

COLA

FROM HUMANITIES TO HUMANITIES

FROM PEN TO BOOK



ACADEMIC *Agenda*



Stay tuned! Fresh episodes of our Student Union's podcast! Get ready, as you might be caught off guard in one of them.

Bright Shell p.07

"I only saw myself in you. When I kissed your head, and up close saw your blue and green curls. Each ripple is different, did you know that? I want to accommodate every direction in me. You only loved me when I smiled ugly and showed every reflection. It's good to smile. But it leaves you transparent. Every smile exchanged in the metro unveils me. I think it's the price to pay for having so much gold in the well-engraved lines of the face. And what a good price!"

Perfumery p.24

"The year prior, I had taken a perfumery course during the summer. I had created fragrances for every occasion, each one better than the last. But, since I had met him, every single one seemed mediocre.

While he rested by my side, I asked myself if he absorbed my scent like I did his.

Is my smell special to you? — I asked, looking for some indication of a lie.

Special? I like how you smell, if that's what you mean.

Do I smell like her?"

Opening Note

Translation: Carolina Franco

Good morning, afternoon and evening, readers of O Cola.

The time has come to present our latest edition as the Directors of this newspaper. Since the beginning of our term on September 17 2024, it has been with enormous dedication and, above all, with the greatest pleasure that we have worked with and for you. We have written, edited, translated, and done everything to ensure the best possible quality from the first to the last paragraph.

Between sleepless nights and hours staring at the screen until the Portuguese language no longer made sense, every effort was worth it. Over the past two years, we have grown exponentially. We have grown as a team, as a project, as a community. O Cola has become bigger, more diverse, more widely read and more alive, and knowing that we have been part of that growth fills us with pride.

We now leave with the certainty that we are leaving this newspaper in the hands of an enthusiastic management team full of ideas. We leave with our hearts full and our consciences clear, knowing that we gave everything we had and then some. We deliver O Cola better than we found it, as the new Directors will undoubtedly do as well.

Academic journalism is one of the most powerful tools available to students. It is a space for voice, freedom, creation and resistance. It is a way to publicise projects, raise causes and share ideas. May we never stop writing. May we never stop listening to each other.

Thank you, from the bottom of our hearts, for being on our side. Thank you for trusting us with your voice. Thank you for following us day after day. Thank you for sharing your ideas, opinions, and stories with us. Without its readers, O Cola would not exist.

The Directors of *O Cola*,
Carolina Franco & Ricardo Cerdeira.

TOP 3

Medieval FAIRS AND MARKETS in Portugal

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Medieval Aljubarrota

This free admission Medieval Fair aims to celebrate the defeat of the Castilian army by the Portuguese troops that took place on August 14th, 1385. Indeed, the very place where the event is located — the historic area of the Town of Aljubarrota, in the municipality of Alcobça — refers to the main annual theme of this historical reenactment, where visitors witness a recreation of the Battle of Aljubarrota, foot and horse tournaments, juggling shows, plays, and weapons displays. Furthermore, visitors can taste authentic medieval food at the taverns and buy traditional products (such as honey, fruit, bread, liquors, jams, pottery, embroidery, and fogaças) at the stands present at the fair.



Viagem Medieval em Terra de Santa Maria

Created in 1996, the Viagem Medieval em Terra de Santa Maria is not only the oldest Medieval Fair in Portugal, but also the largest in the Iberian Peninsula, and it is among the largest in all of Europe! It takes place yearly between the end of July and the first week of August in Santa Maria da Feira, in the Aveiro district. Throughout the 12 days of the event, visitors can experience several activities: over 110 daily shows (historical, dance, etc. — three of which are Large Format — following the events that mark the reign depicted by the current edition), spread across 17 themed zones and 5 entertainment squares, activities intended for children, and, of course, medieval cuisine. In addition, all yearly editions of this fair are the result of extensive historical research, which assures greater legitimacy and accuracy of the recreations in terms of attire, scenarios, and thematic activities.

Sintra Medieval Market

Established in the streets of the Town of Sintra, Lisbon district, the Sintra Medieval Market takes place yearly and includes various activities, from typical period music to dance shows, local crafts sales, and medieval cuisine.



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Óbidos Medieval Market

Located within the walls of Óbidos Castle, this Medieval Market takes place every year in the month of July, varying only in theme (in 2025, the focus was the love story between King Pedro and Inês de Castro). Visitors can attend various lectures, shows (dance, juggling and acrobatics, theater, among others), and horse tournaments. Additionally, they can venture into medieval cuisine and explore the various stalls selling a wide range of products, from flower crowns to local crafts.



3

Castro Marim Medieval Days

Located near the Portugal-Spain border, at Castro Marim Castle (Faro district), this event offers a wide variety of activities such as foot and horse tournaments, street theater performances, medieval banquets accompanied by period music, and a crafts and goods fair. All these activities and shows can be enjoyed throughout the course of four days and four nights during which this Medieval Fair takes place.

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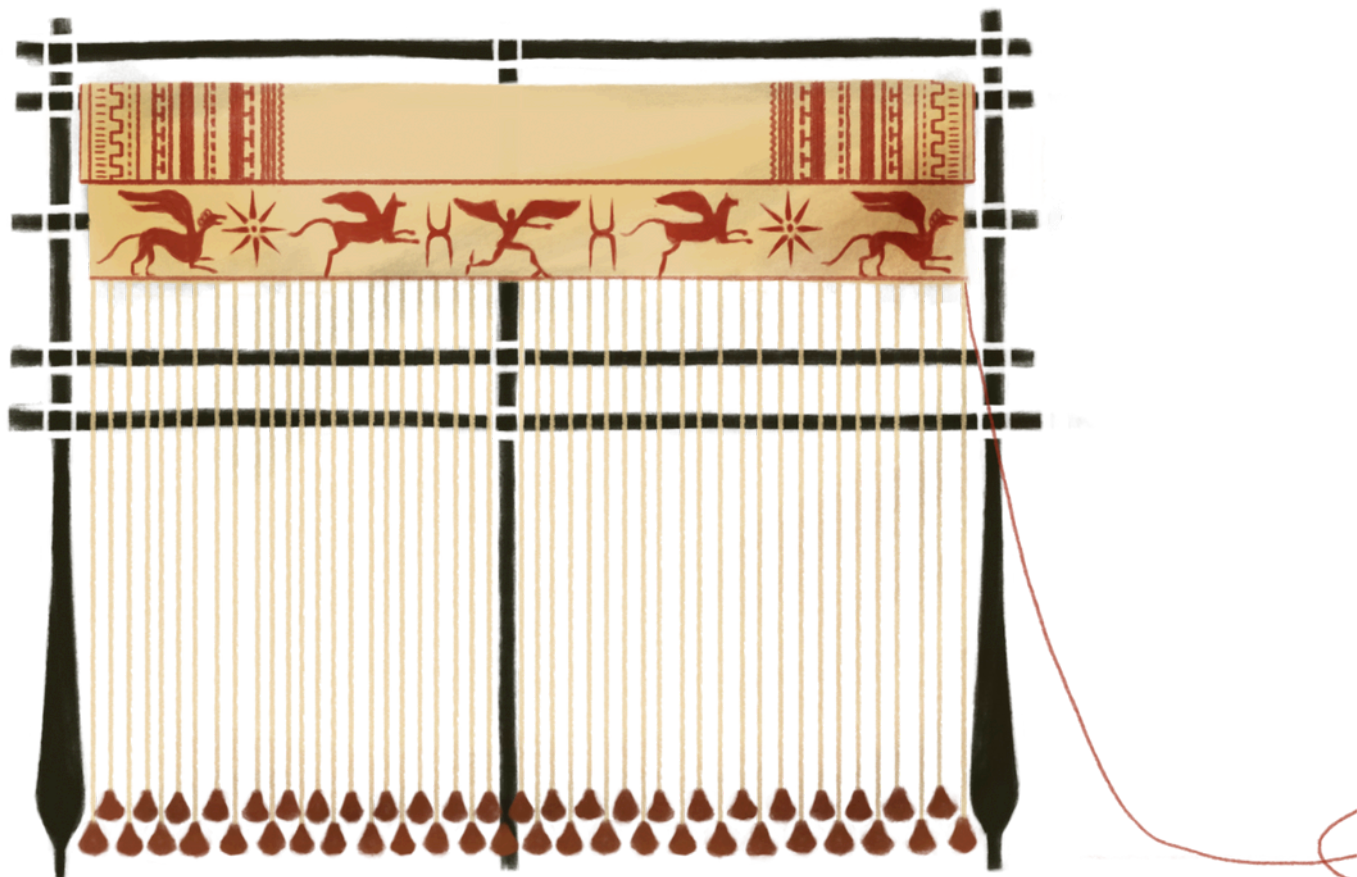


Penelope's Web

Author: Beatriz Brito
Translation: Maria Pires
Illustration: Yuna Le Quéré

I am not like Ulisses. I am not his mirror, I don't walk like him, I don't kill like him. I am his perfect wife, in perfect despair, like a ragdoll sat in a golden castle with no king, awaiting him while weaving the crown that perfectly fits him. The lines of my dress intertwine with the weaving I weave and weave until I am forced to cease to weave. While the mantle isn't finished, neither the man dies nor the woman hates herself – which in my case I'm prone to – for hated woman by mouth and word they already have Helen. Poor unfortunate... Guilty certainly for letting herself be taken, like the agitated sea gathers small seashells from the sand, warm like home, like the fire that boils and burns, destroying the light leaves that recoil from its touch.

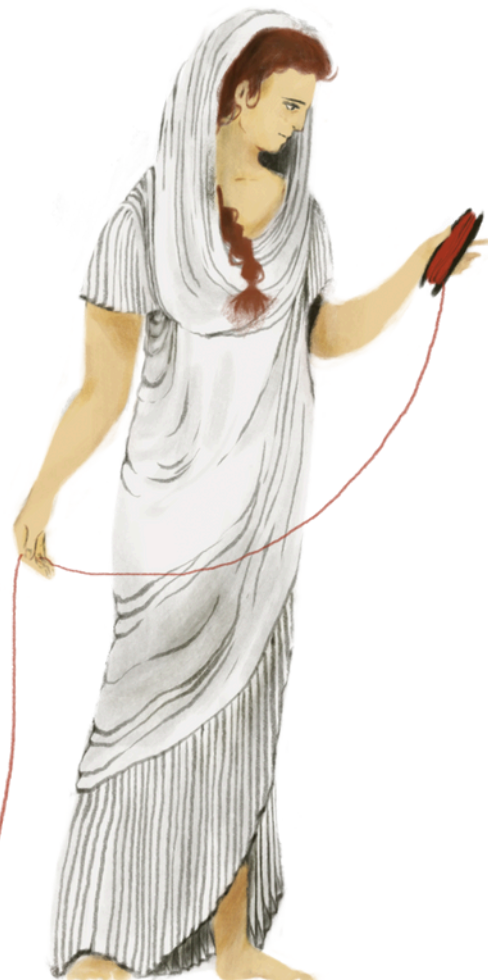
When I say that I am not like Odysseus, I make use of the full function of the word "not".



I am not strong, I am no man, I am no hero whatsoever. To be a hero, I would have to carry a nobler function than to wait for twenty years weaving a mantle for a father that isn't mine, raising a son that doesn't belong to me by law, while walking back and forth, a perfect wife – perfectly shameless, heart's devising . The vulgar hope I gave them suitors... One would think that spending years on end, every day, weaving and unraveling a mantle could be read as a rejection more than as a provocation. Perhaps my mantle was not what I thought, maybe it was a web: Penelope's web. The web of lies I wove and embroidered in the shape of a shield, naively thinking that violent weapons, worthy of men, wouldn't penetrate line and needle weavings. Or was it just a delicate net, cruelly drawn, to capture prey, like those of spiders?

The question that torments me the most is:

Was I the spider or the prey?



¹*Heart's devising, as seen in Homer's Odyssey.*

O Monstro

Author: Rita Coelho

Illustration: Yuna Le Quéré

Not translated as per the author's request.

Dormi a manhã inteira.
Vivi um sonho longo.
A minha cabeça latejava.
Teria sido aquele sono?

Pensava no que me dizias,
que me perdia no embalo,
que ele me levava a vida e
me engolia sem controlo.

Avisavas-me da culpa que eu não sentia,
da inutilidade do sonho que eu vivia
e da arte que era ser “mestre da vida”.

Evitavas saber que eu desejava mais
o embalo, o longo sono e os sonhos
do que o teatro da lida.

Durmo manhãs a fio,
mas sonho pouco.
As palavras repetidas
ressoam, ecoam em mim
num sufoco.

A culpa — sinto que se aproxima,
que vem para me assombrar —
não existe e é só um monstro
que planeaste criar.

A inutilidade do sonho
é a mesma da realidade
e a arte da mestria que é viver
é só mais uma subjetividade.

Quererei sempre dormir de manhã,
toda a manhã, por inteiro e a fio.
Quererei sempre que o embalo
me consuma, envolva e proteja do frio.
Quererei sempre silenciar o monstro
para que ele, como tu, desapareça
e não me avise nunca que partiu.



Bright Shell

Author: Natacha Vieira
Translation: Maria Pires

Little shell from Gaia, with an irregular shape, a slight ondulation, and a tiny hole so small it makes it difficult to feel the wonders of the world. Let's get close! With no fear. Those who need to be afraid are the ones who don't see the little hole. I only knew myself when the Little Shell of Gaia shone, and through the little golden hole, I was called by the sea breeze that I had always wanted to be. And I want to live like that. Diving where there is neither wave nor beach. But the little hole will always exist, whether in the sandy shell or in your pocket.

I only found myself when I decided to smile. Smile for me, for plants, books and strangers. Smile because now I am free. Now I am melody. I only let myself go when I set aside the crooked bite, the excessive gum, the space so hated between the teeth. Hated, yes, but always shining. There's no chance it will escape me (from smiling). And so I keep peeking at the little holes of life. Peeking at your heart, the palpitation of life.

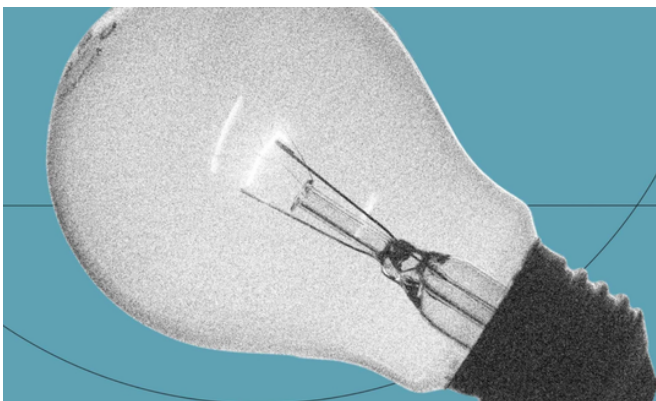
I only saw myself in you. When I kissed your head, and up close saw your blue and green curls. Each ripple is different, did you know that? I want to accommodate every direction in me. You only loved me when I smiled ugly and showed every reflection. It's good to smile. But it leaves you transparent. Every smile exchanged in the metro unveils me. I think it's the price to pay for having so much gold in the well-engraved lines of the face.

And what a good price! It's the discount for finally being, and now, I will be forever. All the years I was not, caged joy and epiphanies will burst. I'm eager to see that explosion. Let them call me crazy for the echo of my smile, but one must enjoy it. It's the discount for finally having you.

I am smiling now, even if you cannot see. I am smiling now, even if you will never know. Teeth bared with longing... One day, I will still be for you as much as you were for me. Don't blame me for old and youthful cowardice. I am smiling even if your antiquated memory of me is only expressionless lines. I am smiling for an old, wrinkled future! May God grant me the pleasure of seeing you.

If you decide to look for me, don't go on confusing me. Tell me you're coming, so that my golden compass can find you. Find you! As I found the wonders of the world in your dimples and kissed the smile that lives in my dawns, terraces, unpopulated streets. For every sober gulp that I made myself drunk on until I saw your face in the foam of the last morning beer. Magic literature, that of reading your lips.

I only knew myself without you. When I faced away and discovered my colour blindness. Your curls were blue and green, did you know? Each ripple is different, and I want to accommodate every direction outside of me. What I fear is the time that hides the beauty and threatens to close the bright fissure that is the little hole.



Gulbenkian New Talent Scholarships | Applications until September 30

Applications for Gulbenkian New Talent Scholarships, aimed at high-achieving students in Portuguese higher education, are open until September 30. Annual support can reach €3,500, including training, research and complementary social support. Applications are made online, after registering on the Foundation's website.

FROM PEN TO BOOK



O Cola newspaper (a student newspaper of the School of Arts and Humanities of the University of Lisbon) has, among others, the goal of giving visibility to emerging literary authors whose academic paths and personal development take place in the many classrooms and hallways of our FLUL. The *From Pen to Book* initiative comes from the desire to introduce new talents who are debuting into the world of writing and literature to the academic community and particularly to the student community of Arts and Humanities. Considering that Arts and Humanities and Higher Education can, and should be a means of fostering and spreading these arts, *O Cola* newspaper contacted two brilliant authors currently studying Arts and Humanities — Ana Marta Cabrita and Diana Colaço — who were kind enough to share their experiences as writers and their process to publication.

The author Ana Marta Cabrita was born in 2005 in Lisbon. Since her childhood, she has shown her creativity by making up short stories about her friends. A fan of history, mythology, fantasy, and romance, she brings to life the worlds and stories that grow inside her head. She began writing more seriously at the age of thirteen. She is currently in her third year studying Language Sciences at the School of Arts and Humanities of the University of Lisbon, where she develops her writing.

Diana Colaço is only nineteen years old, from Viseu, Portugal. She is currently in the second year of her degree in Languages, Literatures, and Cultures at the School of Arts and Humanities of the University of Lisbon. Since she was very young, she has felt a deep love for words and finds refuge in them. She has always enjoyed telling stories, reading avidly, and playing with her imagination.

In a special collaboration with our newspaper, these two authors now fill the next pages of the 16th Edition of *O Cola* with words meant to advise and inspire readers and perhaps, future published authors as well.

**“OUR LIVES CAN CHANGE IN AN INSTANT.
IN JUST AN HOUR, A MINUTE, A SECOND.”**

Long before she ever thought of sharing her words with the world, writing had already entered Ana Marta Cabrita's life. "Writing has been with me since I was a little girl," she recalls. Between comic-style stories and drawings made during playtime, she began to shape her ideas into writing. Around the age of twelve, she swapped comics for prose.

"At first, it was just a hobby. I would say: I'm just writing a few things here, this is for me, I'm not going to publish it anywhere."

Little by little, this pastime gained weight and depth. What had been just a "distraction" turned into a personal and creative necessity.

"As the years went by and I grew up, writing started to become more important in my life. I started writing a lot more."

When asked what drives her to write, her answer was clear: the chance to offer others what she herself feels when she reads something she loves.

"Someone might enjoy reading, just like I enjoy reading other people's stories. When I read, I think: wow, I loved this book."

It's the experience of wonder she hopes to replicate. That is why she chose her literary genre. Her debut book will be a fantasy story, not only because it's the genre she most enjoys consuming in books, shows, and films, but also because it represents a personal challenge.

"I had this idea: can I create a fantasy world? It was also a challenge for me, to see if I could create such a world."



Ana Marta Cabrita

¹The author's book does not yet have a final cover.

You know that feeling of reading a book or watching a series in the middle of the night, exhausted but unable to stop because you just can't get enough? That's exactly the experience this young author wants to bring her readers.

"I want them to like the characters' dynamics, to feel connected to this world, and to have that 'Wow! I want to keep reading' feeling."

She finds inspiration in the classics that have always captivated her, page after page, and it is this immersive experience she seeks to offer her readers.

We often have this idea that naming the characters is one of the first steps in writing a book. In this author's case, she mentions that giving names actually blocks her writing process.

"I don't name the characters until the middle of the story, when I already know their traits. I felt that names slowed the process down, so I left them open."

Only after finishing the first draft, she assigns names and moves on to the revision stage.

"I finish the first draft, write down all the characters names, and then rewrite the story using that draft until I have the final project."

This shows a balance between creative freedom and structured rewriting. Her first impulse is to let her imagination flow freely. The refinement of the text comes later during the rewriting and reorganisation process.

"Sometimes an idea comes to me and I just keep it in my head. If it feels important, I write down a few notes and save it. Then I enjoy the writing stage, letting my imagination flow and writing whatever comes to mind."

Just like many aspiring authors, Ana Marta Cabrita kept her manuscript in a drawer for months before taking the next step.

"This book was kept away for at least a year. People kept asking me: 'why don't you look for a publisher?'"

Then, on her birthday, she decided to submit her manuscript to a publisher she found on Instagram, Oficina da Escrita. Not long after, she received the response that would change the course of her life: they wanted to publish her work.

"I thought: let's just go for it; it's my birthday, maybe I'll be lucky. I sent it and didn't think about it anymore."

"When I got the answer that they wanted to publish my work, I was over the moon."

Like any other journey, not everything was easy: the publishing process tested her patience.

"I learned I needed to have patience. It's a very long process. I wanted the book in my hands right away, but it doesn't work like that. It has to be done carefully so that it all goes well."

Her eagerness to see the book in print clashed with the reality of the time required for the entire editorial process, which involves review, design, and preparation.

Though her debut is still in preparation, she is already thinking about reaching more readers. She would love to see her work translated into English and Spanish and doesn't fear the loss of literal meaning that a translation might bring.

"Even if it's not word-for-word faithful, the essence is there. The narrative is there. That wouldn't bother me."

She also leaves a challenge to observant readers: her book contains easter eggs that will only be revealed later in the plot. This layer of mystery adds depth to the text and encourages the desire of rereading.

"I want readers to go back and realise: 'wait... this was here all along.'"

At the end of our conversation, Ana Marta Cabrita shared some advice for anyone who, like her, dreams of seeing their words published.

"Trust your writing. We always have this self-destructive tendency to look at our work and think it's bad. It's not as bad as you think. You have to be patient and believe in yourself."

More than a technique, this is a philosophy of persistence and self-confidence in your own talent. This is how Ana Marta Cabrita achieved her first publication. Writing demands confidence and courage to overcome fear of exposure and inner judgment.

“FOR ALL THOSE WHO DREAM THE IMPOSSIBLE AND HOLD ONTO IT WITH TEETH AND NAILS.”

Native of the centre-north of Portugal, Diana Colaço is a student at the School of Arts and Humanities, whose imagination and love for words dominates her life. From a very young age, she knew writing was her greatest passion and that she wanted to pursue it forever.

So far, Diana Colaço has published just one book — *O Latir de um cão e outros contos* (The Barking of a Dog and Other Stories) — available as an ebook, published by Nova Geração.

According to the author, “words are like magic,” not only because of the feelings and emotions they carry but because they are confidants and friends to anyone. Words are the materialization of who we are.

“For me, words have always been very important because they were a big form of expression. (...) I’ve always said paper is like a friend, like a therapist. You might not have someone to listen to you, but you have paper. And I’ve always considered words magic because you can do so much with them! You can help people and you can help yourself. You can create worlds! They become reality. They materialize and you can share them with others.”

She also emphasizes how much words and writing mean to her:

“It means so much to me (...) to be able to express myself, but (...) when you have a huge imagination and so many things going on in your head, it feels really good to put everything into a world, to create something, and feel like you’re getting it all out.”

This magic comes from within the author — from their heart and mind. Part of who she is, essentially. Because these are infinite, every author is born and flourishes differently. This is seen in both ways: how each author organizes their writing process and how they get inspired and get ideas.



Diana Colaço



“Ideas can come in strange ways.”

During the interview, Diana told us the story of how she got the idea for one of her stories, “A Rosa dos Desejos” (“The Rose of Desires”):

“I’m one of those writers who isn’t 100% organized. (...) I like to experiment new things and I wanted to try (...) organizing everything I’m going to write chapter by chapter, and organize the characters first, and the world-building... (...) And usually, it’s never the same. For example, one of the stories in the book came to me in a dream! I literally had a dream that I thought would make a great idea for the book (...) and I woke up in the middle of the night (...) grabbed some Post-its and started writing them down in bed!”

"If someone had walked into my room, they would have thought I was possessed!"

Sometimes the hardest part of writing is connecting the ideas. How do you do it when you have too many ideas for a single story? How do you connect the dots so that you are satisfied and proud of what you've written? It's hard to answer because even if we tell the same story, the way we tell it is always different...

"Sometimes [connecting the dots] is one of the hardest parts. Sometimes you know what's happening, but linking [the dots] all together is a bit more difficult."

But eventually, the author realizes that the story begins to write itself. The characters take on a life of their own and exist in a reality so close to ours that they feel like real people. They are reflections of those we love, those we hate, and who we are. It's a way of reflecting.

"It's such an interesting feeling to create characters because — it's going to sound a bit strange — but it's like having children. I can't explain it. It's like they're your children, or like you have a parental relationship with them."

"I feel like the characters make decisions on their own (...) and I'm just a spectator, watching what happens and reporting it."

Before the book was released, each story was illustrated by one of Diana's friends.

"It's truly indescribable to see your characters and creations through someone else's eyes. (...) The dog from the first story was nothing like I imagined. I pictured a completely different breed."

One of the most important aspects of writing is enabling readers to adopt perspectives different from your own, to step into the reality of each character. The decisions they make are justified by who they are and how readers see them. Readers become like a fly on the wall of the narrative world: they don't belong in it, but they are close enough to know and feel everything. The author finds this "making people feel" in art in general, especially in cinema and music.

"Not everyone has the same empathy and sensitivity, and one of the powers of writing is making the reader feel something, tapping into their empathy and sensitivity, and their ability to understand others. There's usually a lesson or something to take away. (...) And sometimes it's unintentional. It's so much a part of me that even without meaning to, it ends up happening."

According to Diana, the experience of being a reader and being a writer is completely different. This is because of the more personal relationship with the text, but also because, as the author grows, their relationship with their own writing changes. We asked if she had ever interpreted one of her own stories differently.

"I had never really thought about it. (...) When you're publishing a book, you eventually get sick of [the book], (...) This particular book, I wrote over a very long period of time. One of the stories I think I wrote when I was 12, and others when I was 16 or 17. So, you can see differences in writing style between them."

"The narrator is no longer you. You're not the same person you were. You continue to relate to it, but you can look back and see your own growth."

And as they grow as people, many authors develop their writing and sometimes move to different genres that better reflect who they are.

"I don't think it influenced my literary genre because I like to try new things. (...) I was experimenting with horror (...) because in Portugal there's a lot of horror that isn't consumed or well-known."

When writing a book, regardless of your literary genre, there is always something that is dearest to the author, whether it's a chapter or a feeling associated with the work or at least part of it. In this case, the author has a favorite story not because of the plot but because of the writing experience.

"It's something funny because normally when people read they usually have a favorite. And sometimes they tell me. The one I loved writing the most was (...) 'Espelho de Águas do Luar' ('Mirror of the Moonlit Waters'). I loved writing it because it's very descriptive and almost magical! While writing, I got a little lost in the middle of it. I really felt like I was in another world."

"From the point of view of a writer and author, maybe it's hard to say which is my favorite from a reading point of view. (...) My favorite isn't about my reading experience (...), but from the experience I had when I wrote it."

Diana found her publisher — Nova Geração — almost as if by fate. The publisher was founded in 2022 and, as its name suggests, focuses on giving a platform to a new generation of authors.

"I saw that one and it went well! There you go!"

"I saw they were asking for manuscripts, but noticed they weren't talking about short stories or poetry — which was what I mostly wrote at the time. (...) So I sent them an email (...) and they said that at the moment no, but I could send it anyway. So I did, and they liked the stories so much that they made an exception and published them as an ebook."

The process of publishing a book is intense and exhausting. We asked the author to explain how it works and, based on her experience, whether there are any similarities with our newspaper's process.

"It's not exactly the same thing, but it's similar. The structure is the same."

["At Nova Geração,] they really value your opinion and how you want things to be done. Of course, there are always some decisions that have to be made by the publishers..."

The biggest difference is that there is someone specifically assigned to accompany the author through the whole process.

"When you're not publishing a book yet, the people reading it are usually people you know — friends or family. Your editor sometimes becomes the first person to have contact with your book. (...) They're a stranger and (...) it's always fantastic to hear the opinion of someone who didn't know you. It's an impartial opinion based solely on what you wrote."

"Sometimes the goals aren't exactly the same. Proofreading and editing work have the same foundations."

Unlike *O Cola*, Nova Geração does not publish in other languages. However, our newspaper has an English edition. Authors can choose whether they want their text translated or not. We asked the author her opinion about having her works officially translated and published.

"For any author, it's always a dream (...) to have their story reach as many people as possible."

"In some cases, it can take away a bit of the magic. (...) Each word is unique, and even with a translation (...) the impact of the word isn't exactly the same."

*"The first time I saw something of mine translated was in *O Cola*! It was a really interesting experience because (...) it's like seeing your story illustrated because it's not you doing the translation. It's someone else."*

"Those two stories wouldn't be exact translations of each other. I would write them differently."

The experience of publishing a book is an extraordinary milestone in someone's life. A moment of achievement and fulfillment uncomparable. It is also a rich and educational experience. With each publication, an author learns something new about themselves.

"There's a balance. A very essential and important balance is to know how to stay true to your essence as a writer (...) but also know how to have an open mind and listen to other people's opinions without taking them as destructive criticism."

["What matters is that] it means something to the reader. (...) That it can help someone at that moment or that it could bring something new."

At the end of the interview, Diana left readers some words of encouragement: every author should always believe in their potential and growth, even if it seems small. And also above all, to never give up on something they love.

"A 'no' is never a 'no'. It's a 'not yet'."

"Every night, she would walk through the trees whose leaves danced in an endless nocturnal ball. Some would fall from the wooden stage and float softly down, light and indifferent like feathers abandoned to the night wind."

[Excerpt from "Mirror of the Moonlit Waters" in "The Barking of a Dog and Other Stories"].

O Cola Newspaper, like the authors presented here, encourages everyone who is reading to pick up a pen or a computer keyboard. Without thinking about the result or the practicalities, without giving in to doubts or insecurities. What today is just a single written word may become the beginning of a literary work which, in turn, may one day be a book to be read and reread, paged through and annotated, discussed and perhaps even awarded. The creation and dissemination of literary art lies only at the distance between human imagination and a pen. And today, that distance is far too short for us not to dare to cross it.

Our newspaper wishes all readers and aspiring writers an academic year full of wonderful readings and writings!



Lisbon among the 200 best universities in the world in the NTU ranking

The University of Lisbon rose to 165th place in the NTU ranking, placing it at least 26 positions ahead of any other Portuguese institution. It also stands out among the world's top 100 in areas such as Civil Engineering, Animal and Plant Science, and Agricultural Sciences, leading 17 disciplines at the national level.

Espasmos

Author: Mar

Illustration: Yuna Le Quéré

Not translated as per the author's request.

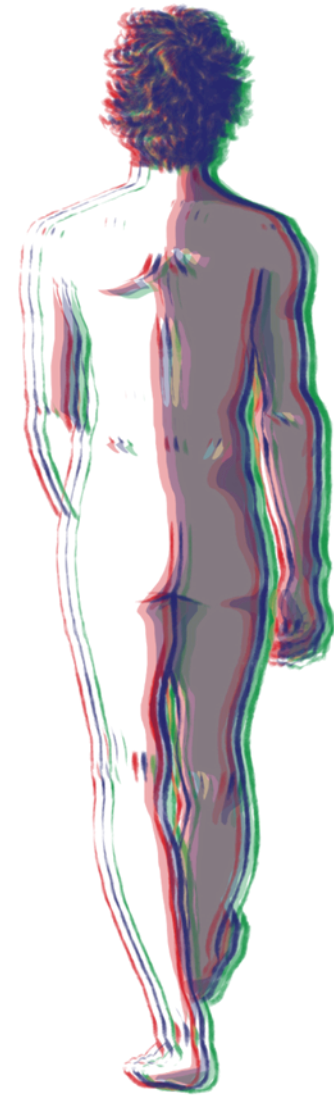
Chamei amor muitas vezes apenas por banalidade.

Agora que a ti te chamo amor entendo.

Em ti vejo a emoção com corpo e alma.

Chamei a tanto amor que sinto.

Respondeste à minha chamada, e de banal? Nada tem.



ULisboa launches podcast “IDEA Sem Filtro”

The University of Lisbon has launched the podcast “IDEA Sem Filtro”, dedicated to promoting equality, diversity, equity and accessibility in the academic community. With weekly episodes hosted by João Silva and guests from various fields, the project aims to raise awareness of the challenges faced by students with Special Educational Needs.

Acadèmic AGENDA

Want to get involved in the academic spirit?
In this Academic Agenda, we present you some events that will take place at
the University of Lisbon that you can attend for free.



VIII Internacional Colloquium

Classic Literature or Classics in Literature: Classic Presences
in Portuguese Literature

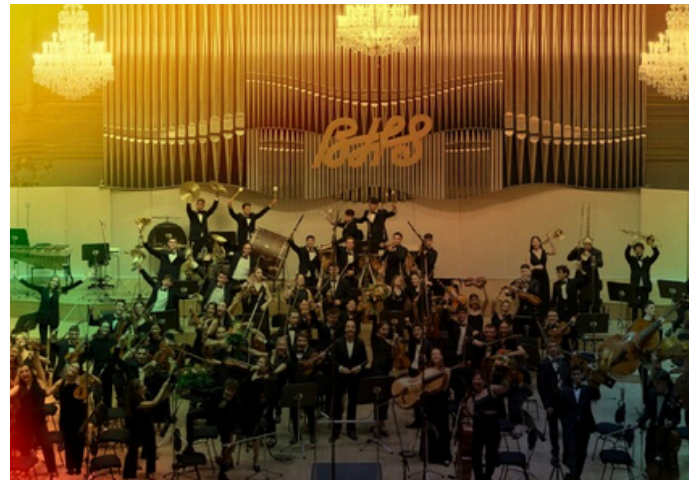
This colloquium will discuss and confront ideas about the reconfiguration of themes, values, imagery, and classical works, as well as characters, literary and poetic culture, Greek and Latin history and fiction, considering different chronologies and different places where Portuguese is written.

December 3 to December 5, 2025

Alumni Solidarity Concert

The Alumni Solidarity Concert, by the Jove Orquestra Simfònica de Barcelona, is part of the Music at the University of Lisbon program. All proceeds will benefit the Alumni Solidarity Scholarships - ULisboa Alumni Association.

October 6, 2025, Aula Magna



Heureka Reading Club

The Heureka – Reading Club resumes its work with a new cycle, from September 2025 to June 2026, dedicated to the theme of welcoming one another. The cycle proposes reflections on welcoming, otherness, and coexistence as ethical practices intertwined with power relations, historical inequalities, and tensions of belonging and exclusion.

The sessions will be held monthly at the Palácio Galveias Library in Lisbon. The first session will take place on the 23rd.

Here you can find events such as concerts, congresses and colloquia of academic interest, as well as events of an intellectual nature and with a social impact. You can find more information about them in the 'Agenda' section of the University of Lisbon and the School of Arts and Humanities websites.



Welcome to ULisboa

During the afternoon, participants will enjoy sports activities, receive a welcome kit, attend the Rector's Inauguration Ceremony and the Academic Year Opening Ceremony in the Aula Magna. Finally, we've prepared a Sunset Party featuring artists like ProfJam and Zanova to liven things up on the University's Alameda.

Meeting of mythologies

This event will bring together experts who have been reflecting on the importance of various mythologies for understanding the world and the integral development of contemporary humanity. It will be certified as a training event. Register for free and have a great time on October 10th and 11th, either in person or online!



Freshmen Welcoming Party

On October 2nd, from 6p.m. to 2a.m., all nuclei of the School present themselves to this year's freshmen! There will be themed stands with food and drinks and much fun. Don't miss this chance to get to know your School and its activities throughout the school year.

Reveries

Author: Khrystyna Tsupryk
Editing: Ricardo Cerdeira

Cowing. We don't have crows or ravens where I now live in Portugal. This sound will now greet me every morning at precisely 8a.m., for I came to stay with my grandparents. I am back in Ukraine.

I roll over on the pull-out sofa in this typical Ukrainian living room. A great sprawling floor-to-ceiling cabinet unit, with a large display section in the centre greeting me, with all the crystal glasses and beautiful, expensive china that no one ever uses. The room faces a road adjacent to the main street, and probably south-east — at least I'm guessing so in hindsight — because what do I know about geography? I'm only six years old that summer day.

I don't waste my time though, sprinting to look outside my window. I eagerly anticipate the view.

The vast terrain is flat as far as the eye can see. Nothing ever changes here. The three to five storey apartment blocks, built for aviation military families, line up perfectly into a grey monotone grid. "Housing blocks probably older than my grandparents" I think to myself. I look right. The ever-on-time 8a.m. marshrutka (type of bus) pulls away, the commuters spill out like a torn sack of potatoes, many already carrying heavy market bags. The flocks of crows take to the skies from trees so tall, taller than the tallest building in our grey heaven. Beech trees, trunks painted white up about my height, perfectly framing our blocks. "Why do you cower so, as if the local public transport doesn't come and go every 20 minutes?" Dramatic birds, those ravens.

The football field-sized patch of green in front of my window now has grass so tall, it could probably reach my knees. Not one blade swaying in the wind. Gearing up for a hot day. "Did the neighbour not mow the grass this year, or did I arrive after it had already grown back?" It cannot be so. As grandma always likes to remind us "it is now on a voluntary basis, so no one wants to do it. Oh, back in the day, there wasn't a day that soldiers wouldn't be sweeping or otherwise cleaning the streets. No one was idle."

Yes, back when grandpa was an officer and fighter jets would take off on a daily basis. Back when my mum was little and the Soviet Union was thriving (or so it seemed).

But I digress, at six I was yet to discover why grandpa was so disciplined and why grandma pined for the days when she was an officer's wife.

It's only the beginning of August. The downstairs gentleman is bound to mow it at some point; after all, I can wait. I'll be here for a month. Just like my grandparents, he has probably been busy with his own fields and garden. The geometry before me is broken by the ever-present lane that cuts across the 'field', a manmade shortcut to the town centre and local shops.

I spot them in a matter of seconds, two figures in the morning sun-lit lane, walking toward my building. My sleepy eyes adjust and I make out a long ponytail on one, and the familiar walk of someone wearing a brand-new, yet to be broken-in pair of rubber shoes on the other. I can't handle my excitement. I want to burst into complete and utter happiness — the anticipation of a perfect summer ahead. I jump up and down waving at them. They can't see me. I climb onto the windowsill to try and open the window, barely reaching the handle. Everything is taller and higher here. The people, the trees, the ceilings, the windows...

I finally manage, miraculously avoiding the hundred and one flower pots that grandma keeps on the windowsills. The morning smell of dew, grass and flowers fills the air. I keep mutely waving, oblivious to the fact that the light is reflecting on the protective mosquito net, essentially masking me and making my attempts futile.

"HEYYYYY! PRYVIT!!!" (Pryvit is "hello" in Ukrainian) I finally yell.

My two best friends have finally reached the end of the lane and have only to cross the road to be under my window. No cars, just people coming from the marshrutka stop, looking up to see who's yelling at this hour.

— Hello, yourself, European Girl! You are finally here! — the boy teases me with a toothy grin.

— Hi — the girl is shy. After all, I had not seen these people in over a year!

— I just woke up! How did you know I was

coming today?

— I saw your grandma when my mum sent me to buy some milk. She told me it was today. So I made sure to wake up early, went and got this one — the boy gestures at the girl who is rubbing her eyes, not fully awake yet — and we came straight to you! Come on, let's go play!

— I just woke up, I'm telling you. I need to get ready. And besides, it'll be a while. You know grandma won't let me out without breakfast...

— Then hurry up! We'll wait here on the bench.

— Are you not hungry?

— No, I barely escaped my mum before she made me have breakfast, I'm not going back!

— Well, let me ask grandma if you guys can come in.

— No! Just get ready, I'll knock on my grandma's window and ask her for some food, don't worry.— Oh yes, his grandma lives on the ground floor of our building. Communication and food delivery are easy.

— Okay. Well, you two are the first to come so pick any flavour before I come down.— I need to be quick, I can hear grandma stop whatever she was doing in the kitchen. I have seconds to get down from the windowsill and rearrange the flower pots back in place, or I'll be in trouble! And that's no way to start my summer!

— You mean the bubble gum Chupa-Chups you bought last time? — the girl finally wakes up, eyes sparkling at the idea.

— Yeah, and I also brought Milka with strawberry filling, Kinder Bueno but this one's white and loads of Haribo gummies! — I was a very proud ambassador of novelty scarcity products from Europe, back in the day.

— I want the Coca-Cola-flavoured Chupa-Chups!

— Me too!

None of this was new information for me, I just needed confirmation. That was the flavour to trump all flavours.

— Okay, I'll be down in a couple of minutes!

— Hurry, we have a new fort to show you!

Grandma came in. Her hair gathered, clearly busy cooking, not expecting me to wake up this early during the summer holidays.

— Hi, sweetie. Are you hungry? Classic grandma, always shoving food and telling me how skinny I look. In all fairness, scrawny is my middle name.

— I heard you talking. Your friends are here already? Well, invite them in, I made enough pancakes for everyone.

I bet she did just that and more.

— No grandma, they're waiting for me outside

on the bench, I need to get ready.

I brush past my grandma, who gives me a smile reminding me not to lock myself in the bathroom, because I won't be able to pull hard enough on the latch to unlock it afterwards. I nod and busy myself brushing my teeth — a hard task when you've started missing some. Ukrainian children — well Ukrainian girls — do not go around with "unruly" hair. That's any hairstyle that is not up. So when I'm done brushing it, grandma comes in to help put it high enough.

— I've laid the clothes out for you.

Something comfortable, sporty and definitely not new. Not where I was going, not for what I was going to do. Grandma knew I would get dirty as soon as I stepped out.

— But grandma, I need new rubber slippers too.

— What's wrong with your crocodiles? — She meant Crocs.

I had gotten these new weird-looking shoes, they are very ugly, so ugly that they're kind of funny. I will be teased for them like there is no tomorrow if I show up in these.

— I can't go to the market with you now, but we can go get you the slippers after lunch, okay?

— Okay. — The idea of postponing my outing because of some shoes is preposterous. My yellow 'crocodiles' will have to do until lunch.

After relentlessly trying to coax more pancakes into me with no avail, my grandma finally gave up and rationed the "European" treats.

— You kids can't eat it all in one day, which you would if left alone so I have to divide this.

With all the usual warnings of stranger danger, not running on roads, being careful, not doing anything stupid and staying in her sights (meaning she has to be able to see and call me from her window), I firmly agree to everything just to be let go as soon as I'm putting my yellow shoes on. I know I'll break every promise as soon as I step foot out of the door, there's a new fort out there somewhere!

I fly down the stairwell and there they are, sitting on a bench.

— Gosh, you took forever.

Then, they simultaneously looked at my feet and burst out laughing.

The shoes: an absolute failure. The lollipops: a huge success, as we compare which teeth each of us is missing.

Grandma waves me goodbye through the window and wishes me a good day, reminding

me also to be on time for lunch.

— Thank God I don't have a watch — I think to myself, fully planning on being late (not too late, I can't get myself grounded this early into my holiday).

We start on the lane. I step in cold mud, my right shoe fully fills up as I continue walking, now making quacking noises. It has everyone in stitches including me.

— Now not only are your feet the same shape and colour as a duck's, you're quacking too! Ahahahhah!

— Ahahha! Very funny! — I try to sound cross, but I barely feel the shame through how abysmally I'm starting my summer. I can't help but laugh too.

— Oh come on you, let's go to the garages. If you remember, there's that deep puddle, you can easily wash off.

The boy is trying to cheer me up through the laughter. I wonder for a minute if the puddle will be there...not a cloud in the sky. Here, when it rains it rains hard and fast, then the rain disappears as though it was never here.

We go there anyway. There really is a huge puddle near the old garages and chicken coops. In its deepest parts it can reach my knees. I'm not allowed there. My mortified mother told me last time I was here that it was an "infestation" and "full of tadpoles", when a group of us had the brilliant idea of putting on our bikinis and fully getting into a splash fight (looking back, my mum was absolutely right, but how do you convince an elementary schooler of that?).

I'm carefully washing my shoe, looking at the lazy tadpoles, thinking about how nice getting in will feel once lunchtime comes to cool off, as my friends continue to fill me in on what happened when I "wasn't here".

School is hard work and so boring. Everyone wants to go back to kindergarten. They lament having to give up nap time now that they're going into second grade. Nap time in which no one ever truly slept, full of energy after lunch and just fooled around when the teacher wasn't looking, after all the poor lady couldn't be made to stay in the bunk bed room for a full hour. In Portugal, I didn't even have nap time as a kindergarten senior, let alone first grade. And what? They go home after 1pm? How come we have to stay cooped up in that classroom of 25 souls until 4p.m.? They don't have the same subjects as me, a totally different grading system. Every time I get back, it's like I'm meeting these people anew.

— Sasha moved away, and so did Ana. Oh and do you remember Anastasia? Yeah, she changed teachers and now is in my class. But she has new friends now. I don't know, she

doesn't want to play with us anymore now.

I listen, because my life depends on it. I need to absorb and familiarise with all this, because this is their everyday, and I "wasn't here". I need to keep up during conversations.

— Oh, did your grandma tell you about the fire?

— What fire?

— There. — The boy points behind me. There's a pathway between two house blocks where people usually put dry branches cut off from their backyard trees. Well, they used to. Now it's a pile of ash and chunks of black contorted coal.

— That's where you lost your winking Hello Kitty! — I tell the girl. I'm talking about a small Kinder Surprise figurine we used to collect and play with the summer before this one. Even my boy friend used to do it, he was obsessed. The year before we were all at his house playing with our figurines when we had the brilliant idea of "making a carousel" by spinning them around in his microwave. We eventually had enough sense to stop when one of Kitty's ears started smoking.

— Yes, and can you believe we didn't find it in time? I'm so mad at myself for dropping it when we were climbing on the branches. And now, she died in a fire." My friend always had a flair for the dramatic. I know perfectly well that another friend of ours felt so bad for her, that she gave her her own winking Hello Kitty, so no need to mourn. And in any case, the dry brush was so thick and spider-ridden that no one dared crawl inside and look for the figurine.

— How much do you have today? — the boy asks us. He means money.

— Not much. Grandma gave me enough for a cup of kvas." Kvas is the best thing one can drink in Ukraine. I love it.

— I have enough too — says the girl.

— Lets go to the mayor's tent. They have syrup now for an extra 50 kopyok (equivalent to Eurocent). And, they've also bought a trampoline. It's 1 hryvnia for 10 minutes." The mayor (some rich guy who drove around like he owned the town) was the sponsor of many nice things our small town had to offer. Looking back, I didn't get the feeling he was the mayor anyway.

— Let's go! I got up excitedly and turned to go to the tent, smiling my missing front left tooth away.

A rainha de(s)fasada

Author: Beatriz Palma

Not translated as per the author's request.

Em tempos antigos, o céu tinha uma rainha absoluta. Era o sopro suave de prata noturno; a menina na noite de mil cabelos em mil lugares; os olhos de luz que hipnotizavam o mortal; o silêncio de sereia que atrai quem não quer. Velava o sono de todas as terras com apenas um manto de breu sobre a pele nua: um manto infinito de uma cor indecifrável. Cobria todos os mundos com ele, para ser apenas ela, rainha de si e da noite.

A Lua: tão redonda, tão bonita, tão sozinha... Não lhe interessava o que poderia haver sob o manto para além dela própria, desde que, quando as luzes se apagassem, fosse ela a brilhar. Todos os seres a idolatravam. Davam-lhe diferentes nomes para tentar descobrir quem realmente era. O seu favorito era Bimbaio, uma sereia que mergulhava nas profundezas da noite, arrastando todos consigo, vítimas de uma rede de melodias, pescados por doces ilusões num mar negro.

Mas, numa noite, algo curioso espreitou por detrás do véu escuro. Espreitou e descobriu uma vida. Bradou, bradou a todas as irmãs que viessem ver tal empreendimento. Vieram de todas as partes do mundo. E quem diria que do outro lado estaria o seu propósito?!

As estrelas brotaram como flores que correm numa planície. Brotaram num aceno de felicidade e compromisso pela sua nova oportunidade. Pareciam pequenos potes de desejos, pequenas réstias de esperança ou até pinceladas apressadas de um pintor atrapalhado. Com esta nova atração no céu, todos deixaram de dar importância à tão amada Lua. Vendo que tal coisa estava a acontecer, a sereia do mar negro eriçava os

fios platinados e tentava tecer um manto ainda maior. Mas as estrelas eram mais do que infinitas e era impossível livrar-se delas. Então, a rainha apertou o seu manto em torno dela e chorou pérolas. Derramou-se num pranto sofrido, uivou até estremecer o céu, marejada e afogada na sua própria rede porque perdeu. Não, foi-lhe tirado! E, num vislumbre, viram surgir a Lua — ou o que restava dela. Embrulhada no escuro, parecia engolida pela sua própria casa. Restava apenas um quarto quebrado dela, uma sombra de o que um dia representara lá no alto. As estrelas continuavam a percorrer o céu em corridas celestiais, camuflando aquela fase da Lua.

A partir dessa noite, viu-se escrava de um ciclo — outrora rainha, agora nada. Num impulso cego, deixara-se levar pela sua vaidade, fechou os olhos ao que já não via e agora escondia-se por vergonha. Mas as estrelas tiveram compaixão e propuseram-lhe um acordo: deram-lhe quatro nomes, quatro fases — Lua Nova, Quarto Crescente, Lua Cheia e Quarto Minguante. Coberta pela noite e pelo seu manto de escuridão, desaparecia num momento de recomeço e introspeção. Depois, destapava a cabeça, feliz por ser quase só ela de novo, mas respeitosa perante as suas novas amigas. Finalmente, chegava o momento em que governava os céus de novo, numa dança suave, suspensa, parecendo estar presa apenas pelos seus cabelos. E fechava o acordo num Quarto Minguante, recolhida novamente.

Era o preço a pagar por uma coroa que nunca teve e um manto de ilusões que foram sempre dela.

The Garden of Love

Author: Ricky
Translation: Ana Lúcia Pereira
Illustration: Yuna Le Quéré

Love is like a flowered garden — care is necessary to keep each flower in its place. Loving is when we understand that taking care of the garden together is the best. That's why I don't get tired of loving — it's the best gift ever created. As long as there is love, the garden will never stop flourishing, because love is the only force that defeats time: love defeats the storms and, even in the absence of light, it finds a way to flourish.



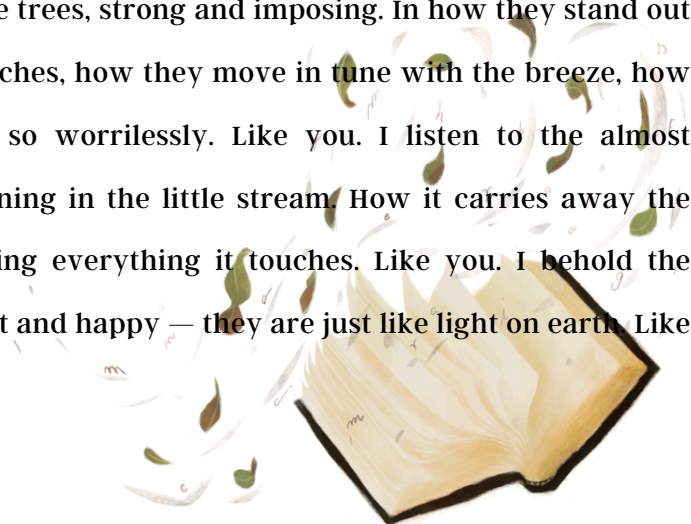
Muse

Author: Maria Afonso
Translation: Khrystyna Tsupryk
Illustration: Yuna Le Quéré

I sit outside and think of you. On the wooden table of the porch, I put down my notebook and look for inspiration. I lack the words and the skill to make them beautiful. I open my eternally white notebook, empty, deprived of inspiration. Deprived of you. A suffocating silence rules my mind. I feel trapped, incessantly walking through a labyrinth without an exit. Oh Muse, how to create without you! The world, once full of passion, full of light — full of you — was the source of the most beautiful of compositions. In the simplicity of the mundane of everyday life, you were a marvellous refuge. Sitting out here, alone and haggard by the decay of a life without poetry, I call for you. I am haunted by the whiteness of the page, its deafening reminder of your departure. Your absence transforms, consuming everything that once was colourful and fills even the small view from my garden full of tedium and reality. Neither the birds sing, nor do the flowers dream. What for? Oh Muse, how do I create!

Even without certainties, I look for you. Eternally out of sync, I long for a sign. A glimpse of your shine, the comfort of your voice. I call out your name, hoping to be a victim of a mere illusion and that you will appear by my side. I close my eyes and plead for your presence. Who am I without my muse?

Defeated, I turn to my little garden. I feel the calm melody of the wind through my hair and let it take my worries away. I lose myself in the view, as if I'm losing myself in your beautiful green eyes. I notice the sharp outline of the trees, strong and imposing. In how they stand out and rule the landscape. I notice their branches, how they move in tune with the breeze, how they dance and welcome the unknown so worrylessly. Like you. I listen to the almost inaudible, fragile tinkle of the water running in the little stream. How it carries away the leaves and the frogs, moving and inspiring everything it touches. Like you. I behold the sunflowers growing on its margins, elegant and happy — they are just like light on earth. Like you.



Perfumery

Author: Clara Freitas
 Translation: Sara Fernandes
 Illustration: Yuna Le Quéré

I liked it when his scent stayed on me, as a distorted form of intimacy. Sometimes, when I was alone, I sprayed his perfume on me, my clothes or the pillows, to feel as if I had been rolling on his bed, curled up in his arms like a fragile, small being, or kissing his skin over his clothes.

Are you comfortable? — he asked.

His arms were tight around me, almost like he was scared I'd escape. Curls brushed softly against my forehead.

Yes, — I murmured while nestling in the crook of his neck. I inhaled deeply.

But it was never the same. I could never fool myself enough.

His scent was different, more animal-like, denser in nature. When it set on my skin, it became lighter. Superficial.

Something so simple as scent had now reached an ideal that I could never recreate by myself. And thus, a new interpretation of love emerged — the inability to reproduce or mimic something I like. That's how I realised how mundane love can be.

The year prior, I had taken a perfumery course during the summer. I had created fragrances for every occasion, each one better than the last. But, since I had met him, every single one seemed mediocre.

While he rested by my side, I asked myself if he absorbed my scent like I did his.

Is my smell special to you? — I asked, looking for some indication of a lie.

Special? I like how you smell, if that's what you mean.

Do I smell like her?

He sighed and distanced himself.

I can't believe you're talking about this again.

Sorry.

I don't want you to apologise. I want you to stop talking about her. But no, your smell is different.

Different... special?

Yes, — he said while burying his nose in my neck and taking a long inhale.

I wanted to believe he did it to feel my scent and not my skin. I convinced myself of that to such a degree that, immediately, I started to prepare him a gift. I had never been good at gift giving, but this would be the apex of my love.

When he left, I grabbed my perfume kit that was under the bed and laid out all the instruments on the kitchen counter. The bottles were organised in the order in which they would be used, after getting my sample.

I sprayed myself with perfume and let it soak into my skin.

When the skin was soft and perfectly perfumed, I grabbed a scalpel and went to the bathroom.

With my arm resting on the sink, I inhaled deeply. Pressed the scalpel onto the wrist, where the perfume had been sitting, and cut a perfect square of skin.

My sample.

I let the blood stain the wooden floors as I made my way back to the kitchen.

A bottle of ethanol swallowed my skin. The square of epidermis split into fragments, then resembled patisserie chips, and then, at last, it completely dissolved.

My scent, my perfume, my gift would be perfect.

Maybe he would feel me whenever he sprayed it on his skin.



Há beleza na tristeza

Author: Diana Colaço
Not translated as per the author's request.

Há beleza na tristeza

Porque é abraço que aquece e arrepia,

É gato que mia,

É cão que não ladra e morde

Porque é fatal em cada acorde

E é vital para a melodia

Porque enriquece a alegria

Em cada dia que trabalha e não é paga

E ainda assim não se despede

Porque é rio de corrente forte

É trovoadas e vento do Norte

Porque aflige e acalma

É canto da alma

É silêncio da noite calma

Porque é chuva antes do arco-íris

E tempestade antes da bonança



ULisboa University Residence Students Meeting - 2nd Edition

On September 30, Cantina Velha will host the 2nd edition of the ULisboa University Residence Students Meeting. The initiative promotes the integration of new residents through mentoring, group dynamics and activities that encourage community spirit.

Baggage claim

Author: Ricardo Cerdeira
Translation: Ricardo Cerdeira
Illustration: Ricardo Cerdeira

Dearest ex-boyfriend,

If you're reading this it's because you and your baggage have safely and soundly arrived in New York. I cannot describe to you the amount of happiness and how proud I am that you were offered that job and got to move abroad. You know that has always been my dream. I still have hope it will happen.

I placed this letter in your baggage yesterday at night, while you were in the shower at my house. Thank you for choosing to spend your last night in the country with me. I will never forget it. Even though we aren't dating anymore, I still am very much deeply in love with you. I love everything about you: your smile, your arms, your brain, your...

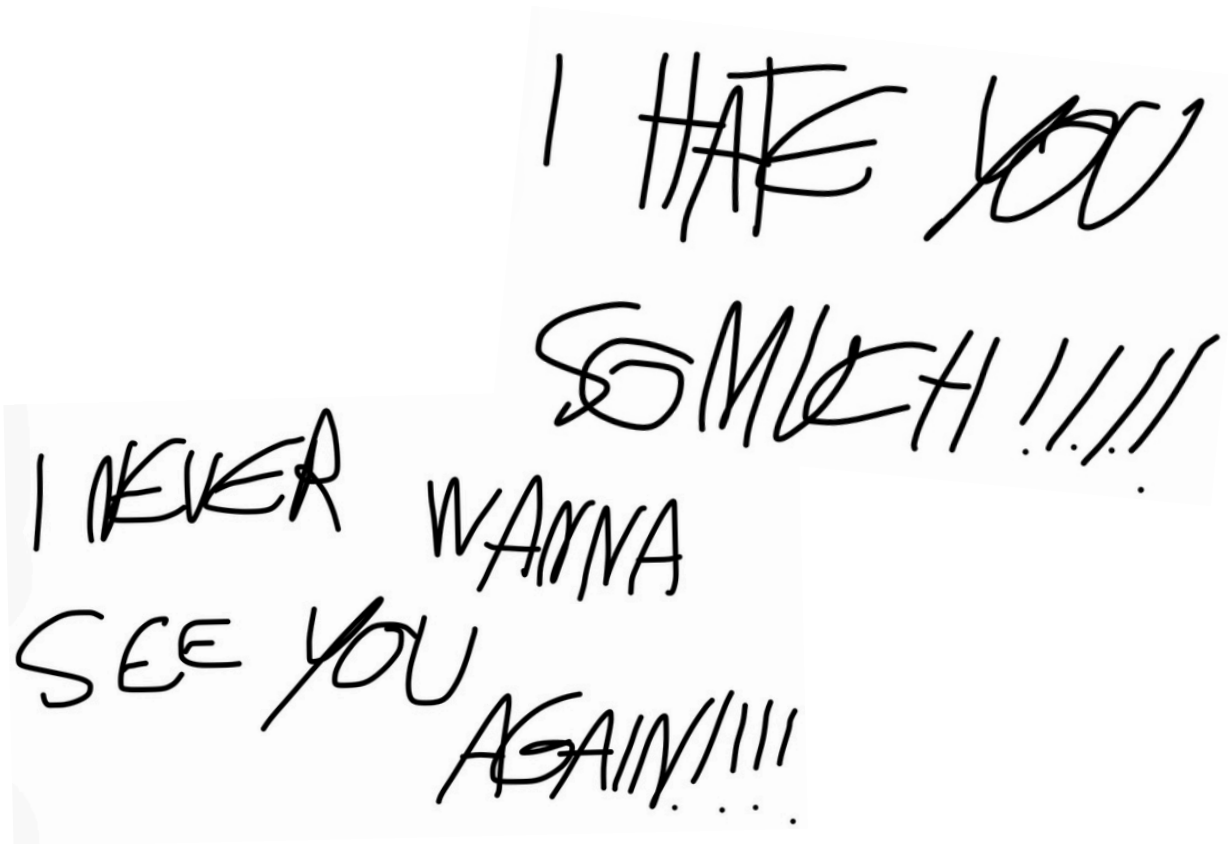
I know that we've agreed to stay friends and to stay in contact, but I know that's not realistically going to happen. We'll talk every day, then every few days, then every few weeks, then every few months, and then never again... I might as well tell you how I really feel now.

Sometimes I lay on the floor of my bedroom with the lights off and cry because I'm thinking about you. I think about all the moments we've spent together and about everything we've done behind closed doors. I know that this makes me a horrible person, but I secretly wish that everything goes wrong and that it all blows up in your face, so you see no other solution but to come back to Portugal. No other solution but to come back to me... I would give everything up just to have you by my side once again, telling me that you love me.

It's so unfair! Why did you leave me like this?! You made me feel special! You made me feel wanted and loved! How dare you rob me of that?!

I've also snuck a few little things inside your carry-on. Firstly, the receipt from the boba café where we had our first date. I kept it all these years, out of nostalgia. Secondly, the extra plastic cup I'd take to parties and festivals because I knew you'd forget yours. Those cups are about 1€, so, technically, you owe me 9€. And thirdly, my pink panties with lace details that you loved so much and that I wore on special nights. You like them more than I do anyway.

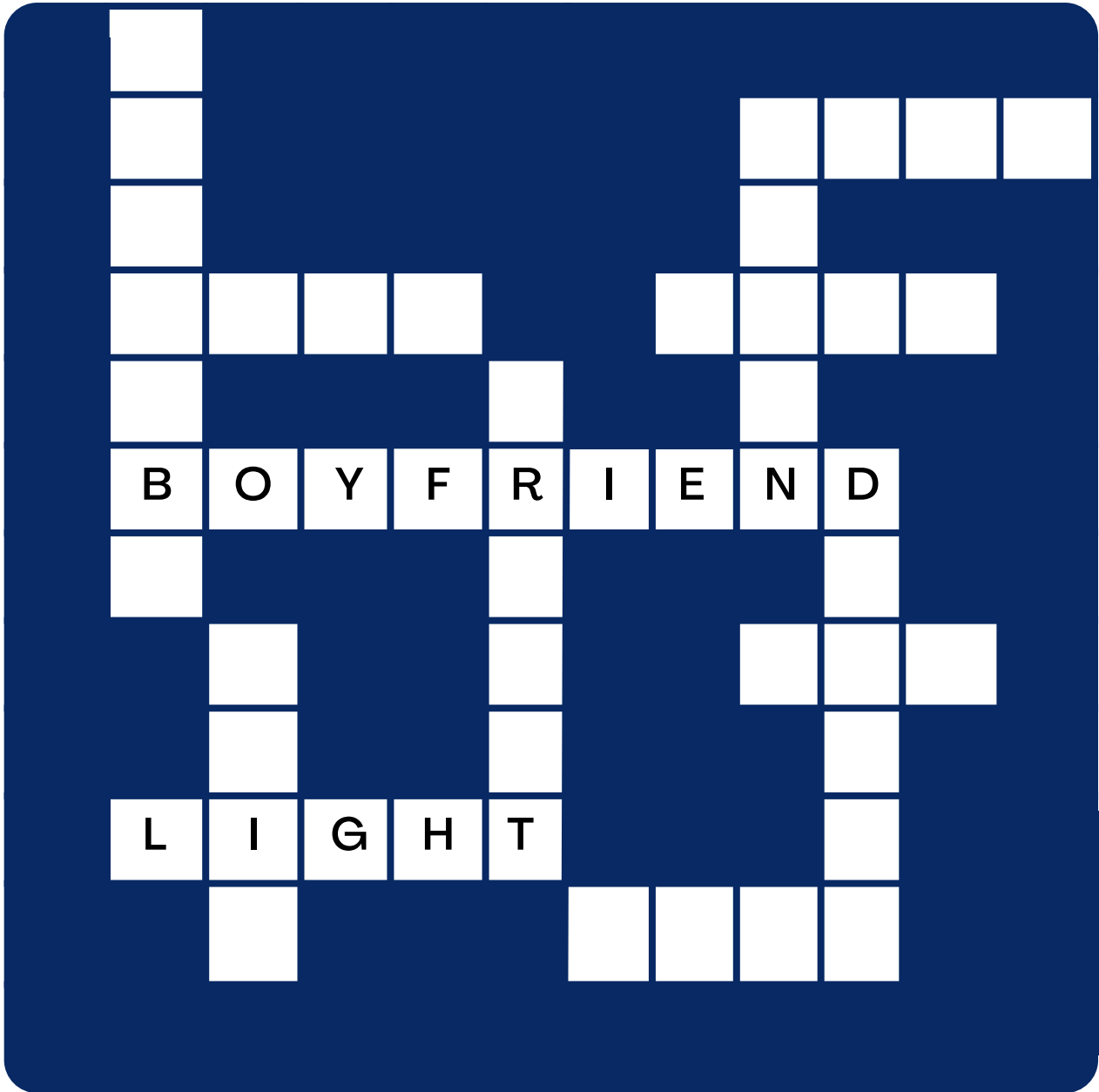
Now that you're not mine anymore I can do whatever I want. I'm going to miss the secret we kept between me, you and the zippers of your pants, but I suppose that in times like these it's how it has to be...



I love you forever. Kindest regards,
Your ex-boyfriend.

P.S.: I cheated on you, like, three times.

CROSSWORD



BOOK

COLA

FAIR

LOVE

~~BOYFRIEND~~

CROWN

LIES

LULLABY

BRIGHT

DREAMS

~~LIGHT~~

PEN

SUDOKU

EASY LEVEL

			1	7		5		6
1	9		4	6		3	7	
2	6	7		3	8	9		
	8	6	2		3		4	
7	1		8	9	6			3
5	2				4	8	6	9
8		9		2	5		3	
		2	3	8	1		9	
3	5	1	9			6		

MEDIUM LEVEL

			7		8	6	5	
			3	4		1		
	5	8			6			4
9	8		1					5
		1	5		9			
	7				4		1	6
7			6			8		
6		5				4	7	
	1	3		2			6	9

SOLUTIONS

3	5	1	9	4	7	6	8	2
6	4	2	3	8	1	7	9	5
8	7	9	6	2	5	4	3	1
5	2	3	7	1	4	8	6	9
7	1	4	8	9	6	2	5	3
9	8	6	2	5	3	1	4	7
2	6	7	5	3	8	9	1	4
1	9	5	4	6	2	3	7	8
4	3	8	1	7	9	5	2	6

8	1	3	4	2	7	5	6	9
6	2	5	9	8	3	4	7	1
7	9	4	6	5	1	8	2	3
5	7	2	8	3	4	9	1	6
4	3	1	5	6	9	2	8	7
9	8	6	1	7	2	3	4	5
1	5	8	2	9	6	7	3	4
2	6	7	3	4	5	1	9	8
3	4	9	7	1	8	6	5	2

ALPHABET SOUP

D	S	S	D	O	D	Y	T	L	M	S	Y
S	F	Y	K	U	J	S	X	L	L	O	V
I	V	E	S	M	E	D	I	E	V	A	L
S	M	S	A	P	S	Y	L	H	S	M	P
Y	T	U	A	E	B	P	Q	S	B	N	E
C	G	M	Q	Q	N	E	E	U	Q	Y	G
K	R	O	Y	W	E	N	W	C	B	J	A
Q	P	N	W	R	D	E	O	D	R	V	G
F	G	S	W	A	R	L	O	V	M	Q	G
I	P	T	S	R	A	O	O	J	Y	W	A
R	Z	E	O	B	G	P	E	Y	H	A	B
P	E	R	F	U	M	E	T	O	G	Z	F

BAGGAGE

GOODBYE

NEW YORK

SADNESS

BEAUTY

MEDIEVAL

PENELOPE

SHELL

COLA

MONSTER

PERFUME

SPASMS

GARDEN

MUSE

QUEEN

WEB

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