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| **Testo di partenza**  **\*NON tradurre il testo evidenziato in giallo** | **Testo tradotto dal candidato** | **Spazio a disposizione del correttore** | **Punteggi** |
| **Three wishes by Deborah Ellis** |  |  |  |
| Nora, 12  Nora is a student at the Princess Basma Rehabilitation Centre for Disabled Children. This is a school where children can receive both an academic education and special treatment for their disabilities. It sits on the top of the Mount of Olives, a high hill overlooking the Old City of Jerusalem. The halls and classrooms of the large white cement building are designed to make it easy for the children to move around on crutches and wheelchairs. The children use their various abilities to help each other down hallways or out to the playground — pushing wheelchairs or providing a stronger shoulder to lean on. Nora’s classroom is down a long ramp to the basement. |  |  |  |
| I am from Beit Safafa, to the south of Jerusalem, in Palestinian territory. I am a Palestinian.  I have three brothers, but no sister. I wish I did have a sister. I sometimes think about all the things we could do and talk about. If she were close to my age, we could wear each other’s clothes. Then it would be like we had twice as many clothes. My brothers are nice, but they are all younger than me, and they can be very noisy. They bother me sometimes. Of course, I bother them right back, but because I’m the oldest, I’m supposed to be better behaved. At least I have my own room. Pink is my favorite color, so I have a lot of pink in my room. |  |  |  |
| I love my brothers, but they can sometimes give me problems, like the day when I went to shop by myself. I was born with something wrong with my legs. I’ve always been in a wheelchair. I get around in the chair just ﬁne. The wheels are like my legs.  I’m not supposed to go out by myself because my mother thinks I won’t be able to move fast enough if the soldiers come. There are a lot of soldiers where I live. They watch us all the time. We can’t do anything without being watched by them. They carry guns, and they give me nightmares. We would like them to go away, but they don’t care about what we want. |  |  |  |
| The soldiers are always around, but sometimes they move into the streets, and then everybody runs to get out of their way. If they feel like shooting, they will just go ahead and shoot. They don’t care if they shoot at a child or an older person.  My mother is afraid they will shoot at me for not getting out of their way fast enough. I think I could throw stones like the other children and still get away quickly, but I can’t throw stones if I’m with my mother.  The streets aren’t always smooth, though. Sometimes there are a lot of rough places where the army has blown something up. I can’t move my chair on my own over places like that. Someone has to push me. My mother doesn’t allow me to go out by myself, but I went anyway one day when she wasn’t paying attention. |  |  |  |
| It was fun to be out by myself. I felt scared that she would catch me, but it was an adventure, too. I felt brave and scared at the same time.  I went to a little shop not far from our house. I bought some chewing gum. My mother doesn’t like me to have chewing gum, either, but I like it, so that’s what I bought.  I made it back home without being caught. Everything would have been ﬁne, but then I told my oldest brother what I had done. I wanted to brag, I guess. My brother thinks he’s so great. I should have known better. He went and told on me to my mother. She lectured me in front of him, about how I should be smarter than that and set a good example for my younger brothers. I didn’t like that, but I did like the gum. |  |  |  |