

## *A day trip to Barcelona of Marina, by Carlos Ruiz Zafon*

*Your starting point is Plaza Catalunya. As you walk down las Ramblas you have to find the places which appear in the paragraphs below. Once you find them, you have to take a photograph as you have planned in the storyboard. At the end of this document you will find different photographs of the late 70's. You have to check how much have they changed nowadays.*

*At the same time you have to find the 8 gems of the treasure hunt*

### **CHAPTER 13**

"We took the metro **all the way down to Plaza Cataluña**. It was beginning to get dark when we climbed the steps of the Ramblas exit. Christmas was approaching and the city was decked with garlands of light. The street lamps cast multicoloured spectres over the boulevard. Flocks of pigeons fluttered about between **flower stalls and cafés, street musicians and showgirls, tourists and locals, policemen and crooks, citizens** and ghosts from bygone eras. Germán was right: there wasn't another street in the whole world like it. The outline of the **Liceo** rose before us. It was an opera night and a **tiara of lights sparkled above the canopies. On the other side of the boulevard we recognised the green dragon** in the photograph, protruding from the corner of a façade and **holding a lantern in its claws** as it gazed down at the crowds. When I saw it I thought that history might have reserved the altars and chapels for St George, but the dragon had been granted the entire city of Barcelona in perpetuity."

(...)

"Have a good look,' I insisted. 'All I can see is a wretched man ...' 'Don't look at him. Look behind him.' 'A window ...' 'What can you see through the window?' Marina frowned. 'Do you recognise it?' I asked, pointing at **the figure of a dragon decorating the façade of a building on the opposite side of the street** from where the photograph had been taken. 'I've seen it somewhere ...' 'That's just what I thought,' I agreed. 'Here, in Barcelona. **In the Ramblas, opposite the Liceo Opera House**. I went through each photograph in the album and this is the only one that was taken in Barcelona.' I pulled the photograph out of the album and handed it to Marina. On the back, in faded letters, it read, Marina handed back the photograph, shrugging her shoulders. 'The picture was taken almost thirty years ago, Oscar. It doesn't mean anything ...' 'This morning I looked the name up in the telephone book. A Dr Shelley is still listed as living at **46-48 Rambla de los Estudiantes**, first floor. I knew the name rang a bell. Then I remembered Sentís mentioning that Dr Shelley had been Mijail Kolvenik's first friend when he came to Barcelona ...' Marina"

### **CHAPTER 19**

"PURSUING CLARET'S TRAIL I BECAME A SHADOW among the shadows. **The poverty and squalor of the forsaken Raval district** could be smelled in the air. Claret's long strides took me through streets I'd never been in before. I couldn't locate where I was until I saw him turn a corner and I recognised **Calle Conde del Asalto**, the area's main thoroughfare. When we

reached the Ramblas, Claret turned left, heading for Plaza Cataluña. A few night owls were wandering along the boulevard. The lit-up kiosks looked like ships stranded at low tide. When **we reached the Liceo Opera House, Claret crossed over to the opposite pavement, then stopped in front of the building where Dr Shelley and his daughter María lived.** Before he went in, I saw him pull out a shiny object from inside his cloak. His gun. **The building's façade was a mask of reliefs and gargoyles spitting out thin rivulets of rainwater.** A blade of golden light flashed in a window at the top. Shelley's study."

(...)

"As soon as he disappeared, I slid back onto the cornice. The rain had eased off. Hoping I wouldn't lose track of Claret, I hurriedly retraced my steps back to the fire escape, clambered down, then ran round the building just in time to catch sight of him **walking down the Ramblas.** I quickened my pace, narrowing the gap between us. **He didn't turn off until he reached Calle Fernando,** from where he headed towards **Plaza San Jaime.** I glimpsed a public telephone booth among **the arches of Plaza Real.** I knew I had to call Inspector Florián as soon as possible to let him know what was happening, but to stop now would have meant losing Claret. When he entered the **Gothic quarter** I went in after him. Soon his silhouette was lost under bridges stretching between palaces. Elaborate arches projected dancing shadows on the walls. We had reached the enchanted Barcelona, the labyrinth of spirits, where streets had mythical names and the ghosts of time walked behind us."

*Match the old photographs of the late 70's with the nowadays places. Can you find the differences?*





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