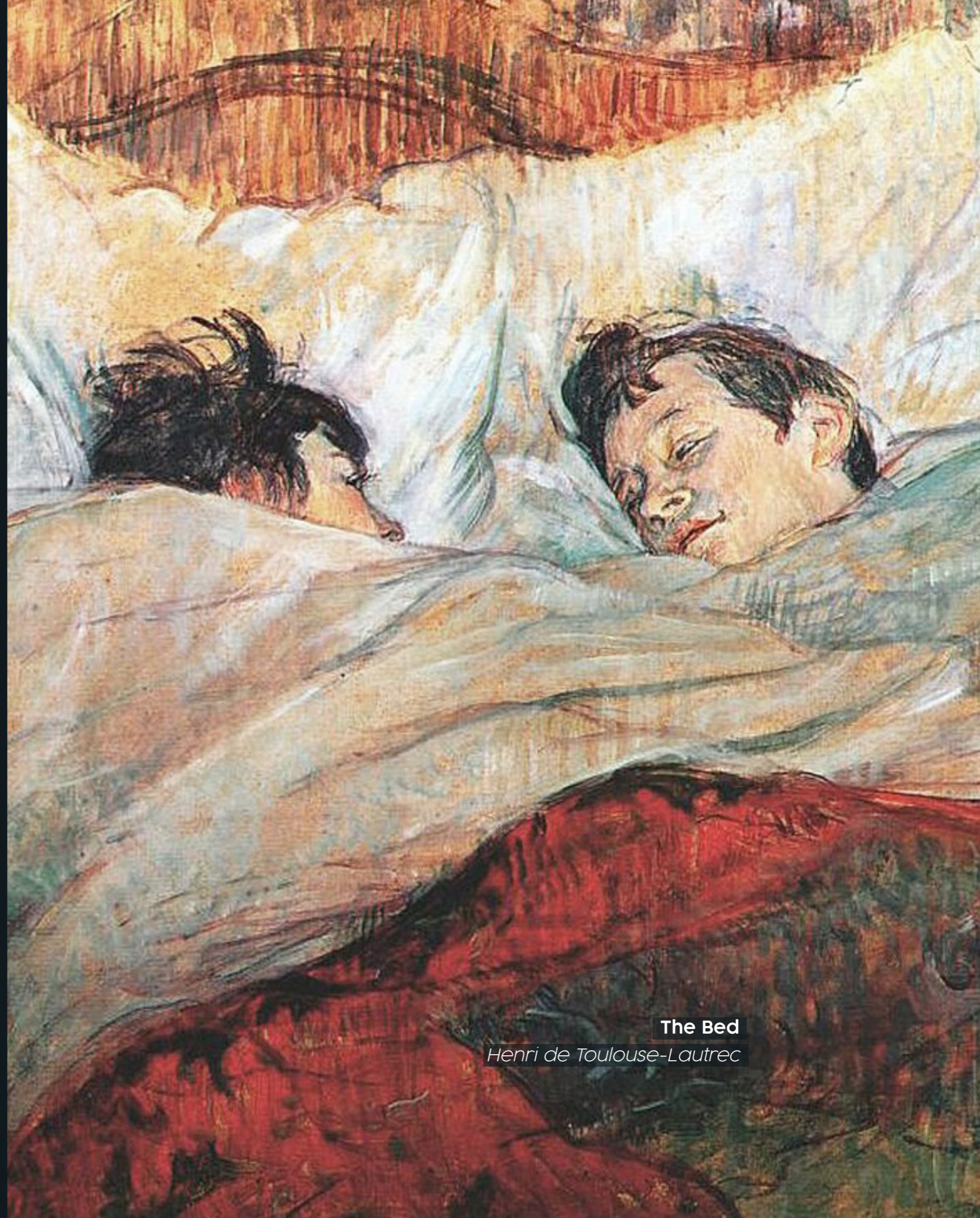
And then the day came. The whole street was partying, children were playing, adults were dancing, sweets, balloons and lots of singing. But, Louise wasn't there. I was devastated, the party no longer made sense to me. I ran into the woods. It was autumn. I went to my place and there was Louise. She came to me to say goodbye and wished me good luck. She was beautiful, as always. We talked until nightfall, when it started to rain. Louise offered me a ride under her umbrella, we hugged on the way. It was late and she had to go. She gave me a shy kiss on the cheek. I still remember the feeling. Years later, we met again and remembered the past. To her, I had also been her first love.

**I**t was a trembling night. All she was thinking about while he was speaking was blankets that were waiting for her at home. And of course, the delicious hot chocolate made by Juliette. The date, at that point, turned to in a bad idea and her thoughts, mixed with the speech of the man, started to make her impatient.

The clock seems to freeze like the rest of the night. The time stopped and she was in a situation that she needed to get out. The date was not boring, he seemed a very good guy, but Juliette was consistently thinking how bad she wanted to go home, to warm up, make some chocolate and talk with Anna.

After dodging a kiss at the balcony of the Café, Anna decided to go home. With some awkward phrases - "Good night", "good night", "I'll call you", "We have to do this some time" - she said goodbye and went home, hoping it was the last one time they met.

Juliette couldn't wait to open the door and feel the warm and good smelling of her house. After locking the door, she went directly upstairs and checked if Juliette was home. "Are you awake?" "Yes" "Want some chocolate?" "Yes!" And after two tea-cups of hot chocolate, the two laid down and talked about the night that they had. After all, it ended very well.



**The Bed**

*Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec*



**The Surprise**  
Watteau

This is a beautiful love story. I was at my parents' house in Paris where there was an adorable wood called Bologna. It was a nice spring night in the year 1718 when it all happened. Pierre threw a small stone at my window, which was the signal for me to go down my window and come out to meet him. I quickly ran towards him, who was hidden in the bushes. So, we started our walk.

The trees were green, I could see the sun's rays setting in the sky. Pierre and I held our hands as we walked. Pierre was the only son of two peasants employed by my father. My parents were extremely wealthy, owners of many lands and would never accept my relationship with Pierre. However, on that late afternoon, all we wanted was to walk hand in hand. Suddenly, on our way to the woods, a musician appeared, who was Pierre's friend, and he started playing lovely melodies. Pierre asked me to marry him and then he gave me a passionate kiss.

Pierre and I planned our escape and went to England, where Pierre's uncle had given us a small property. Pierre and I were very happy.

Joseph, a fisherman from Bayou La Batre, which belongs to Alabama state nowadays, lived with his mother in a simple house next to the sea in 1856. Even though Joseph was in his twenties, he had never met a woman intimately, actually he and his mother were very socially isolated. Joseph always felt like people from their village avoided being with him and his mother. His mother gave birth to him at a very young age, he was the fruit of forbidden love of his mother and one of her father's slaves. Joseph's father was murdered by his mother's father just after their romance was discovered. Joseph's mother ran away and tried to hide her past from people of her new city, telling everyone she was a widow. As Joseph grew up, his skin color became more evident and the white people from the slavery time avoided being with his small family.

In reflection time, Joseph used to contemplate the sea, a beautiful view and also his workplace. The sea was his refuge from all the prejudice he faced every day. t

On one of these days of contemplation, he saw something strange: a beautiful blond girl swimming, apparently naked, during the sunset. Joseph got into the water to see her closer, they stared at each other with curiosity, but when he came closer, she dived and disappeared.

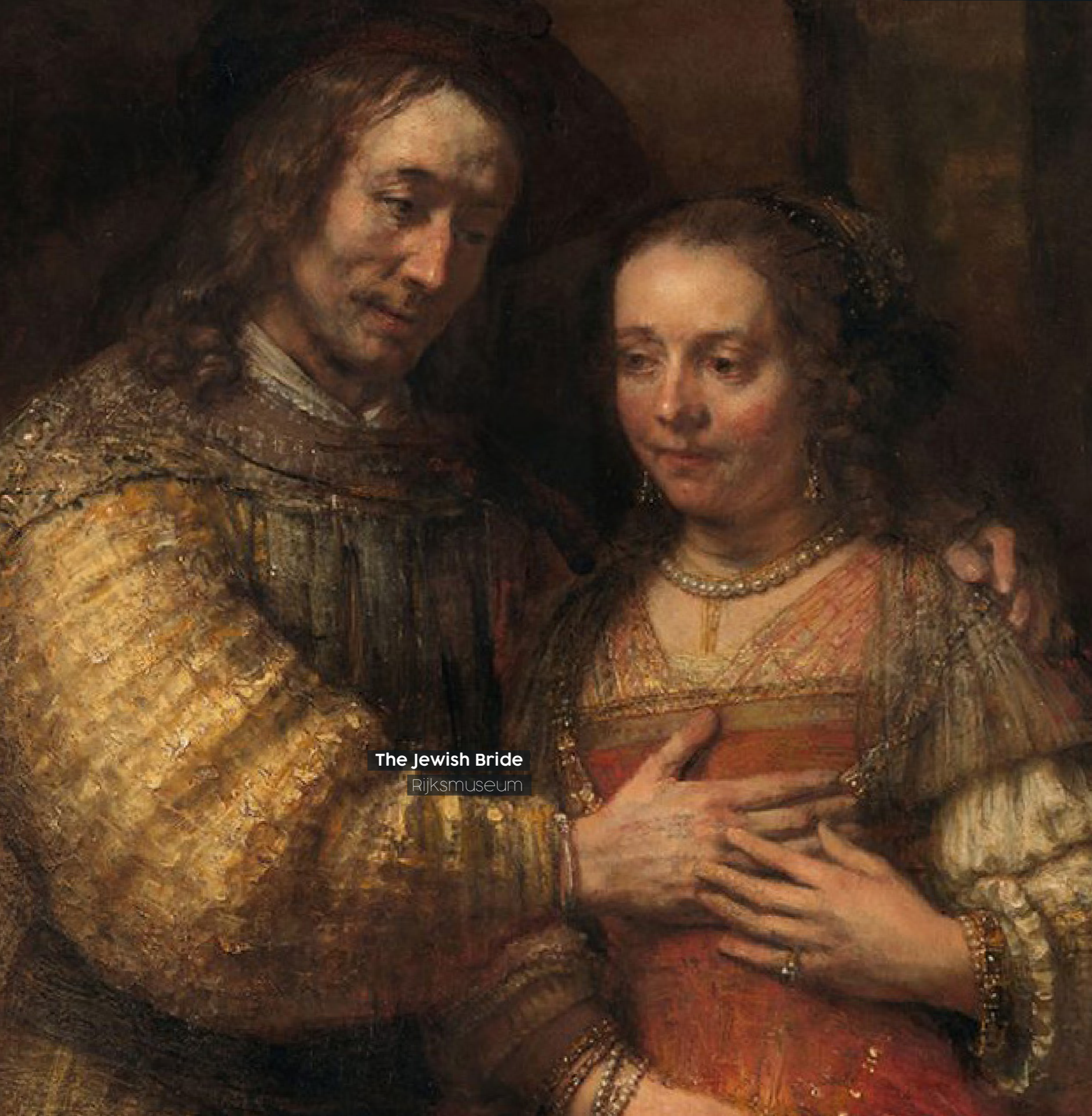
The next day, at the same time, Joseph was there again hoping to see that stunning woman. He waited for the sunset, got into the water at the same point he did the previous day. When he was disappointed, the girl appeared slowly emerging her head from the water. This time, they got closer. Her curious sight was replaced by a tender sight and she held out her hand to touch his face, which was something he'd never felt before, nothing could compare to this feeling. He felt her soft skin touch his face like never felt any other woman besides his mother. At that moment, they felt the desire in each other's eyes and got closer and closer until the moment her uncovered breasts touched his chest. Even inside the water, he noticed something uncommon with her legs: she had a fishtail instead of legs. He looked at her surprised, she smiled discretely and went away slowly.

During the next month Joseph met the woman every day, he talked to her, unburdened himself with her about the loneliness of his life. She just looked at him like she could understand every feeling but did not say a single word. He thought she was a mute creature, despite that he had feelings for her he could not explain, it was a mixture of friendship and desire he had never felt before.

One day, he was complaining about his sadness and prejudice he suffered from the people of the village. She looked at him lovingly and started to sing a beautiful melody. He was so amazed, almost hypnotized. He got closer to her and they kisse. As a siren, she knew they could never live their love, so she gently pushed him down the water during the kiss and drowned him to death. After that, she killed herself with poison, in the hope they could live their love beyond life. Just like his mother's love, Joseph's love had a tragic ending.



**The Fisherman and the Syren**  
*Frederic Leighton*



**The Jewish Bride**  
Rijksmuseum

A long time ago, there was a girl who fell in love with a man. But both lived in different cities. The man wrote letters and sent them to the girl every month.

The girl broke her heart when she read the letter which just received. The man who fell in love with her had a disease and would die in a few days, but he didn't want to pass away without seeing and talking to the poor girl one last time.

The girl wrote the answer so fast and sent him the letter. She instructed him to meet her at the Cathedral in the city.

When the man met her, she said: put your hand on my heart. My heart will be yours ever.

Both looked each other in the eyes.

The painter who watched the scene knew their story and put all this sentimental moment in this picture: The Jewish Bride.

In New York, 1950, a beautiful love story began. Apollo was an excellent soldier known for his skills in battles. One day he was in a pub where he met Agnes, a very kind and beautiful nurse who caught his attention. After they talked, he asked her out to one of the best restaurants in town and this way they started their relationship. In their 3rd year of marriage, Apollo was called to serve in a war, he knew he had to go. Agnes was reluctant, she didn't like the idea at all, because she knew how dangerous wars were. However Apollo said it was necessary and he had trained a lot for that moment. The day before the farewell, Apollo hugged his beloved, kissed her in front of the stairs and said that this wasn't the end, asking her to pray for him.



**The Kiss**

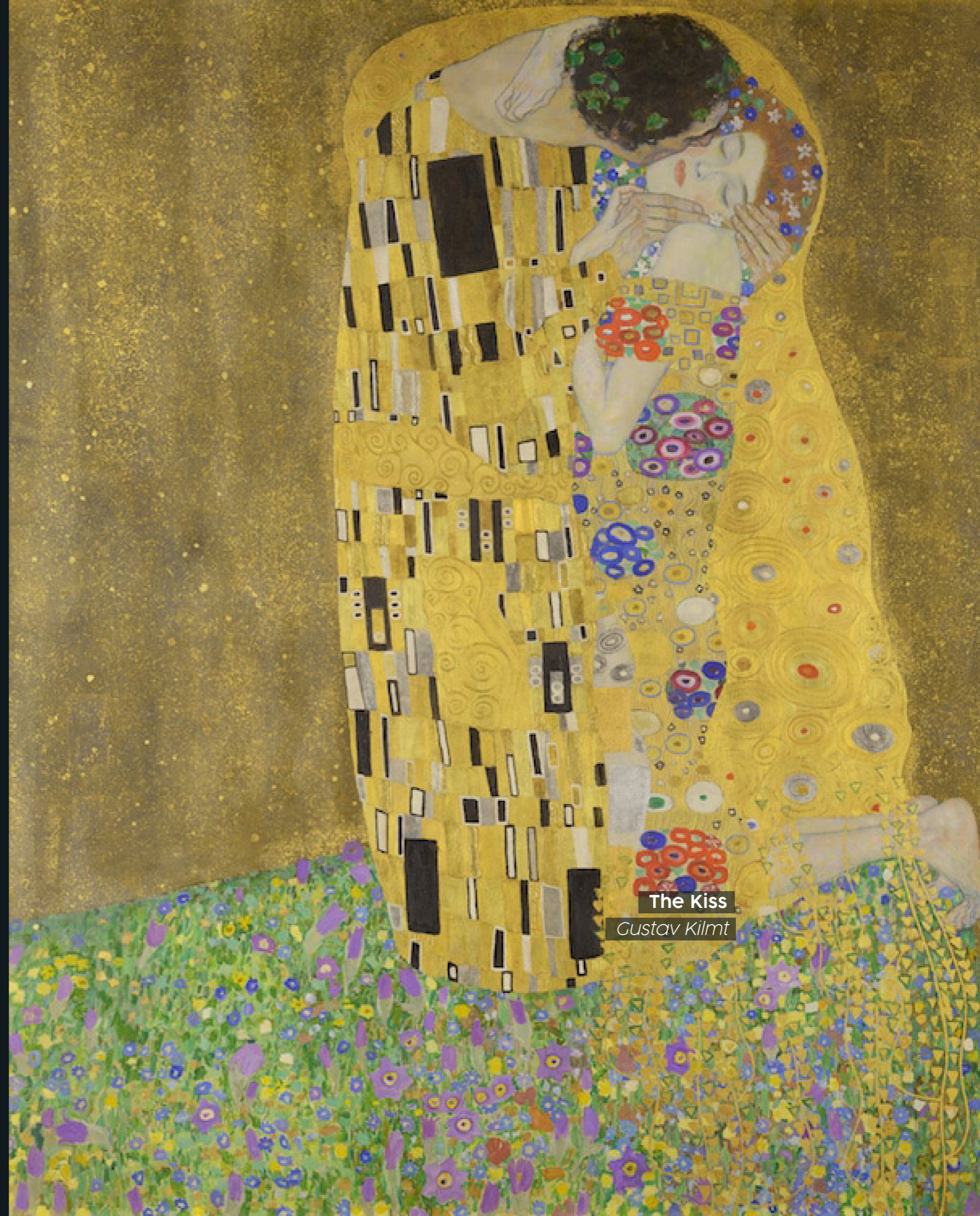
*Francesco Hayez*

After 4 years, her lover had not returned from Vietnam, but a letter had. It brought one of the saddest pieces of news she could imagine, even though she already expected it, Apollo was dead, after fighting so bravely. Since then, Agnes has been missing him so much, because she knew her son would never meet his father. She started feeling better when she realized that grief is love persevering. She'll always remember the good things they lived together.

**I**t was 1990 in a small town, in Tennessee's countryside, called Greentown, where the big trees touched the sky, the flowers perfumed the streets and everyone was happy. At this place, Lilian Williams and Jack Davis were born and grew up together. Lilian is a lovely girl with big blue eyes and brown, almost orange, straight hair. Jack is a handsome and funny boy with pretty brown eyes and black curly hair. Their families were really close so they spent all their childhood together.

Jack's family had a beautiful flower shop, where Lilia loved to go every day with Jack. Because of that, Jack called her "Lily". Lily and Jack had been best friends for almost 15 years, until Jack's mother and father died in a car accident and he had to move to his uncle's house in New York. Since Jack had left, they lost contact and never saw each other again. They had lived through a lot of things and they met a lot of people, but they never stopped to think about each other.

Past 15 years, Lily returned to Greentown to an exhibition as a painter, coincidentally Jack was going back too. Jack went to the gallery and he saw Lily with surprise on her face, after that they went to visit the old flower shop where Jack found and caught one lily; with tears in his eyes, he kissed her cheek. She felt her body tremble, butterflies in her stomach and it seemed like all their body's molecules were connecting like only one. Since that flame of love, they never split up again.



**The Kiss**  
Gustav Klimt



**The Lovers**  
*René Magritte*

**T**he Lovers's Story is about an intense romance with a tragic ending. In 1996, there was a place in the north of Paris called Parangaba where an unhappy couple lived. Mari and José had been married for about 20 years and he looked like an old man with grey hair, a bit tall and very arrogant. He worked a lot and did not try to fix this imbalance in his life. She was younger than José and she had beautiful blue eyes and blond hair. She was a very kind and dedicated wife and.

A man called Cristian Grey traveled to Parangaba looking for a job, met Maria in the meantime, and realized that she could be the woman of his life. Quickly, he invited her to drink tea and surprised her with a kiss. She panicked and, at the same time, got fascinated because that man, who was very charming and honest, wanted her. After that, she felt guilty for betraying her husband but she thought that her husband did not like her the same way. So she decided to meet Cristian Grey again.

During one year, Maria and Grey met in secret. She loved that adventure and felt very excited. Unfortunately, in some way José found out this betrayal and looked for Maria in Paradise Motel. He saw Maria and Grey together and he felt very furious, suddenly he took a knife and killed Grey and Maria, he put on a white sheet over their heads and committed suicide.

A long time ago, there was a mystical and enchanted forest, full of fantastic creatures of the most varied species. But the place was also full of secrets and mysteries.

The forest was ruled by old magicians, wise and kind. However, they were not able to contain the fury and intrigue that surrounded some local families. Often motivated by trade disputes or power, families killed each other in bloody disputes. To alleviate the chaos, the rulers tried several peace treaties, but only a few families kept the agreement for more than a year.

One of the most enduring conflicts took place between the Greenwood family, a clan of farming nymphs, and the Fatuus family, a clan of herding fauns. The origin of the dispute would have been the fight for a great pasture that was beyond the highest hills of the forest. Both groups needed the area because of their agricultural and pastoral activities. To resolve the stalemate, the great mage king divided the territory between the two clans. But that only added to more disagreements.



**Nymph Abducted by a Faun**  
*Alexandre Cabanel*

The fauns released their cattle along the pastures and they went to the nymphs' land and ate their crops. Many fights took place over this, but the worst of all happened for another reason.

Once, a Greenwood family nymph named Epimelide was walking through the fields and picking flowers when she began to observe a young shepherd. Curious, the nymph began to observe the faun daily, always going to the same place at the same time. Of course he had already noticed her interest and one day, he decided to surprise her. He didn't show up at the usual time, he waited for Epimelide to arrive and startled her with the sound of his flute. Even scared, she didn't abandon her curiosity and asked the boy's name. Finally, she discovered that he was called Luperco.

The two continued to meet, quickly, the friendship became love and the lovers began to worry about the future fight between the families. Afraid of being discovered and causing a huge tragedy, Epimelide and Luperco made a plan.

The nymphs were beautiful deities, they never aged or married, devoted themselves entirely to taking care of nature. However, their beauty aroused lust in men from

other clans, they were often kidnapped and turned into slaves.

So it was decided that the faun would kidnap the nymph on the next full moon, they would run away and be happy forever in another forest, far enough away that no one would find them. And so it happened.

When the Greenwood and Fatuus families discovered what had happened, a huge war broke out. Both sides suffered and many were killed. The Greenwood clan was the most affected, in one of the fights, the great matriarch, the nymph superior, was killed. Far away, the lovers lived the dream of a great love, until the birds brought news of the war. Upon learning of the death of the superior nymph, Epimelide became very depressed and melancholy, nothing further pleased her. The love for Luperco was completely erased by the remorse of having caused so many deaths. One day, while the faun was picking wild fruits, the nymph took her own life and ended her agony. Upon returning, Luperco realized what had happened and fell into sadness for the loss of his beloved. Unable to return to his family, he wandered the forest for endless times, lonely and never forgetting Epimelide.



### **Ana Ellen Santos**

Hi! I have a major in physiotherapy from UFC, 2019. Currently, I am doing a master's degree and an English course. My interests are: healthy lifestyle, travel, movies, and academic career.



### **Bárbara Pontes**

Hii! I am an Architect and an Urban Planner graduated from UFC in 2019. I worked with restoration of old properties and I currently work at the National Historical Heritage Institute in Ceará.

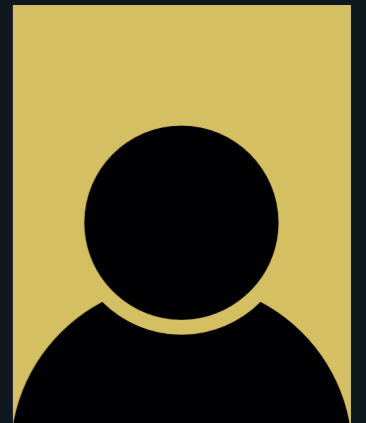
### **Ana Hellen Alves**

I am Ana Hellen and I'm 26 years old. I'm in the third period of medical school. I love listening to music and reading books about romance. Also, I love going to the beach, birds and flowers.



### **Cleiton Gonçalves**

Cleiton Gonçalves. I am a civil servant. I like to run in the street, read books, play volleyball and make myself some good coffee : ) I work with Intellectual Properties and Innovation. I like to go out and travel alone.



### **Áurea Regina de Araújo**

Hi, my name is Áurea. I am 24 years old. I am a Historian of Colonial Ceará. However, I have fun in the world of graphic design and photography. And I never say no to a good book.



### **Dustan Cardoso**

I am 37 years old. I am a computer programmer interested in IT business strategy.

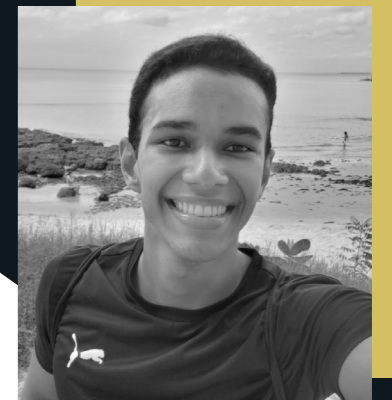
### **Bárbara Bezerra**

Hey! I study Medicine at UFC because I would like to work as an obstetrician in the future. I also study English at CCB, so I can communicate in English very well. I love watching YouTube videos about beauty, studying, stretching and going out.



### **Edilardo Pimanta**

Edilardo Pimenta is a 22-year-old young man, who is about to join the Law school at UFC. He loves books, movies, animals, nature and volleyball, despite not knowing how to play it very well, YET.





### **Italo Leite**

Italo Leite is a photographer, a journalism student at the Federal University of Ceará (UFC) and studies English at Casa de Cultura Britânica (CCB). He was born in Ceará, and has always been fascinated by art and languages.



### **Maria Daniella**

Maria Daniella is a graduate student in History at the Federal University of Ceará (UFC). She studies English and French at Casa de Cultura Estrangeira, a UFC extension project. She is also a bookworm and an art lover.

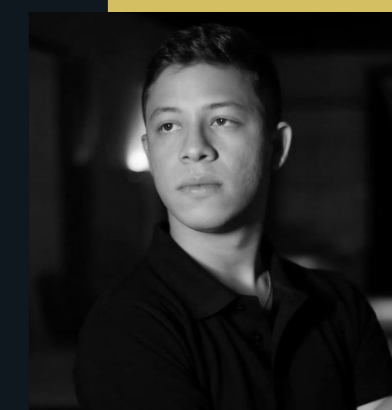
### **Janathannyele Gomes**

My name is Janathannyele. I am 22 years old. I am a Medical Student at UFC. I also study English at CCB.



### **Matheus Gama Nogueira**

Matheus Gama Nogueira. I am 21 years old and I am a Medical student at the Federal University of Ceará - UFC. I also study English at CCB and I love swimming as a hobby



### **Jéssica Brilhante**

I am 23 years old. I am a Medical Student at the Federal University of Ceará and a student at Casa de Cultura Britânica.



### **Moisiely Carvalho**

I am Moisiely. I like to teach and learn. I graduated from the Federal University of Ceará in 2015. I have a degree in History and a specialization course in school management. I love spending time with my daughters and my husband.

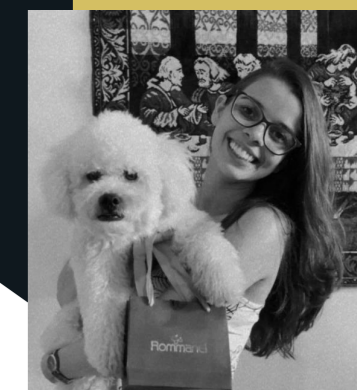
### **Luiz Guilherme**

I am 22 years old. I am a Medical student at the Federal University of Ceará and a student at Casa de Cultura Britânica. I love reading books, playing electric guitar and watching soccer matches.



### **Rayane Garcia**

Hi, my name is Rayane. I'm in the last semester of my graduation in Biological Sciences at the Federal University of Ceará. Today, I am a science teacher and a mother of a pet: João, my dog.





### **Sãmia Dias**

Hi! My name is Sãmia Dias, I'm 27 years old, I'm Scorpio with a Leo ascendant. Future doctor. I love reading and deepening my studies on topics related to Medicine, Positive Psychology, Learning Methods and Feminism.

### **Vitória Moreira**

Hi! My name is Vitória, I'm 19 years old and my zodiac sign is Taurus. Also, I'm graduating in History at UFC (Federal University of Ceará). I love to play the guitar, I enjoy playing games and reading books, too.



### **Wesley Vieira**

My name is Wesley Vieira and I am a student of economics at the Federal University of Ceará. I have worked as an executive manager at the Federation of Northeastern Freight Transport and Logistics Companies since 2019. I have many interests like dancing, cooking and martial arts.

**Students of Casa de Cultura Britânica,  
2021.**

Designed by  
Áurea Araújo

