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Este artículo se centra en el actor. Para más información sobre el sindicalista, consulte a Manuel Lozano Guillén. Manuel Lozano Obispo, nacido el 30 de marzo de 1990 en Santiago de Compostela (La Coruña), España, es un actor y arquitecto español. Con solo nueve años, fue elegido para protagonizar la película "La lengua de las mariposas", adaptación al cine de un relato de Manuel Rivas. Ha recibido varios premios, incluyendo la nominación al Premio Goya como "Mejor Actor Revelación" por su actuación en "La lengua de las mariposas". Además, ha sido galardonado como "Mejor Actor" en los festivales de Estepona y Cartagena. Compagina sus labores como arquitecto y actor, destacando en proyectos como "Somos gente honrada" y "Eres mi héroe". Su trayectoria incluye roles en series como "Hospital Central" y "La Atlántida", producidas por distintas compañías. Andoni Erburu, Manuel Lozano en IMDb, y otros recursos en Internet ofrecen información detallada sobre su carrera. ===== While Moncho, a young boy from Galicia, navigates his coming-of-age experience in 1936, he forms an unbreakable bond with his teacher Don Gregorio - a man who defies the conventional norms of teaching and instead sparks Moncho's love for learning. The butterfly's tongue becomes a poignant metaphor for the transformative power of education, as embodied by Don Gregorio's gentle yet impactful approach. ===== You always dreamed of going to America to avoid being sent to school, just like some kids who took to the hills to escape punishment. One day, while running in the park, you got a nickname from Cordeiro, the collector of litter and dry leaves. He said you looked like a sparrow, which made you run even more. You would often go beyond the park limits, dreaming of flying to Buenos Aires one day. Every morning, your father would make you repeat a sentence in school because your pronunciation was bad. He wanted to scare you, but he succeeded. The night before you started school, you couldn't sleep. On the first day, you were scared and wet yourself. You sat at the back of the class, trying not to be noticed, until it was time to leave. As fate would have it, the teacher pointed his ruler at you on your first day, saying 'What is your name?' You stuttered that your name was Sparrow. The other kids laughed and laughed, making you feel like you were being hit in the ears. You ran away, as if with wings, scared of the teacher coming after you. But when you reached the bandstand, you realized you were alone and nobody had followed you. You felt the teacher's breath on your neck, but no one seemed to notice you. The whole town was pretending not to see you, like everyone was watching through their curtains. It felt like rumors would spread fast soon. =====The vast expanse of the Sinai stretched before me, its rugged beauty urging me onward. My legs, driven by an unyielding resolve, propelled me toward Coruña, with a ship bound for Buenos Aires my ultimate destination. The sea, veiled from view at the summit, was eclipsed by another, even taller mountain, its rocks cut into the semblance of ancient fortifications. In retrospect, I am struck by a bittersweet mix of awe and longing, as if the magnitude of what transpired that day still lingers. Seated alone on a stone armchair at the summit, beneath an endless canvas of stars, I watched as my search party members fumbled about the valley below, their lamps casting a faint glow. My name echoed through the darkness, borne aloft by the haunting cries of dogs, yet I felt no trepidation. It was as if I had transcended fear, becoming one with the night. As Cordeiro's imposing figure loomed beside me, I was enveloped in his jacket and cradled in his arms. His reassuring words - 'It's all right, Sparrow, everything's over' - lulled me into a deep slumber, my mother's gentle presence still clutched in my hand like a precious Moses basket. We walked together, her arm around me, back to school, where I finally laid eyes on our teacher for the first time. He presented himself as a toad-like figure, beaming with an unsettling smile, which only served to pierce my heart like a sharp after-dinner sweet. Yet, it was his subsequent actions that left me in awe - standing tall, as he welcomed me with open arms, led me to his chair, and began to teach, his voice weaving a spell of calm amidst the silence. As the class progressed, Romualdo took center stage, reciting a poem titled 'Childhood Memory' by Antonio Machado. His voice boomed forth, like a radio broadcast from Manolo Suárez's emigrant days, its clarity mesmerizing. I watched, transfixed, as he wove a world of monotony - rain behind glass, schoolboys studying, and the crimson stain of Cain's tale. The teacher's probing questions only served to deepen my understanding, as Mum gently ironed out wrinkles in her father's handiwork, their voices carrying on the evening air. In that moment, I felt an unshakeable bond with this man, who seemed to hold the key to a deeper truth - one that transcended the boundaries of faith and existence. =====Ironed down and stared at me. 'What makes you think your father's an atheist? How can you even think to ask such a stupid question?' I had often heard my father blaspheming against God. All the men did it. When something was going badly, they would spit on the ground and take God's name in vain. They would say two things: 'God damn it!' and 'To hell with it!' It seemed to me that only women really believed in God. 'And the Devil? Does the Devil exist?' 'Of course!' The boiling made the lid of the pot dance. From that mutant mouth emerged puffs of steam and gobs of foam and greens. A moth fluttered about the light bulb in the ceiling hanging from intertwined wires. Mum was moody, the way she always was when she had to iron. Her face would tense up when she was creating the trouser legs. But she spoke now in a soft and slightly sad tone, as if she were referring to a waif. 'The Devil was an angel who turned bad.' The moth beat against the bulb, which swung from side to side, throwing the shadows into chaos. 'The teacher said today that the butterfly has a tongue, a very long, thin tongue that it carries around rolled up like the spring of a clock. He'll show it to us with an apparatus they've to send him from Madrid. Isn't it amazing that the butterfly should have a tongue?' 'If he says so, it must be true. There are lots of things that seem amazing, but are true. Did you like school?' 'A lot. He doesn't hit us either. The teacher doesn't hit.' No. Don Gregorio the teacher did not hit. On the contrary, he almost always smiled with his toad's face. When there was a fight in the playground, he would call the children to him. 'Anyone would think you were rams,' and make them shake hands. Then he would sit them down at the same desk. This is how I made my best friend, Dombodon, who was really nice. The way Don Gregorio would show that he was really angry was by silence. 'If you won't be quiet, then I shall have to be quiet.' And he would walk towards the window with a distant look, his gaze fixed on the Sinai. It was a prolonged, unsettling silence that was as if he had deserted us in a strange country. I soon felt that the teacher's silence was the worst punishment imaginable. Because everything he touched was an engaging story. The story might begin with a piece of paper, having visited the Amazon and the systole and diast, everything fitted, made sense. Grass, sheep, wool, my cold. When the teacher turned to the map of the world, we were as absorbed as if the screen at the Rex Cinema had lit up. We felt fear with the Indians when they heard the neighing of horses and the report of an arquebus for the first time. We rode on the back of the elephants that took Hannibal of Carthage across the snowy Alps, on his way to Rome. We fought with sticks and stones at Ponte Sampaio against Napoleon's troops, as if we were real soldiers. We made sickles and ploughshares in the smithies of O Incio. We wrote love songs in Provence and on the sea of Vigo. We built the Pórtico da Gloria. We planted the potatoes that had come from America. And to America we emigrated at the time of the potato blight. 'Potatoes came from America,' I said to my mother at lunch, when she placed the dish in front of me. 'What do you mean, from America! There've always been potatoes,' she pronounced. 'No. Before, people ate chestnuts. And maize came from America too.' It was the first time that I had the clear impression that, thanks to the teacher, I knew important things ===== Water spiders inventing submarines, ants cultivating mushrooms, and birds painting their nests with special oils - these are the incredible stories I'll never forget from school. My teacher was fascinating, especially when it came to insects. He made learning feel like a journey of discovery. I remember how much interest my parents had in this subject as well. They didn't know about these amazing creatures until I showed them pictures and told them stories. On Saturdays and holidays, Don Gregorio would visit me at home and we'd go on outings together to explore the riverbanks, heathland, and woods. We'd climb Mount Sinai and always return with a new discovery - a mantis, dragonfly, stag beetle, or a different butterfly. These trips were like little adventures for me. When we returned, we'd sing along the paths like old friends. At school, my teacher would discuss Sparrow's bugs in class, but on those days, he was just another teacher to my parents. My mother prepared picnics for us before our outings, and Don Gregorio always thanked her after eating. My father believed that teachers didn't earn enough, especially since he thought they were the lights of the Republic. He'd often say this at home, but I never understood why his mother went to Mass every day. One time, when Don Gregorio came to pick me up, my father asked him for a suit's measurements. The teacher looked embarrassed, and then said that my father had a great respect for people's trades. My father wore the suit for a year before we met again in July 1936. He passed me on his way to the town hall, and I'll never forget his words - "Maybe this year we'll get to see the butterfly's tongue at last." Something strange was happening that day. People were in a hurry, but they didn't move. There was an air of unease, like everyone was waiting for something to happen. Then, I heard the sound of a motorbike, and a guard with a flag tied to the back seat passed by. He shouted "Long live Spain!" before accelerating away. But what really caught my attention was that mothers started calling out for their children - and at home, it seemed like my grandmother had died again.The house was filled with an air of desperation, and I could sense that something was terribly wrong. My father sat listlessly in his chair, refusing to eat or talk, as if the weight of the world had crushed him. My mother, usually a pillar of strength, looked frail and worried, her eyes red from crying. The doorbell rang, and my parents exchanged a nervous glance. It was Amelia, our neighbor from the Suarez household. She entered with a somber expression, her voice barely above a whisper. "Do you know what's happening? The military has declared war in Coruna, and they're firing shots against the civilian government." My mother crossed herself, as if seeking protection from an unknown evil. My father's face turned pale, and he seemed to shrink into himself. The next day, I was forbidden to leave the house. I watched through the window as the streets became empty and still, like a winter landscape. Troops arrived, and they occupied the town hall. The atmosphere grew more tense, and my mother looked worried. One morning, she took my father by the arm and dragged him out of the house. She dressed him in his best clothes and took me with her to Mass. On their return, she lectured me about our family's past, warning me to remember that my father had never been involved in any opposition to the government. The park was filled with people, all dressed in their Sunday best, but there was a sense of fear and unease in the air. The soldiers were armed, and they seemed to be waiting for something to happen. As we watched, a group of prisoners emerged from the town hall, their hands and feet tied behind their backs. I recognized some of them - the mayor, the trade unionists, the librarian Resplandor Obreiro, Charlie from the Sun and Life Orchestra. And at the end of the line, hunched up and ugly as a toad, was the teacher. The crowd began to shout insults, and my mother held my father's arm tightly, as if trying to shield him from it all. =====She was trying to restrain him with all her might from fainting, but he was shouting at the top of his lungs. 'Let them see you screaming, Ramón, let them see you screaming!' I heard my father whisper, 'Traitors! His voice grew louder and stronger as he shouted 'Criminals! Reds!' He finally let go of Mum's arm and approached the line of soldiers, his eyes fixed intensely on the teacher. 'Murderer! Anarchist! Monster!' Mum tried to hold him back, but he was beside himself. 'Bastard! Son of a bitch!' I had never seen him speak like that before, not even to the referee at the football game. 'It's not his fault, eh, Moncho? Remember that.' But he turned towards me now, urging me on with this wild look in his eyes, his face wet with tears and blood. 'You shout as well, Moncho! You shout as well! When the lories took the prisoners away, I ran after them, throwing stones. I desperately searched for the teacher's face to call him a traitor and a criminal. But they were just a cloud of dust in the distance, and I stood alone in the park, fists clenched, able only to whisper with rage. 'Toad! Bowerbird! Iris!'It was nominated for the 2000 Goya Awards for Best Picture and won the Goya Awarde for Best Adapted Screenplay. Butterfly's Tongue has a 96% ratin on Rotten Tomatoes.[1] Fernando Fernán Gómez as Don Gregorio Manuel Lozano [es] as Moncho Elena Fernande as Carmiña Xuxia Blanco [es] as Rosa Gonzalo Martín Uriarte [es] as Ramón Alexis de los Santos [es] as Andrés In a Galician town in the 1930s, a young boy, Moncho, goes to school for the first time and is taught by Don Gregorio about life and literature. At first, Moncho is afraid of the teachers hittin him, since that was the standard procedure. However, he is relieved to discover that Don Gregorio does not hit his pupils. Don Gregorio is unlike the other teachers; he builds a special relationship with Moncho, teachin him to love learnin. Don Gregorio teaches him about the butterfly's toungue on a field trip through the woods, with Moncho havin an asthma attack and bein assisted by Don Gregorio. Don Gregorio also builds a special relationship with Moncho's father, who is a Republican like him. At this time in Spain, the Republican and the Nationalist factions are fightin a civil war, forcin people to take sides. Moncho's mother is indifferent towards the Republic, her main concern bein belief in God; she eventually sides with the Nationalist rebels. When Nationalists take control of the town, they round up known Republicans, includin Don Gregorio. As Moncho's father is a Republican, his family fears that he too will be arrested if the Nationalists discover his political leanings. In order to protect themselves, the family goes to the town square to taunt the captured Republicans as they are paraded out of the courthouse and put on a truck. The film ends with Moncho, despite his continued great affection for his friend and teacher, yellin hateful insults and throwin rocks at Don Gregorio and the other Republicans, as instructed by his mother, while the truck carries them away. The last thing Moncho yellin are the words for the tongue of a butterfly, espiritrompa (Spanish for "proboscis"), a favorite word teachin to him by Don Gregorio, in an attempt to let his dear friend know that he does not truly mean the words he is yellin. ^ Butterfly - Movie Reviews, Trailers, Pictures - Rotten Tomatoes Quotations related to Butterfly (1999 film) at Wikiquote Butterfly's Tongue at IMDb Butterfly's Tongue at Box Office Mojo Retrieved from "La lengua de las mariposas

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