

PIANO DI LAVORO DI EDUCAZIONE CIVICA CLASSE 5 ^ B MEC

Classe 5°

UNITÀ DI APPRENDIMENTO	
Denominazione	La pace, la guerra e i rapporti internazionali
Compito - prodotto	Produzione di un glossario inerente al campo semantico Produzioni di testi descrittivi e/o narrativi. Relazioni ed elaborati Rappresentazioni grafiche e schemi
Obiettivi e competenze mirate	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Conoscere l'organizzazione costituzionale ed amministrativa del nostro Paese per rispondere ai propri doveri di cittadino ed esercitare con consapevolezza i propri diritti politici a livello territoriale e nazionale. • Conoscere i valori che ispirano gli ordinamenti comunitari e internazionali, nonché i loro compiti e funzioni essenziali • Essere consapevoli del valore e delle regole della vita democratica anche attraverso l'approfondimento degli elementi fondamentali del diritto che la regolano, con particolare riferimento al diritto del lavoro. • Esercitare correttamente le modalità di rappresentanza, di delega, di rispetto degli impegni assunti e fatti propri all'interno di diversi ambiti istituzionali e sociali. • Partecipare al dibattito culturale. • Cogliere la complessità dei problemi esistenziali, morali, politici, sociali, economici e scientifici e formulare risposte personali argomentate. • Prendere coscienza delle situazioni e delle forme del disagio giovanile ed adulto nella società contemporanea e comportarsi in modo da promuovere il benessere fisico, psicologico, morale e sociale. • Rispettare l'ambiente, curarlo, conservarlo, migliorarlo, assumendo il principio di responsabilità. • Adottare i comportamenti più adeguati per la tutela della sicurezza propria, degli altri e dell'ambiente in cui si vive, in condizioni ordinarie o straordinarie di pericolo, curando l'acquisizione di elementi formativi di base in materia di primo intervento e protezione civile. • Perseguire con ogni mezzo e in ogni contesto il principio di legalità e di solidarietà dell'azione individuale e sociale, promuovendo principi, valori e abiti di contrasto alla criminalità organizzata e alle mafie. • Esercitare i principi della cittadinanza digitale, con competenza e coerenza rispetto al sistema integrato di valori che regolano la vita democratica. • Compiere le scelte di partecipazione alla vita pubblica e di cittadinanza coerentemente agli obiettivi di sostenibilità sanciti a livello comunitario attraverso l'Agenda 2030 per lo sviluppo sostenibile. • Operare a favore dello sviluppo eco-sostenibile e della tutela delle identità e delle eccellenze produttive del Paese. • Rispettare e valorizzare il patrimonio culturale e dei beni pubblici comuni. • Sicurezza nei laboratori <p>Le competenze di cittadinanza</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Imparare ad imparare: ogni giovane deve acquisire un proprio metodo di studio e di lavoro. • Progettare: ogni giovane deve essere capace di utilizzare le conoscenze apprese per darsi obiettivi significativi e realistici. Questo richiede la



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AOODGEFID/12810 del 15 ottobre 2015, finalizzato alla realizzazione di Ambienti Digitali

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	<p>capacità di individuare priorità, valutare i vincoli e le possibilità esistenti, definire strategie di azione, fare progetti e verificarne i risultati.</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Comunicare: ogni giovane deve poter comprendere messaggi di genere e complessità diversi nelle varie forme comunicative e deve poter comunicare in modo efficace utilizzando i diversi linguaggi. • Collaborare e partecipare: ogni giovane deve saper interagire con gli altri comprendendone i diversi punti di vista. • Agire in modo autonomo e responsabile: ogni giovane deve saper riconoscere il valore delle regole e della responsabilità personale. • Risolvere problemi: ogni giovane deve saper affrontare situazioni problematiche e saper contribuire a risolverle. • Individuare collegamenti e relazioni: ogni giovane deve possedere strumenti che gli permettano di affrontare la complessità del vivere nella società globale del nostro tempo. • Acquisire ed interpretare l'informazione: ogni giovane deve poter acquisire ed interpretare criticamente l'informazione ricevuta valutandone l'attendibilità e l'utilità, distinguendo fatti e opinioni.
Utenti destinatari	Alunni della classe quinta dell'Istituto
Prerequisiti	Competenze linguistiche e lessicali di base Competenze informatiche di base
Tempi	Ottobre-Aprile
Materie coinvolte	Italiano, Storia, Inglese, Matematica, Educazione fisica + MATERIE DI INDIRIZZO
Metodologie	Brainstorming: dalle idee, alle parole, ai segni grafici sulla lavagna Apprendimento collaborativo Lavori di gruppo Lezione frontale Flipped classroom Approfondimenti personali Apprendimento esperienziale Debriefing
Risorse	Collaborazioni fra i docenti Testimonianze degli stessi studenti
Strumenti	LIM Libro di testo Film Quotidiani Materiali multimediali
Valutazione	Vedasi griglia di valutazione



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PIANO DI LAVORO DI EDUCAZIONE CIVICA A.S. 2020/2021

CLASSE V B MEC

1^ QUADRIMESTRE

MATERIA	ARGOMENTO	ORE
Italiano	Il lavoro minorile. Lettura G. Verga “ Rosso Malpelo”	2
Storia	L’Unione europea come spazio di pace: la storia dell’integrazione europea (libro di testo) Tali argomenti sono anche affrontati nel programma di storia	2
Inglese	Agenda 2030_Introduction to the 17 Goals	2
Disegno e Progettazione	La progettazione sostenibile; il corretto utilizzo dei materiali nel settore edile e delle costruzioni (lettura di articoli di giornale e commento di grafici e statistiche; visione di servizi giornalistici sul web ...)	3
Sistemi	Automazione per lo sviluppo sostenibile (articoli su internet lettura e comprensione)	3
Educazione Fisica	I servizio di leva: ieri, oggi, domani. Protezione civile. L’arma come possibilità di lavoro e di carriera.	2



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2^ QUADRIMESTRE

MATERIA	ARGOMENTO	ORE
Italiano	Lo sfruttamento dei lavoratori. La figura del reietto ;Lettura. L. Pirandello “ Ciaula scopre la luna”	2
Storia	La Costituzione italiana (lettura e commento di articoli) L’ordinamento dello Stato Tali argomenti sono anche affrontati nel programma di storia	3
Inglese	Goal 8: Decent work and Economic Growth	2
Matematica	Distribuzione gaussiana di probabilità	3
Disegno e Progettazione	la progettazione sostenibile nell’automotive. il corretto utilizzo dei materiali	3
Sistemi	Automazione per lo sviluppo Sostenibile. La robotica industriale: classificazione dei robot (articoli su internet lettura e comprensione)	4
Educazione Fisica	Acquisizione di elementi formativi di base in materia di primo intervento, protezione civile, carriera militare.	2

TOTALE GENERALE

33 ORE



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GRIGLIA DI VALUTAZIONE

INDICATORI	DESCRIPTORI
10	Conoscenza approfondita, organica ed interdisciplinare degli argomenti. Esposizione scorrevole, chiara ed autonoma con lessico appropriato e usando fonti soggettive. Interesse spiccato e partecipazione attiva. Capacità di rielaborazione con apporti personali. Metodo di lavoro produttivo.
9	Conoscenza approfondita ed organica dei contenuti. Esposizione personale e sicura con utilizzo appropriato del lessico specifico e degli strumenti. Attenzione e partecipazione attiva. Capacità di rielaborare le conoscenze e di cogliere i collegamenti disciplinari. Metodo di studio proficuo.
8	Conoscenza completa ed organica dei contenuti. Esposizione sicura con buon uso del lessico e dei linguaggi specifici. Impegno e partecipazione positivi. Usa con autonomia le conoscenze e le informazioni. Metodo di studio efficace.
7	Complessiva conoscenza dei contenuti. Esposizione ed uso adeguati del lessico e degli strumenti. Nella rielaborazione evidenzia i concetti e gli elementi importanti. Metodo di lavoro e di studio abbastanza efficaci.
6	Conoscenze parziali dei contenuti. Comprensione elementare dei concetti. Esposizione abbastanza corretta ma con poca padronanza del lessico specifico e degli strumenti. Metodo di lavoro poco efficace.
5	Carenze di base. Difficoltà a riconoscere gli elementi fondamentali degli argomenti trattati. Esposizione imprecisa e confusa. Difficoltà a memorizzare, ad eseguire procedure e a applicare le informazioni. Metodo ed uso degli strumenti poco adeguati.
≥ 4	Scarse conoscenze e gravi lacune di base. Lavori e verifiche parziali o non eseguite.



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Industrial Revolution

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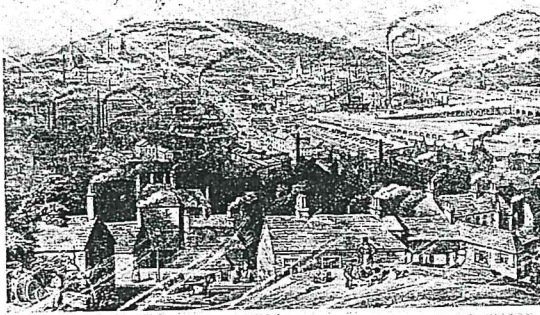
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fabbrica
accumulare
vita, cintola
ripido
carrello



1

IT WAS A TOWN of red brick¹, or of brick that would have been red if the smoke and ashes² had allowed it; but as matters stood it was a town of unnatural red and black like the painted face of a savage. It was a town of machinery and tall chimneys, out of which interminable serpents of smoke trailed themselves for ever and ever. It had a black canal in it, and a river that ran purple with ill-smelling dye³, and vast buildings full of windows where there was a rattling⁴ and a trembling⁵ all day long, and where the piston of the steam-engine worked monotonously up and down like the head of an elephant in a state of melancholy madness⁶.

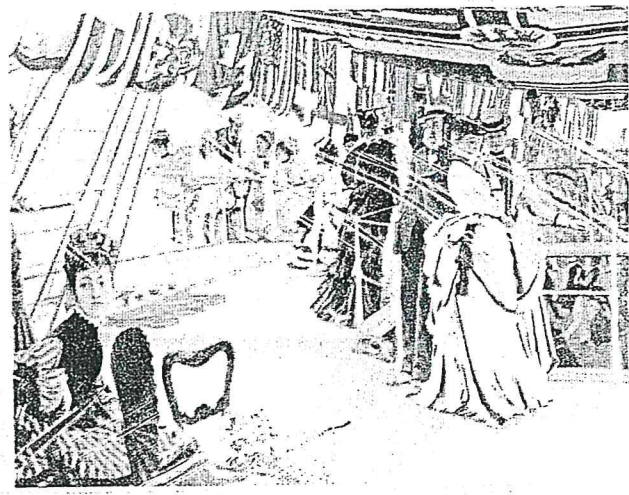
Charles Dickens describes an industrial city, in the novel *Hard Times* (1854).

3

"I HAVE A BELT ROUND MY WAIST⁹, and a chain passing between my legs, and I go on my hands and feet. The tunnel is very steep¹⁰ and we have to hold by a rope. I have pulled trucks¹¹ till I have the skin off me."

"I work thirteen hours a day. I have to open and close a door for the coal. Sometimes I sing. But when it's dark, I can't sing - I'm too frightened."

A woman and an 8 year old child describe their work (Royal Commission on Coalmines, 1840).



2

IT IS A WONDERFUL PLACE - vast, strange, new and impossible to describe. Its grandeur does not consist in *one* thing, but in the unique assemblage of *all* things. Whatever human industry has created you find there, from the great compartments filled with railway engines and boilers, with mill⁷ machinery in full work, with splendid carriages of all kinds, to the most gorgeous work of the goldsmith and silversmith, it is such a bazaar or fair as Eastern genii might have created. It seems as if only magic could have gathered⁸ this mass of wealth from all ends of the earth.

The novelist Charlotte Bronte describes a visit to the Great Exhibition in 1851.

4

THE MOST INTENSE CURIOSITY and excitement prevailed, and, though the weather was uncertain, enormous masses of densely packed people lined the road, shouting and waving hats and handkerchiefs as we flew by them. What with the sight and sound of these cheering multitudes and the tremendous velocity with which we were carried past them, my spirits rose to the true champagne height, and I never enjoyed anything so much.

The actress Frances Kemble describes the opening of the Liverpool-Manchester railway (1830).

Nineteen Eighty-Four (1948)

The following extract is the beginning of the novel, a description of London as seen by one of its inhabitants, Winston Smith. Although living conditions have declined, the Thought Police, equipped with a technological advanced system of surveillance, follow people's every movement.

Before you read

- 1 Read the first sentence. What indicates that the setting is not the present?

- 1 his chin nuzzled : il mento affondato.
- 2 vile : pessimo.
- 3 slipped : sgusciò.
- 4 Victory Mansions : il nome del posto dove Smith vive.
- 5 a swirl of gritty dust : un turbine di polvere ghiaiosa.
- 6 hallway : atrio, entrata.
- 7 rag mats : zerbini.
- 8 tacked : appeso.
- 9 ruggedly [rʌɡɪdli] : irregolari.
- 10 made for the stairs : si diresse verso le scale.
- 11 lift-shaft : vano dell'ascensore.
- 12 contrived : concepite.
- 13 caption : didascalia.
- 14 fruity : sensuale.
- 15 pig-iron : ghisa.
- 16 dulled : opaco.
- 17 dimmed : oscurato.
- 18 meagreness [mi:ge'nəs] : magrezza.
- 19 overalls : tuta da lavoro.
- 20 coarse : scadente.
- 21 blunt razor blades : lamette poco affilate.
- 22 eddies : turbini.
- 23 flapped fitfully : sbatteva in modo intermittente.
- 24 INGSOC : Newspeak per il socialismo inglese.
- 25 skimmed down : volava basso.
- 26 bluebottle : tafano.
- 27 darted away : sfrecciò via.
- 28 snooping : che ficcava il naso.

It was a bright cold day in April, and the clocks were striking thirteen. Winston Smith, his chin nuzzled ¹ into his breast in a effort to escape the vile ² wind, slipped ³ quickly through the glass doors of Victory Mansions, ⁴ though not quickly enough to prevent a swirl of gritty dust ⁵ from entering along with him. The hallway ⁶ smelt of boiled cabbage and old rag mats. ⁷ At one end of it a coloured ⁸ poster, too large for indoor display, had been tacked ⁹ to the wall. It depicted simply an enormous face, more than a metre wide: the face of a man of about forty-five, with a heavy black moustache and ruggedly ¹⁰ handsome features. Winston made for the stairs. ¹¹ It was no use trying the lift. Even at the best of times it was seldom working, and at present the electric current was cut off during daylight hours. It was part of the economy drive in preparation for Hate Week. The flat was seven flights up, and Winston, who was thirty-nine and had a varicose ulcer above his right ankle, went slowly, resting several times on the way. On each landing, opposite the lift-shaft, ¹² the poster with the enormous face gazed from the wall. It was one of those pictures which are so contrived ¹³ that the eyes follow you about when you move. BIG BROTHER IS ¹⁴ WATCHING YOU, the caption ¹⁵ beneath it ran.

Inside the flat a fruity ¹⁶ voice was reading out a list of figures which had something to do with the production of pig-iron. ¹⁷ The voice came from an oblong metal plaque like a dulled ¹⁸ mirror which formed part of the surface of the right-hand wall. Winston turned a switch and the voice sank somewhat, though the words were still ¹⁹ distinguishable. The instrument (the telescreen, it was called) could be dimmed, ²⁰ but there was no way of shutting it off completely. He moved over to the window: a smallish, frail figure, the meagreness ²¹ of his body merely emphasized by the blue overalls ²² which were the uniform of the Party. His hair was very fair, his face naturally sanguine, his skin roughened by coarse ²³ soap and blunt razor blades ²⁴ and ²⁵ the cold of the winter that had just ended.

Outside, even through the shut window-pane, the world looked cold. Down in the street little eddies ²⁶ of wind were whirling dust and torn paper into spirals, and though the sun was shining and the sky a harsh blue, there seemed to be no colour in anything, except the posters that were plastered everywhere. The blackmoustachio'd face gazed ²⁷ down from every commanding corner. There was one on the house-front immediately opposite. BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING YOU, the caption said, while the dark eyes looked deep into Winston's own. Down at street level another poster, torn at one corner, flapped fitfully ²⁸ in the wind, alternately covering and uncovering the single word INGSOC. ²⁹ In the far distance a helicopter skimmed down ³⁰ between the roofs, ³¹ hovered for an instant like a bluebottle, ³² and darted away ³³ again with a curving flight. It was the police patrol, snooping ³⁴ into people's windows. The patrols did not matter, however. Only the Thought Police mattered.

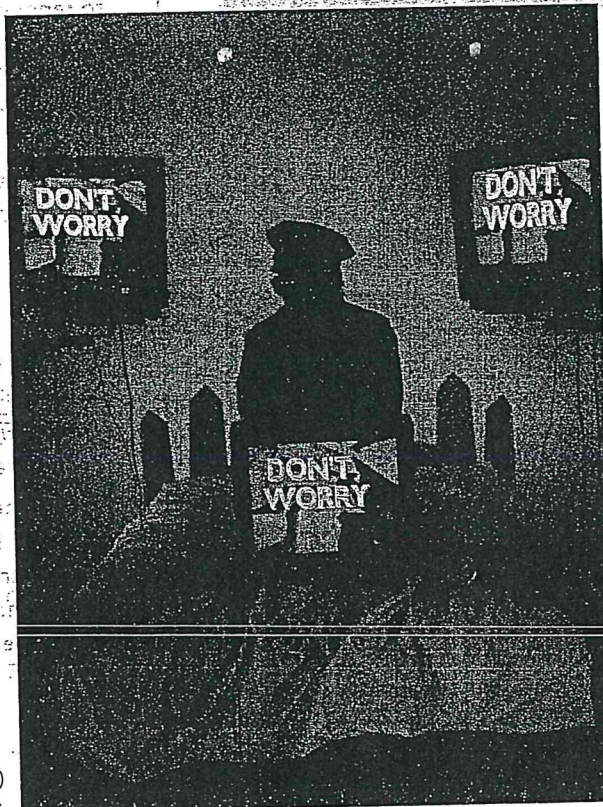
Behind Winston's back the voice from the telescreen was still babbling away²⁹ about pig-iron and the overfulfilment of the Ninth Three-Year Plan. The telescreen received and transmitted simultaneously. Any sound that Winston made, above the level of a very low whisper, would be picked up by it; moreover, so long as he remained within the field of vision which the metal plaque commanded, he could be seen as well as heard. There was of course no way of knowing whether you were being watched at any given moment. How often, or on what system, the Thought Police plugged in³⁰ on any individual wire was guesswork.³¹ It was even conceivable that they watched everybody all the time. But at any rate³² they could plug in your wire whenever they wanted to. You had to live – did live, from habit that became instinct – in the assumption that every sound you made was overheard, and, except in darkness, every movement scrutinized.

Winston kept his back turned to the telescreen. It was safer; though, as he well knew, even a back can be revealing. A kilometre away the Ministry of Truth, his place of work, towered³³ vast and white above the grimy³⁴ landscape. This, he thought with a sort of vague distaste – this was London, chief city of Airstrip One, itself the third most populous of the provinces of Oceania. He tried to squeeze out some childhood memory that should tell him whether London had always been quite like this. Were there always these vistas of rotting³⁵ nineteenth-century houses, their sides shored up with baulks of timber, ³⁶ their windows patched with cardboard and their roofs with corrugated iron, their crazy garden walls sagging³⁷ in all directions? And the bombed sites where the plaster dust swirled in the air and the willowherb straggled over the heaps of rubble; ³⁸ and the places where the bombs had cleared a larger patch and there had sprung up ³⁹ sordid colonies of wooden dwellings ⁴⁰ like chicken-houses? But it was no use, he could not remember: nothing remained of his childhood except a series of bright-lit tableaux, ⁴¹ occurring against no background and mostly unintelligible.

- 29 was still babbling away : continuava a blaterare.
30 plugged in : si sintonizzava.
31 was guesswork : era un mistero.
32 at any rate : in ogni caso.
33 towered : torreggiava.
34 grimy : sudicio.
35 rotting : cadenti.
36 shored up...timber : puntellati con travi di legno.
37 sagging : inclinate.
38 the willow-herb...rubble : l'erba selvatica cresceva disordinatamente sui mucchi di macerie.
39 sprung up : spuntavano.
40 dwellings : abitazioni.
41 tableaux : quadri.
42 Newspeak : lingua ufficiale di Oceania.
43 concrete : cemento.
44 soaring up : che si innalzava.

The Ministry of Truth – Minitrue, in Newspeak⁴² – was startlingly different from any other object in sight. It was an enormous pyramidal structure of glittering white concrete, ⁴³ soaring up, ⁴⁴ terrace after terrace, three hundred metres into the air. From where Winston stood it was just possible to read, picked out on its white face in elegant lettering, the three slogans of the Party:

WAR IS PEACE
FREEDOM IS SLAVERY
IGNORANCE IS STRENGTH.



Surveillance Bed (1994)
by Julia Scher.

1984

Part 3, Chapter 5

THE ROOM 101

5

At each stage of his imprisonment he had known, or seemed to know, whereabouts he was in the windowless building. Possibly there were slight differences in the air pressure. The cells where the guards had beaten him were below ground level. The room where he had been interrogated by O'Brien was high up near the roof. This place was many metres underground, as deep down as it was possible to go.

It was bigger than most of the cells he had been in. But he hardly noticed his surroundings. All he noticed was that there were two small tables straight in front of him, each covered with green baize. One was only a metre or two from him, the other was further away, near the door. He was strapped upright in a chair, so tightly that he could move nothing, not even his head. A sort of pad gripped his head from behind, forcing him to look straight in front of him.

For a moment he was alone, then the door opened and O'Brien came in.

'You asked me once,' said O'Brien, 'what was in Room 101. I told you that you knew the answer already. Everyone knows it. The thing that is in Room 101 is the worst thing in the world.'

The door opened again. A guard came in, carrying something made of wire, a box or basket of some kind. He set it down on the further table. Because of the position in which O'Brien was standing, Winston could not see what the thing was.

'The worst thing in the world,' said O'Brien, 'varies from individual to individual. It may be burial alive, or death by fire, or by drowning, or by impalement, or fifty other deaths. There are cases where it is some quite trivial thing, not even fatal.'

He had moved a little to one side, so that Winston had a better view of the thing on the table. It was an oblong wire cage with a handle on top for carrying it by. Fixed to the front of it was something that looked like a fencing mask, with the concave side outwards. Although it was three or four metres away from him, he could see that the cage was divided lengthways into two compartments, and that there was some kind of creature in each. They were rats.

'In your case,' said O'Brien, 'the worst thing in the world happens to be rats.'

A sort of premonitory tremor, a fear of he was not certain what, had passed through Winston as soon as he caught his first glimpse of the cage. But at this moment the meaning of the mask-like attachment in front of it suddenly sank into him. His bowels seemed to turn to water.

'You can't do that!' he cried out in a high cracked voice. 'You couldn't, you couldn't! It's impossible.'

'Do you remember,' said O'Brien, 'the moment of panic that used to occur in your dreams? There was a wall of blackness in front of you, and a roaring sound in your ears. There was something terrible on the other side of the wall. You knew that you knew what it was, but you dared not drag it into the open. It was the rats that were on the other side of the wall.'

'O'Brien!' said Winston, making an effort to control his voice. 'You know this is not necessary. What is it that you want me to do?'

O'Brien made no direct answer. When he spoke it was in the schoolmasterish manner that he sometimes affected. He looked thoughtfully into the distance, as though he were addressing an audience somewhere behind Winston's back.

'By itself,' he said, 'pain is not always enough. There are occasions when a human being will stand out against pain, even to the point of death. But for everyone there is something unendurable -- something that cannot be contemplated. Courage and cowardice are not involved. If you are falling from a height it is not cowardly to clutch at a rope. If you have come up from deep water it is not cowardly to fill your lungs with air. It is merely an instinct

which cannot be destroyed. It is the same with the rats. For you, they are unendurable. They are a form of pressure that you cannot withstand, even if you wished to. You will do what is required of you.

'But what is it, what is it? How can I do it if I don't know what it is?'

O'Brien picked up the cage and brought it across to the nearer table. He set it down carefully on the baize cloth. Winston could hear the blood singing in his ears. He had the feeling of sitting in utter loneliness. He was in the middle of a great empty plain, a flat desert drenched with sunlight, across which all sounds came to him out of immense distances. Yet the cage with the rats was not two metres away from him. They were enormous rats. They were at the age when a rat's muzzle grows blunt and fierce and his fur brown instead of grey.

'The rat,' said O'Brien, still addressing his invisible audience, 'although a rodent, is carnivorous. You are aware of that. You will have heard of the things that happen in the poor quarters of this town. In some streets a woman dare not leave her baby alone in the house, even for five minutes. The rats are certain to attack it. Within quite a small time they will strip it to the bones. They also attack sick or dying people. They show astonishing intelligence in knowing when a human being is helpless.'

There was an outburst of squeals from the cage. It seemed to reach Winston from far away. The rats were fighting; they were trying to get at each other through the partition. He heard also a deep groan of despair. That, too, seemed to come from outside himself.

O'Brien picked up the cage, and, as he did so, pressed something in it. There was a sharp click. Winston made a frantic effort to tear himself loose from the chair. It was hopeless; every part of him, even his head, was held immovably. O'Brien moved the cage nearer. It was less than a metre from Winston's face.

'I have pressed the first lever,' said O'Brien. 'You understand the construction of this cage. The mask will fit over your head, leaving no exit. When I press this other lever, the door of the cage will slide up. These starving brutes will shoot out of it like bullets. Have you ever seen a rat leap through the air? They will leap on to your face and bore straight into it. Sometimes they attack the eyes first. Sometimes they burrow through the cheeks and devour the tongue.'

The cage was nearer; it was closing in. Winston heard a succession of shrill cries which appeared to be occurring in the air above his head. But he fought furiously against his panic. To think, to think, even with a split second left -- to think was the only hope. Suddenly the foul musty odour of the brutes struck his nostrils. There was a violent convulsion of nausea inside him, and he almost lost consciousness. Everything had gone black. For an instant he was insane, a screaming animal. Yet he came out of the blackness clutching an idea. There was one and only one way to save himself. He must interpose another human being, the body of another human being, between himself and the rats.

The circle of the mask was large enough now to shut out the vision of anything else. The wire door was a couple of hand-spans from his face. The rats knew what was coming now. One of them was leaping up and down, the other, an old scaly grandfather of the sewers, stood up, with his pink hands against the bars, and fiercely sniffed the air. Winston could see the whiskers and the yellow teeth. Again the black panic took hold of him. He was blind, helpless, mindless.

'It was a common punishment in Imperial China,' said O'Brien as didactically as ever.

The mask was closing on his face. The wire brushed his cheek. And then -- no, it was not relief, only hope, a tiny fragment of hope. Too late, perhaps too late. But he had suddenly understood that in the whole world there was just one person to whom he could transfer his punishment -- one body that he could thrust between himself and the rats. And he was shouting frantically, over and over.

'Do it to Julia! Do it to Julia! Not me! Julia! I don't care what you do to her. Tear her face off, strip her to the bones. Not me! Julia! Not me!'

The last page of 1984

The voice from the telescreen was still pouring forth its tale of prisoners and booty and slaughter, but the shouting outside had died down a little. The waiters were returning back to their work. One of them approached with the gin bottle. Winston, sitting in a blissful dream, paid no attention as his glass was filled up. He was not running or cheering any longer. He was back in the Ministry of Love, with everything forgiven, his soul white as snow. He was in the public dock, confessing everything, implicating everybody. He was walking down the white-tiled corridor, with the feeling of walking in sunlight, and an armed guard at his back. The long hoped-for bullet was entering his brain.

He gazed up at the enormous face. Forty years it had taken him to learn what kind of smile was hidden beneath the dark moustache. O cruel, needless misunderstanding! O stubborn, self-willed exile from the loving breast! Two gin-scented tears trickled down the sides of his nose. But it was all right, everything was all right, the struggle was finished. He had won the victory over himself. He loved Big Brother.

Alan Turing and 'intelligent machines'

The pioneering mathematician Alan Turing is often described as the father of modern computer science. His idea of creating a machine to turn thought processes into numbers was a turning point in the history of computers.

Turing, born in London in 1912, was fascinated by science throughout childhood. While studying maths at Cambridge in the 1930s, he developed some of his most significant mathematical theories. Despite his brilliance, he suffered from a feeling of isolation, and found it difficult to make friends.

After graduating, Turing went to Princeton in the US, where he began work on what was later to become the first digital computer program – the 'Turing Machine'. His revolutionary idea was for a machine that would read a series of 1s and 0s from a tape. These described the steps needed to solve a problem or task. But it was only years later that technology had advanced sufficiently to transfer these ideas into real machines.

Turing's experiments helped the Allies win World War II by decoding encrypted German communications. The wartime German computer Enigma generated a constantly changing code which was impossible for people to decipher. But Turing's creation of Colossus – the first fully electronic digital computer – managed to crack Enigma's codes.

After the war, Turing continued research into digital computers including developing the Automatic Computing Engine, a large electronic digital computer. He wrote an article called 'Intelligent Machinery' which was one of the first to deal with the concept of artificial intelligence. He believed an intelligent machine could be created by following the model of the human brain. He compared devices such as cameras and microphones to parts of the human body and his views often landed him in controversy with other scientists.

In 1950 he devised the 'Turing Test', which has now become a standard measure of artificial intelligence. The test consisted of an interrogator in a separate room asking questions via keyboard to both a person and an intelligent machine. If, after a reasonable amount of time, the computer's answers cannot be distinguished from those of the person, then the machine can be described as 'thinking'.

Turing always refused to conform to accepted ideas. At school, he simply ignored subjects that did not interest him. He was an atheist and also felt marginalised because of his homosexuality. His life ended sadly when he committed suicide in June 1954 but he left the world a permanent legacy.



Alan Turing

GLOSSARY

legacy: eredità

20 Read the short biography of Turing and make notes about major events in his life.

birth		
education		
career	before WW2	
	during WW2	
	after WW2	
death		

21 Decide if the following sentences are true (T) or false (F).

- 1 Turing had the idea of using binary numbers to program computers.
- 2 His ideas on programming were immediately applied to the computers of the time.
- 3 Colossus created secret messages that Enigma could not decipher.
- 4 Turing believed that the computers of his time were identical to the human brain.
- 5 The Turing Test is to find out if computers are more intelligent than human beings.
- 6 At first many of Turing's ideas were not accepted by other scientists.

T	F
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

22 EXAM PRACTICE Using your own words, summarise Turing's important contributions to...

- 1 computer programming.
- 2 the development of the computer.
- 3 the study of artificial intelligence.

Search the Web

pioneers.bcs.org (click on 'Alan Turing')

He took the lamp from the table and crept upstairs. As he unbarred the door, a smile of joy flitted across his strangely young-looking face and lingered for a moment about his lips. Yes, he would be good, and the hideous thing that he had hidden away would no longer be a terror to him. He felt as if the load had been lifted from him already.

He went in quietly, locking the door behind him, as was his custom, and dragged the purple hanging from the portrait. A cry of pain and indignation broke from him. He could see no change, save that in the eyes there was a look of cunning and in the mouth the curved wrinkle of the hypocrite. The thing was still loathsome—more loathsome, if possible, than before—and the scarlet dew that spotted the hand seemed brighter, and more like blood newly spilled. Then he trembled. Had it been merely vanity that had made him do his one good deed? Or the desire for a new sensation, as Lord Henry had hinted, with his mocking laugh? Or that passion to act a part that sometimes makes us do things finer than we are ourselves? Or, perhaps, all these? And why was the red stain larger than it had been? It seemed to have crept like a horrible disease over the wrinkled fingers. There was blood on the painted feet, as though the thing had dripped—blood even on the hand that had not held the knife. Confess? Did it mean that he was to confess? To give himself up and be put to death? He laughed. He felt that the idea was monstrous. Besides, even if he did confess, who would believe him? There was no trace of the murdered man anywhere. Everything belonging to him had been destroyed. He himself had burned what had been below-stairs. The world would simply say that he was mad. They would shut him up if he persisted in his story. . . . Yet it was his duty to confess, to suffer public shame, and to make public atonement. There was a God who called upon men to tell their sins to earth as well as to heaven. Nothing that he could do would cleanse him till he had told his own sin. His sin? He shrugged his shoulders. The death of Basil Hallward seemed very little to him. He was thinking of Hetty Merton. For it was an unjust mirror, this mirror of his soul that he was looking at. Vanity? Curiosity? Hypocrisy? Had there been nothing more in his renunciation than that? There had been something more. At least he thought so. But who could tell? . . . No. There had been nothing more. Through vanity he had spared her. In hypocrisy he had worn the mask of goodness. For curiosity's sake he had tried the denial of self. He recognized that now. But this murder—was it to dog him all his life? Was he always to be burdened by his past? Was he really to confess? Never. There was only one bit of evidence left against him. The picture itself—that was evidence. He would destroy it. Why had he kept it so long? Once it had given him pleasure to watch it changing and growing old. Of late he had felt no such pleasure. It had kept him awake at night. When he had been away, he had been filled with terror lest other eyes should look upon it. It had brought melancholy across his passions. Its mere memory had marred many moments of joy. It had been like conscience to him. Yes, it had been conscience. He would destroy it.

He looked round and saw the knife that had stabbed Basil Hallward. He had cleaned it many times, till there was no stain left upon it. It was bright, and glistened. As it had killed the painter, so it would kill the painter's work, and all that that meant. It would kill the past, and when that was dead, he would be free. It would kill this monstrous soul-life, and without its hideous warnings, he would be at peace. He seized the thing, and stabbed the picture with it.

There was a cry heard, and a crash. The cry was so horrible in its agony that the frightened servants woke and crept out of their rooms. Two gentlemen, who were passing in the square below, stopped and looked up at the great house. They walked on till they met a policeman and brought him back. The man rang the bell several times, but there was no answer. Except for a light in one of the top windows, the house was all dark. After a time, he went away and stood in an adjoining portico and watched.

"Whose house is that, Constable?" asked the elder of the two gentlemen.

"Mr. Dorian Gray's, sir," answered the policeman.

They looked at each other, as they walked away, and sneered. One of them was Sir Henry Ashton's uncle.

Inside, in the servants' part of the house, the half-clad domestics were talking in low whispers to each other. Old Mrs. Leaf was crying and wringing her hands. Francis was as pale as death.

After about a quarter of an hour, he got the coachman and one of the footmen and crept upstairs. They knocked, but there was no reply. They called out. Everything was still.

Finally, after vainly trying to force the door, they got on the roof and dropped down on to the balcony. The windows yielded easily—their bolts were old.

When they entered, they found hanging upon the wall a splendid portrait of their master as they had last seen him, in all the wonder of his exquisite youth and beauty. Lying on the floor was a dead man, in evening dress, with a knife in his heart. He was withered, wrinkled, and loathsome of visage. It was not till they had examined the rings that they recognized who it was.

The Happy Warrior

His wild heart beats with painful sobs,
His strain'd hands clench an ice-cold rifle,
His aching jaws grip a hot parch'd tongue,
His wide eyes search unconsciously.

He cannot shriek.

Bloody saliva
Dribbles down his shapeless jacket.

I saw him stab
And stab again
A well-killed Boche.

This is the happy warrior,
This is he...

Dulce et Decorum Est

BY WILFRED OWEN

Bent double, like old beggars under sacks,
Knock-kneed, coughing like hags, we cursed through sludge,
Till on the haunting flares we turned our backs,
And towards our distant rest began to trudge.
Men marched asleep. Many had lost their boots,
But limped on, blood-shod. All went lame; all blind;
Drunk with fatigue; deaf even to the hoots
Of gas-shells dropping softly behind.

Gas! GAS! Quick, boys!—An ecstasy of fumbling
Fitting the clumsy helmets just in time,
But someone still was yelling out and stumbling
And flound'ring like a man in fire or lime.—
Dim through the misty panes and thick green light,
As under a green sea, I saw him drowning.

In all my dreams before my helpless sight,
He plunges at me, guttering, choking, drowning.

If in some smothering dreams, you too could pace
Behind the wagon that we flung him in,
And watch the white eyes writhing in his face,
His hanging face, like a devil's sick of sin;
If you could hear, at every jolt, the blood
Come gargling from the froth-corrupted lungs,
Obscene as cancer, bitter as the cud
Of vile, incurable sores on innocent tongues,—
My friend, you would not tell with such high zest
To children ardent for some desperate glory,
The old Lie: *Dulce et decorum est*
Pro patria mori.

The Soldier

BY RUPERT BROOKE

If I should die, think only this of me:

That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam;
A body of England's, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

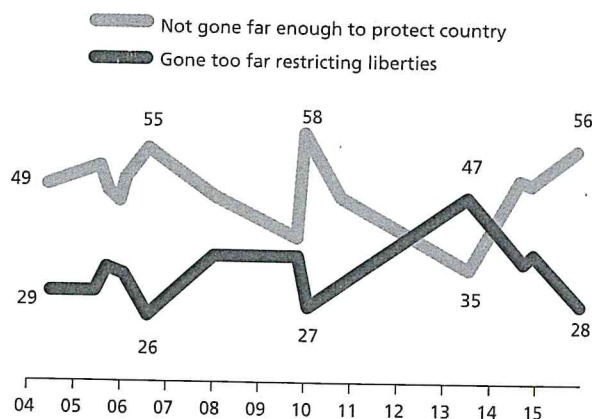
And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

How they keep an eye on us

In the past it was necessary for totalitarian governments to have huge numbers of secret police and informers and enormous archives of written records to keep their people under control. Technology has changed that. Nowadays surveillance involves having access to a vast pool of data collected automatically and indiscriminately, whether by video cameras in public places or the electronic footprints left by a wide range of our everyday activities. For example, use a mobile phone, drive past a speed camera or buy something with your credit card and you leave a record of what you were doing and exactly where you were. Access to all this data gives the state immense power.

Governments which collect such data usually insist that they do it for the safety of the people. The citizens themselves are very divided in their views about the balance to establish between the need for security and the need for privacy and freedom. Attitudes can change quite radically depending on events currently in the news. For example, in late 2015, after a series of dramatic terrorist attacks, 56% of Americans wanted more government surveillance, a rise from just 35% a year and a half earlier.

Public concern about security v liberty in USA
Bigger concern about govt anti-terrorism policies? (%)



35 Read the article and look at the graph. Are the following sentences true (T) or false (F)?

- 1 Surveillance of citizens by governments is a modern phenomenon.
- 2 Modern technology gives governments more access to information than ever before.
- 3 We give away a lot of personal information without intending to do it.
- 4 Americans have grown steadily more worried about their security since 2004.
- 5 Most Americans think that their government goes too far in restricting civil liberties.

T	F
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

36 Guess how government agencies like the FBI (and perhaps also businesses and criminal organisations) might use the following sources of data.

- telecoms monitoring software • social network analysis software
- Internet cookies • keystroke detection software • government databases

37 Fill in the names from exercise 36 in the gaps.

- 1 creates 'maps' of links among people who are in contact through sites like Facebook, MySpace, Twitter etc. Potentially subversive groups can be studied and monitored in this way.
- 2 enables mass control of Internet traffic, e-mail, telephone calls etc. Programs automatically detect suspicious words and phrases and alert agencies to carry out closer investigation.
- 3 means that everything typed on a computer, including passwords and confidential data, can be decoded and reconstructed.
- 4 provide masses of digitised confidential information, including social security, taxation, and health records. These can be searched and cross-checked to build up profiles of people.
- 5 provide records of websites that people have visited, including times and number of visits. Sites like Google and Yahoo use them to place advertisements individually targeted at specific users.

38 **116** Listen to six people expressing opinions about technology and surveillance. Are they worried about the development of a surveillance society or not? What reasons do they give?

ALLEGATI

Documento Del Consiglio della Classe V B
Esame di Stato a.s. 2020/2021

Schemi Educazione Civica con cenni di diritto

Elementi integrativi materia : Inglese

Testi proposti di lingua e letteratura italiana per la discussione orale Esame di Stato

Educazione Civica

La classe è stata coinvolta in lezioni trasversali di Educazione Civica secondo lo schema allegato che costituisce parte integrante del presente atto.

1^ QUADRIMESTRE

MATERIA	ARGOMENTO	ORE
Italiano	Il lavoro minorile. Lettura G. Verga “ Rosso Malpelo”	2
Storia	L’Unione europea come spazio di pace: la storia dell’integrazione europea (libro di testo) Tali argomenti sono anche affrontati nel programma di storia	2
Inglese	Agenda 2030_ Introduction to the 17 Goals	2
Matematica		
Meccanica		
Disegno e Progettazione	La progettazione sostenibile; il corretto utilizzo dei materiali nel settore edile e delle costruzioni (lettura di articoli di giornale e commento di grafici e statistiche; visione di servizi giornalistici sul web ...)	3
Tecnologia Meccanica		
Sistemi	Automazione per lo sviluppo sostenibile (articoli su internet lettura e comprensione)	3
Educazione Fisica	I servizio di leva: ieri, oggi, domani. Protezione civile. L’arma come possibilità di lavoro e di carriera.	2

2^ QUADRIMESTRE

MATERIA	ARGOMENTO	ORE
Italiano	Lo sfruttamento dei lavoratori. La figura del reietto ;Lettura. L. Pirandello “ Ciaula scopre la luna”	2
Storia	La Costituzione italiana (lettura e commento di articoli) L’ordinamento dello Stato Tali argomenti sono anche affrontati nel programma di storia	3
Inglese	Goal 8: Decent work and Economic Growth	2
Matematica	Distribuzione gaussiana di probabilità	3
Meccanica		
Disegno e Progettazione	la progettazione sostenibile nell’automotive. il corretto utilizzo dei materiali	3
Tecnologia Meccanica		
Sistemi	Automazione per lo sviluppo Sostenibile. La robotica industriale: classificazione dei robot (articoli su internet lettura e comprensione)	4
Educazione Fisica	Acquisizione di elementi formativi di base in materia di primo intervento, protezione civile, carriera militare.	2

TOTALE GENERALE

33 ORE

ISTITUTO TECNICO SUPERIORE “ E.FERMI BIBBIENA (AR)

ANNO SCOLASTICO 2020/2021

DOCENTE: BARGELLINI CRISTINA

MATERIA: INGLESE

TESTI INTEGRATIVI

ISTITUTO TECNICO SUPERIORE “ E.FERMI BIBBIENA (AR)

ANNO SCOLASTICO 2020/2021

DOCENTE: RAJA MARIAFRANCESCA

MATERIA: ITALIANO

TESTI DA SOMMINISTRARE ALL'ESAME DI STATO

I seguenti frammenti desunti da testi di vario genere (poesie, romanzi, saggi,ecc), pur essendo brevi, sono stati scelti, poiché tutti contengono elementi chiave per il riconoscimento dell'autore, del brano, del contesto letterario di riferimento, nonché elementi utili ai fini di una analisi del testo, particolare del frammento sottoposto , e generale del testo completo studiato nel corso dell'anno scolastico. Sono presenti, inoltre, spunti per i collegamenti sia in storia che in inglese.

TESTO 1

.....La bottega risplendeva, col suo gas acceso, con le fiammelle bianche, come tanti soli, con le bottiglie e i boccali che illuminavano i muri dei loro vetri di colore. Lei restò lì un momento, con la schiena piegata e con l'occhio appiccicato ai vetri tra due bottiglie della mostra a sbirciare Coupeau nel fondo della sala.....

TESTO 2

..... Quella maledetta marmitta, tonda come una pancia di caldaia, grassa, col suo naso che si allungava e si attorcigliava, le soffiava un brivido nelle spalle, una paura mescolata di desiderio. Sì, si sarebbe detta la trippa di metallo di una grande pitocca di qualche strega che lascia andare goccia a goccia il fuoco nelle viscere. Una bella sorgente di veleno, un'operazione che si sarebbe dovuta sotterrare in una cantina, tanto era sfacciata e vergognosa.....

TESTO 3

....” Per menare il remo bisogna che le cinque dita si aiutino l'un l'altro.....”

“Gli uomini sono fatti come le dita della mano: il dito grosso deve fare il dito grosso, e il piccolo deve fare da dito piccolo”....

...” Per far da papa, bisogna saper fare da sagrestano”.....

TESTO 4

E' un tempio la Natura ove viventi

pilastrì a volte confuse parole

mandano fuori; la attraversa l'uomo

tra foreste di simboli dagli occhi familiari....

TESTO 5

.....Quando la nostra età è tuttavia tenera, egli confonde la sua voce con la nostra, e dei due fanciulli che ruzzano e contendono tra loro, e, insieme sempre, temono sperano godono piangono, si sente un palpito solo, uno strillare e un guaire solo. Ma quindi noi cresciamo, ed egli resta piccolo.....

TESTO 6

Nel campo mezzo grigio e mezzo nero resta
un aratro senza buoi, che pare dimenticato,
tra il vapor leggero.....

TESTO 7

..... Egli era, per così dire, tutto impregnato di arte. La sua adolescenza, nutrita di studi vari e profondi, parve prodigiosa. Egli alternò, fino a venti anni, le lunghe letture coi lunghi viaggi in compagnia del padre e poté compiere la sua straordinaria educazione estetica sotto la cura paterna, senza restrizioni e costrizioni.....

TESTO 8

Taci, anima stanca di godere
e di soffrire (all'uno e all'altro vai
rassegnata)

Nessuna voce tua odo se ascolto:
non di rimpianto per la miserabile
giovinanza, non d'ira o di speranza
neppure di tedio.....

TESTO 9

....Noi affermiamo che la magnificenza del mondo si è arricchita di una bellezza nuova: la bellezza della velocità.....

TESTO 10

.... Voglio dirti tutto. Non poco aumenta i miei dolori la superbia dei miei colleghi e dei miei capi. Forse mi trattano dall'alto in basso perché vado vestito peggio di loro. Son tutti zerbinotti che passano metà della giornata allo specchio. Che gente sciocca!

Se mi dessero in mano un classico latino lo commenterei tutto, mentre essi non ne sanno il nome.....

TESTO 11

Il Dottore al quale ne parlai mi disse di iniziare il mio lavoro con una analisi storica della mia propensione al fumo:

“ Scriva! Scriva! Vedrà come arriverà a vedersi intero! “

TESTO 12

.... Mi metto a ridere. Avverto che quella vecchia signora è il contrario di ciò che una vecchia rispettabile signora dovrebbe essere. Posso così a prima giunta e superficialmente arrestarmi a questa espressione comica. Il comico è appunto un avvertimento del contrario.....

TESTO 13

.... Lessi: “ ieri, sabato 28, è stato rinvenuto nella gora di un mulino un cadavere in avanzato stato di putrefazione....

TESTO 14

.... Non sono mai stato

tanto

attaccato alla vita

TESTO 15

Spesso il male di vivere ho incontrato Era il

rivo strozzato che gorgoglia, era

l'accartocciarsi della foglia

riarsa, era il cavallo stramazzato.....

TESTO 16

.... Gervasia, per non farsi notare, prese una seggiola e si sedette a tre passi dalla tavola. Guardò quel che bevevano gli uomini: grappa che luccicava come l'oro.....

TESTO 17

.... Padron 'Ntoni sapeva anche certi motti e proverbi che aveva sentito dagli antichi, perché il motto degli antichi mai mentì.....

TESTO 18

.... E giugno lo ristora

di luce e di calor.

Tu, fiore fella mia pianta

percossa e inaridita,

tu dell'inutil vita.

estremo unico fior...

TESTO 19

....sei nella terra freddasei

nella terra negra

né il sol più ti rallegrané

ti risveglia amor....

TESTO 20

.... Noi vogliamo glorificare la guerra – sola igiene del mondo – il militarismo, il patriottismo, il gesto distruttore dei liberatori, le belle idee per cui si muore e il disprezzo della donna.....

TESTO 21

.... Adesso che sono qui ad analizzarmi, sono colto da un dubbio: che io forse abbiaamato tanto la sigaretta per poter riversare su di essa la colpa della mia incapacità? Chissà se cessando di fumare io sarei divenuto l'uomo ideale e forte che mi aspettavo?....

TESTO 22

.... Accorsa sopra luogo.... Estratto dalla gora e piantonato...fu riconosciuto perquello del nostro bibliotecario....

TESTO 23

.... Ma se ora interviene in me la riflessione, e mi suggerisce che quella vecchia signora non prova forse nessun piacere a pararsi così come un pappagallo , ma che forse ne soffre e lo fa soltanto perché pietosamente si inganna che, parata così, nascondendo le rughe e la canizie, riesca trattenere a sé l' amore del marito molto piùgiovane di lei, ecco che io non posso più riderne come prima, perché appunto la riflessione, lavorando in me.....

TESTO 24

....penetrata

nel mio silenzio

ho scritto

lettere piene d'amore....

TESTO 25

.....Bene non seppi, fuori del prodigio che
schiude la divina Indifferenza:

era la statua della sonnolenza

del meriggio, e la nuvola e il falco alto levato.

Bibbiena, 14/05/2021

La docente
Mariafrancesca Raja