



COLA

FROM HUMANITIES TO HUMANITIES

THE NEW BUILDING — THE BEGINNING OF THE “LETTERS” CAMPUS AT UNIVERSITY CITY



ACADEMIC *Agenda*



Academic Calendar
Beginning of Classes
14 of September of 2026

Lisbon of love and weapons (dad, I don't wanna be a poem) p.10

“With the threatening nature of fuels,
we burned ourselves in small loves,
already in January you were saying red nonsense,
fuck Lisbon for being beautiful on a day like this.
As if we could be as happy as in a summer, warmer,
me made of phrases,
you sometimes speak too,
they got confused and had to go drink water,
and they did well.”

Study 556: Frigus p.14

“Several hours later, Frigus awoke in his room. Immediately, the memories of the incident flooded back into his mind, and he sighed. Why had he reacted that way? He did not know. The only thing he remembered was the overwhelming feeling that he needed to protect that girl. “Who was she? And why did I feel like that?” he wondered before closing his eyes again, unwilling to move his aching body, which still throbbed with the memory of the shock.”



Places for Music Lovers in Lisbon

1 *Casa Capitão*

Located in Beato, Casa Capitão is a cultural space whose multidisciplinary and comprehensive programming includes exhibits, workshops, etc., as well as various musical events – DJ Sets, jam sessions, and unmissable concerts by local and underground artists.

Author: Carson and Natacha Vieira
Translation: Maria Piress

2 *Flur*

Located in the Arroios Market, this record store offers a great variety of music - alternative, independent, classics of various eras, etc. - all of which is carefully curated by the staff. Here, not only will you find new artists, but also meet people with similar tastes to yours, making it, this way, the ideal place for music lovers.

3 *Parreirinha de Alfama*

In business for over 60 years in Alfama, this Casa de Fado is ideal for Portuguese music lovers. Here, not only is it possible to listen to exceptional fado singers, but also to enjoy the best of Portuguese cuisine (including vegetarian options!), all this in a historically rich place.

4 *Tokyo Bar*

Present in Cais do Sodré for over 40 years, this bar is home to the performances of well-established artists, as well as emerging musicians, presenting the opportunity for new discoveries and making your experience unique.

5 *Tubitek*

Located in Baixa Chiado, Tubitek is, without a doubt, one of the best record stores in Lisbon. Presenting a great selection of vinyls and regularly organizing musical events. Unskippable for any music lover.

THE NEW BUILDING — THE BEGINNING OF THE “LETTERS” CAMPUS AT UNIVERSITY CITY

Journalist Team:

Laura Prezzi, Margarida Henriques, Rita Coelho, Beatriz Brito e Ana Reis

Translation: Margarida Martins



O Cola newspaper aims to satisfy the curiosity of the Humanities community by providing everything you might want to know about the new building. What does this new building mean for the students at the University of Lisbon? What will change with the addition of this building?

Before outlining all the immediate benefits this new building will bring to this faculty community—for students, lecturers and staff—it is important to make clear that this building marks the beginning of a major evolution in the growing and significant field of Humanities, whose new world will be built at the University City.

In conversation with Professor Hermenegildo Fernandes, Director of the Faculty of “Letters” at the University of Lisbon (FLUL), we obtained the anticipated information about this project — which goes beyond a new building and will herald a new era.

The name of the new building remains a secret, to be revealed later, probably at the time of its opening. As for the inauguration, official confirmation is still awaited, but it is possible to predict that the works will be completed by the end of May, with only a few ‘finishing touches’ remaining. The building is expected to open at the start of the next academic year (2026–27). This milestone will mark the beginning of a new dynamic, with classes spread across the various blocks, as well as the implementation of restructuring measures that promise to improve the faculty as a whole. These renovations could consolidate FLUL’s position as an institution of international prestige, equipped with larger and more modern facilities — but this transition requires a new organisational structure and still raises many questions.

In the interview with Professor Hermenegildo Fernandes, to whom we extend our sincere thanks for his time and willingness to participate in this report, a number of questions were asked regarding the new building and renovations to the current one (the Pardal Monteiro Building), to which the Professor replied as follows: “There will also be an Assembly Hall [in the Pardal Monteiro Building]. [...] That will be our [priority] after [the construction] of the new building. [...] We already have the architectural plans. We even have a budget.” Regarding this new Assembly Hall, the Director of FLUL confirmed that it will be located where the Institute of Portuguese Culture and Language (ICLP) currently stands and will encompass the current area of the Greek patio.

According to the interviewee, the future Assembly Hall “will be a 100-seat amphitheatre, with an antechamber and a meeting room at the rear for the examination board [...]”, designed primarily for PhD and Master’s programmes and, in particular, for thesis and dissertation defences, which are currently held online. This project is also intended to restore the Greek patio, which is currently inaccessible and “wasted”, in the Director’s words. For Professor Hermenegildo Fernandes, this is a cause for regret, as the space was originally intended for theatrical performances: “I would also like to see the theatre revitalised,” he says, given that the faculty currently has two active theatre groups. The Professor also mentions a second venue for theatre performances — Amphitheater I, which already has the necessary infrastructure: “[...] Amphitheatre I has dressing rooms at the back and a stage structure with lighting rigs installed for theatre performances”. He also recalls that, a long time ago, in the 1960s, major theatre companies performed there, such as Cornucópia (founded by alumni of the Faculty). When asked about the number of classrooms in the new building, the Director of FLUL replied that there will be “25 new classrooms”, but that there may be additional classrooms in the current Pardal Monteiro building due to the relocation of staff rooms to the new building. The new classrooms will have a capacity of approximately 1,000 students — which Professor Hermenegildo Fernandes believes will make “all the difference”. Regarding the renovations to the Pardal Monteiro building, the Professor noted that the classrooms on the second floor,

which face the Alameda da Cidade Universitária, will revert to their former capacity of 100 students each, as they are needed for lessons. The new building will feature a convertible space: two classrooms separated by doors that can be joined to form a single room, which will also seat 100 students. This is essentially designed to complement the existing lecture theatres — structures that have also been refurbished and are now fully functional and presentable.

It is highly likely that any student will have been in one of the Amphitheatres III or IV on a hot day and felt the discomfort caused by the poor air conditioning in these spaces. This concern has not been overlooked by the Director, who states that his priority is to install an air-conditioning system in the area, in order to make its use more comfortable. Another issue raised was the noise experienced inside Amphitheatre II, which the interviewee also mentioned and will also be solved. However, for the time being, there is no fully defined plan to address the situation, although Professor Hermenegildo Fernandes did suggest, from the outset, some ways of mitigating the problem.

The Director of the Faculty also mentioned the issue of wayfinding signage between buildings (since, with the opening of the new building, FLUL will have four structures), which is currently virtually non-existent. The Professor said there is work to be done in this area: “[...] There must be floor plans [...] [and] signage that can be immediately understood by students who are here [for the first time, in] their first year”.

Regarding the link between the main building and the library, the Professor was asked whether this route would be altered, to which he replied that “it is a major project” [with a high budget]. He also said that “when it is carried out, it will have a significant impact on the faculty’s activities. Therefore, it will have to be carried out during the summer and will have to be done once we have [the necessary authorisation for its execution]”. When asked about the future of the tarmac area, the Professor replied that “the tarmac area, as we see it, will cease to be a tarmac area [though no immediate promises have been made]” and that his idea is to transform it into a more elegant square, much like the one in front of the Rector’s Office. The Director also revealed that he wants to focus on creating open, green

spaces, such as a “microforest”, to encourage “outdoor living” within the faculty. He emphasises the idea that the courtyard is an extension of the students’ living spaces and that it is up to the students to decide what to do with this extension. Thus, the change will affect the Faculty as a whole and not just the buildings. “The idea is that the faculty should consist not only of the buildings, but also of the spaces between them,” the Professor emphasises.

Regarding the structural renovations for spaces such as the Fazedores de Letras, which Hermenegildo Fernandes describes as a “disaster” in its current state, and the Students’ Association, the Director replied that the interventions will function as a “kind of Tetris”. This is because a small intervention on one side leads, like a chain reaction, to another being necessary elsewhere. The Director gave as an example the Arabian patio, located at the entrance to the faculty, from where the leaks into the AEFLUL room originate.

When asked about new leisure areas in the new building, Professor Hermenegildo Fernandes said that the space had been “maximised” to accommodate a number of classrooms, but that the building plans, drawn up by the architects in charge, could be amended. On this subject, the Professor mentioned a future leisure area, which he described as follows: “[...] [It is] a very large courtyard. It has benches, it has all those things. And it has porches, it has places where you can sit in the shade”.

The architecture of the new building, according to the Director, will not be “monumental” like that of the Pardal Monteiro building. The Professor reveals that the first floor of the building will be dedicated to staff offices and the third floor will house spaces for various institutions that collaborate with the Faculty. Hermenegildo Fernandes attributes the building’s modest architecture to a lack of financial resources, noting that the Pardal Monteiro building was constructed in the 1950s, when the country was still under a dictatorial regime.

Another topic discussed was campus security, which, in the Director’s view, needs to be stepped up, as it will now be necessary to police a new building located in an area with direct access to the car park – an issue that has caused some concern in the past. Concluding the discussion on security, the Professor stated

that he does not believe the addition of the new building will cause difficulties for people with reduced mobility, as it complies with all accessibility standards and features both lifts and access ramps. According to Professor Hermenegildo Fernandes, “the priority is to complete the [new] building, which is in its final stages [...] and then to begin work on the Pardal Monteiro Building, [with the] top priority of these works [...] being the Assembly Hall, as this concerns a very important part of the community, particularly Master’s and PhD students, who also require specific attention. [...] Work on the Lecture Theatres and Library building is scheduled to take place after the work on the Pardal Monteiro building.”

The Director assures us that, with the new building, the centres currently located in the Library will be converted into storage areas so that the entire building can be used to support the Library, which is the largest university library in the country. However, the Professor assures us that both the American Corner rooms and the conference rooms will continue to serve the same purpose, as he admits that “[...] the faculty spent a lot of money [...] converting these rooms into conference and seminar rooms”. These are spaces that are intended to be retained, given that their facilities and equipment are very useful for small-scale seminars.

Professor Hermenegildo Fernandes concludes by noting that “[...] The keyword here is to recodify [...]. To recodify and restore”, adding that the architecture, although worn, is very good and that many of the Faculty’s buildings have great potential. At the end of the interview, the Director states that “there are things we are witnessing and collaborating on, which are being done and which are not being done for us [...] [because] each generation does things that will [...] have an impact on the generations immediately following”.

By the end of the interview, O Cola newspaper had gained a better understanding of the rapid changes approaching the world of Humanities and how symbolic this is for the community we represent. We would like to express, once again, our deep gratitude to the Director for his commitment and care. His desire to expand the Faculty of Arts reflects a clear commitment: to create a better institution not only for us, but also for all future generations.

ACADEMIC *Agenda*

Would you like to engage in the academic spirit?

In this **Academic Agenda**, you will find conferences, concerts, reading sessions, lectures, and student initiatives taking place at the University of Lisbon and Faculdade de Letras,

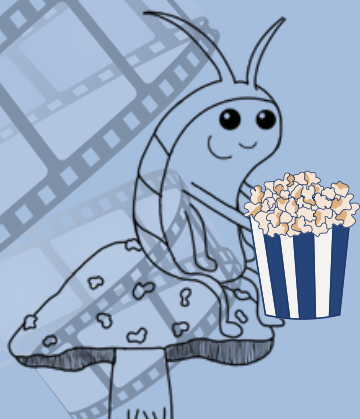


Queima das Fitas 2026

Are you a finalist? Then get ready for your party and Congratulations! If not, join your classmates and celebrate!! FLUL's Queima das Fitas takes place on May 23rd.

Lisbon Book Fair

The most anticipated fair for Literature students is approaching. The Lisbon Book Fair returns to Parque Eduardo VII from May 27th to June 14th.



Open-Air Cinema

This summer, enjoy the good weather and have a great time watching movies outdoors. Here are a few options: CineSociety, Black Cat Cinema, CineConchas, and CineCapit6lio Rooftop.

Here you can find a diverse selection of academic and cultural initiatives, such as conferences, concerts, lectures, reading sessions, and student events, which encourage critical thinking, creativity, and civic participation within the academic community. For more information, you can visit the **Agenda** section on the websites of the University of Lisbon and Faculdade de Letras,

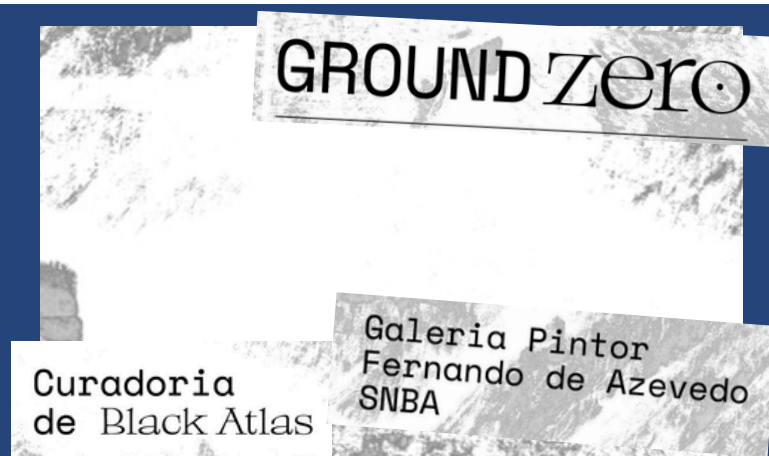


Terra Poética

Anna Maria Maiolino – Terra Poética at MAAT – Museum of Art, Architecture and Technology presents a selection of works spanning several decades of the Italian-Brazilian artist's career, exploring the relationship between body, matter, and memory. The exhibition highlights site-specific clay sculptures, creating a sensory and poetic reflection on transformation and permanence.

Ground Zero

Ground Zero brings together Portuguese artists and artists based in Portugal in a collective exhibition that combines installation, drawing, photography, and sculpture to reflect on identity, memory, and ecology. Through the relationship between body, territory, and landscape, the exhibition offers a critical and sensitive exploration of transformation, belonging, and new beginnings.



Santos Populares

As always, to welcome summer, explore the streets and alleys of Lisbon's heart during the Popular Saints' festivities in June. Eat sardines on bread and drink beer while listening to traditional Portuguese music.

Lost Way

Author: Clara Osswald
Translation: Sofia Perestrelo

At last I've found, today
My lost way
My fractured mind
To pieces scattered,
Shattered, like a clown
Outfitted for the carnival.
This misplaced body,
These jokes that fall flat,
Personality barely that,
Willing, then unwilling
To rise up and say Hello.

I found myself walking
Copying my own gait,
A pace long passed.
I was breathless
This fire within
So dimmed, as if winter.
Neither heat nor cold
To be found in this greyness
The very bottom of my soul.
Adrift, wayless,
On my lost way.

Skin

Author: Beatriz Brito
Editor: Sara Coelho

Why is skin attractive?
The feeling of being covered whole is scary.
I wish I was born with a soul — only.

Skin is beautiful, but not too much.
It is like a bad sale — take two, pay three.
But it is a preference.

I prefer to pay for more and receive less.
Because I'm appreciated,
Because I'm a fool.

Why can't people just pay the price?
Why couldn't you pay two and take two?

It's a piece of meat. With skin.
I don't mean to say we are as irrelevant as...
Pigs or cows.

No, no, no.
You can't say that — bad woman! Bad woman!
Only men can do that.

Take control of your name, of your body —
They paid more than they should.
That makes them — fools.

But with a two-pack of skin.
You? Not even your skin have to call your own.

I wish I was born with a soul.
When I come back...
Please give me a soul — only a soul.

A um poeta

Author: Rita Coelho
Translation: Laura Santos

On the far side of the Earth,
There is a boy who does not sleep
For the terrors of war
Keep him awake.

In genocide, in death,
In the life that there ends,
One asks:
What could possibly
console him?
The answer comes:
There shall be a poet.

In a void and devastated Gaza,
Thirsting for peace,
In that nefarious nothing,
There shall be a poet.

Sailor in the Tagus

Author: Mar
Translation: Sara Coelho

One season ends, another begins. Simple.
Winter, spring, summer, and autumn. Of
course.
Pragal, Ponte, Campolide. Undoubtedly.
It will be us, the season, or a train halt,
destroyed, but existing with hope.
We are that small, warm, fleeting piece of the
Alvito village — nothing happens away from
here, and it's a real fever dream. In here,
every needle bends and rises back up.

NOCAE

Are you experiencing any difficulties? Looking for employment and activities? Contact the Career Guidance and Student Support Center. Health and Well-being; Volunteering; Scholarships; Job Fairs and much more support. Get to know them in Room A003, Services area, ground floor; on Instagram @letrasnocae or by email nocae@letras.ulisboa.pt.

Warrior Damsel

Author: Ana Reis

Translation: Alexander Piffer Sgaria

One afternoon like any other, neither too cold nor too warm, seven sisters embroidered and sewed peacefully.

“My green thread has run out. Can someone fetch some more?” asked the eldest.

“I can go get it”, said the middle sister.

“Bring the golden thread as well, please”, asked the youngest.

While the young maidens busied themselves, their father, the Marquis, received terrible news.

“A message from His Majesty King João: war is at our doorstep, and troops are needed. Through this summons, we ask that you and all your sons of age and of sound body join the army for the campaign. The kingdom needs you”, proclaimed the herald at the Marquis’s door.

“My God, my God! Woe is me! I am too old and weary for war, and I have no son to go in my place. I have only seven beautiful and talented daughters, whom my late wife left me as comfort in my old age, but I will not send any of them to war. Never!”

While the herald announced the war and the Marquis gasped and sobbed over not having a son to fight for him, the middle daughter listened carefully from the staircase. Her noble heart quickened with every word she heard, and tears threatened to roll down her young ivory face. Yet she made her decision:

“My father, I shall go in your place!”

“Raimunda! What are you saying?!”

“You hear me, sir. I will go to King João’s war in your stead. I know how to ride and wield a sword – you yourself taught me.”

“But my daughter, when you arrive at the camp, and they discover you are a woman... I do not even know what they might do”, said her father, a nervous tear running down his wrinkled face.

“No one will know I am a woman, I promise”, replied Raimunda.

“How not? Surely they will recognize you by your thick black hair.”

“I shall cut it.”

“And your breasts?”

“I will have the seamstresses make me a vest tight enough to bind my heart.”

“But your fair and delicate hands?”

“I shall wear gloves.”

“And your feet?”

“Surely there are cobblers who can make me boots.”

“But daughter, there is one thing you cannot hide: your eyes.”

“As soon as I arrive at the camp, I shall keep them lowered to the ground at all times.”

After the long negotiation, the Marquis agreed to his daughter’s request.

Hearing the commotion at the entrance of the house, the remaining sisters came to see what was happening. After the Marquis and Raimunda explained the situation, the sisters wept, fearing for the life of their middle sister.

“Do not fear, sisters! This is a holy war for Portugal! God will be with me”, Raimunda assured them.

Once all preparations for the maiden’s departure were completed, the herald returned to receive the Marquis’s answer.

“My son will go in my place, for I am old and weary of battle.”

“So be it, Lord Marquis.”

Turning to his daughter, who now looked like a true young man, he whispered:

“Are you certain no one will recognize you?”

“Yes, my father.”

“Are you prepared to give your life for the kingdom if need be?”

“Yes, my father.”

“Then go, my daughter!”

“With your blessing.”

“You have had my blessing since the day you were born.”

“Thank you, father. You shall see that, with your horses and weapons, I will become a captain.”

Sonho Acordado

Author: Diana Ildfonso
Editor: Margarida Ferreira

Certa noite, enquanto circulava por cada canto à procura da sua ceia, um ratinho do campo deparou-se com um edifício peculiar: um abominável prédio, de vinte andares, feito de queijo, composto por amplos buracos. Curioso e faminto, o ratinho aproximou-se da sua boa fortuna. Enquanto saboreava o queijo que integrava a parede do primeiro andar, começou a ouvir grunhidos descontentes. Inquieto, decidiu espreitar por um dos buraquinhos arquitetónicos e, discretamente, observou a discussão de um casal à mesa do jantar.

“Depois de tanto suor escorrido, esta é a recompensa que recebemos. Somos substituídos pela nossa aparência etária. Mal eles sabem que a culpa das nossas rugas e dos nossos cabelos brancos provém da fome e da vida que levamos...”. Todo aquele discurso era um ruído semântico para o ratinho, mas nada o impedia de descodificar a linguagem não verbal daqueles seres. As suas agitações corporais e o choro partilhado denunciavam as suas verdadeiras essências — aparentavam rondar a casa dos cinquenta; mas, na verdade, tinham só trinta anos. Aparentavam estar seguros por ter um teto a cobrir as suas cabeças; mas, na verdade, dividiam migalhas de pão. O ratinho apercebeu-se desta dissonância, mas, como pouco podia contribuir, decidiu continuar o seu banquete — se não fosse o seu grande achado, naquela noite também comeria restos.

O suave material de construção do prédio atribuiu ao pequeno roedor a facilidade para o escalar. Andar após andar, a qualidade do queijo melhorava e o seu intenso odor largava um rasto olfativo que incentivava o pequeno a alcançá-lo por completo. Enquanto trepava, mantinha sempre o mesmo ritual: provava, escutava ruídos, espreitava pelos buracos do queijo e retomava a sua posição de indiferença. Esta contínua sucessão de eventos transgrediu o estatuto de invasor espacial do pequeno e, gradualmente, homogeneizou-o com o espaço opressor — que nunca, mas nunca, seria ocupado por si com tanta normalidade.

Durante o seu longo percurso, coletou um extenso espectro de interiores (dos mais miseráveis aos mais requintados). Reparou que, ao contrário dos andares superiores, os primeiros careciam de luz natural e de sentido estético — as divisões eram preenchidas por móveis de madeira podre, sofás rasgados e cacarecos. Compreendeu, por fim, que quanto mais perto da luz solar, mais iluminada era a vida dos moradores. Por estas bandas, as conversas eram muito mais agradáveis e à mesa de jantar comia-se muito mais que migalhas de pão.

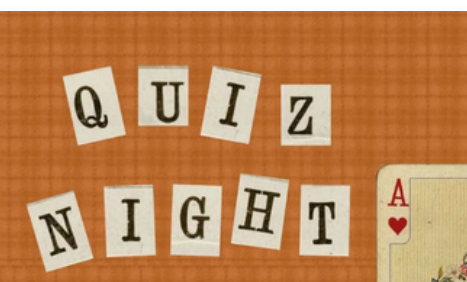
Ao alcançar o vigésimo andar e por não ter mais por onde subir, o pequeno decidiu descansar. Com a sua perspetiva panorâmica, avistou formigas descontroladas e um cartaz político, descomunal, que citava uma frase em maiúsculas: “TUDO O QUE TU COMES TENS DE PAGAR”. Subitamente, todos os inquilinos do edifício devorado dirigiram-se às suas janelas, olharam para cima e repetiram em coro a frase do cartaz. Nunca antes o ratinho vira tanto ódio junto; tanta pressão — vinda até mesmo do casal de 30 anos.

Que dor aguda sentia aquele ratinho do campo ao observar a confusão urbana. A sua vontade

era desfalecer ali, no meio de todos os seus sonhos e aspirações. Enjoava-lhe a ideia de que a sua primeira vez a ter o privilégio de desfrutar de uma refeição luxuosa marcasse o seu endividamento eterno. Detestava, ainda, que o seu micro estômago tivesse sido infetado pela gula. Babilónia tal que a pobre criatura começou a vomitar, e, para seu espanto, o que expulsava do seu interior era cimento. Ninguém parecia entender a sua dor, por mais que ele guinchasse. Tudo o que ele queria era voltar para casa e esquecer este episódio citadino — e assim o fez.

O problema dos que pela cidade são oprimidos é não perceberem que, assim como o queijo Emmental necessita de bactérias para a formação dos seus buracos, também a metrópole precisa de um vasto conjunto de pessoas — bactérias intrusivas ou não — para se completar. Dentro deste sistema hierárquico, todos os habitantes partilham uma característica em comum — as facetas obscuras da Cidade dos Sonhos, reveladas por brechas interiores (dor e ostentação) que se cruzam de ser para ser e são apaziguadas pela perda de consciência de classe.

¹Estilo *Emmental*



Study 556: Frigus

Author: Ana Marta Cabrita
Translator: Maria Alves

The day had come to an end. The sun was sinking below the horizon, and the full moon was beginning to shine in the sky. In the middle of the forest, hidden among enormous pine and cork oak trees, stood the Apex laboratory. Everyone knew about the laboratory: a place belonging to the government of Badora. Where all kinds of strange and supernatural things were hidden. Of course, no one truly aware of the world they lived in believed in such stories. Only in those societies are they called “crazy.” And yet, those “crazy” people could not have been more right.

In a dark, cold cell on the underground floor of the laboratory, a boy slept. He had dark curls, skin as pale as a ghost’s, two pointy ears, and scales covering parts of his arms, legs, and chest. When his eyes opened, two turquoise-blue orbs glowed even though there was no light in the room. The boy looked around him and, finding nothing unusual, closed his eyes again, determined to get a few more hours of sleep. However, that proved impossible, because only a few minutes later, the door to his “room” opened. “*Good morning,*” the boy greeted. “*Get up*”, ordered the guard; and the boy realized the guard was new, because the old one usually replied to his morning greeting.

Not wanting trouble, the boy obeyed and stood facing the new guard. The man grabbed a collar and fastened it around the prisoner’s neck. The collar was a way for the scientists to prevent him from escaping. If the boy ever tried to leave the facilities, the collar would deliver such a powerful shock that he would faint. Of course, the boy did not know that.

The guard grabbed the chain attached to the collar and began pulling the prisoner along. The boy closed his eyes, trying to adjust to the brightness of the surroundings. Everything looked the same as every other day: scientists in white lab coats hurrying in and out of rooms. And the young boy looked the same as every other day too: wearing his worn-out white shirt (more like a gown), barefoot, shackled at the wrists, walking towards another day of tests, injections,

torture. But again, the boy did not know that this was not normal.

When they reached the laboratory door, the guard released him and opened it, revealing a new space. Completely white from the floor to the ceiling, with a small corner office, a stretcher, a tiny table beside it filled with instruments — most of whose names the boy did not know — and three scientists holding papers. The three looked at the newcomers, and the oldest among them smiled and greeted the boy. “*Good morning, Frigus*”. Frigus entered the room as though it were a place he knew well and answered with his usual calm expression, “*Good morning, Mr. Arthur.*”

Arthur smiled again and turned his attention from the boy to his escort, dismissing him. The guard bowed respectfully and left the room. Now with only the boy and the scientists in the room, Arthur looked back at Frigus and ordered him to sit down.

Obeying, the boy sat on the familiar bed. The other two scientists stared at Frigus in astonishment while whispering about him: **Subject 556**. “*They changed the people again...*” the boy thought. From time to time, the staff at Apex were replaced to keep everything happening within those walls a secret. Arthur approached Frigus and smiled: “*Let’s begin*”.

Tests, experiments, and injections — that was Frigus’s daily life at Apex, interrupted only for meals and water. Once everything was over and the sun rose again, Frigus returned to his room and slept. Dreaming about what life outside might be like, in a world completely unknown to him.

...

The days passed peacefully in that place. As always, Frigus was escorted to the laboratory by a guard. When they arrived, the door bursted open violently and someone stormed out. “*Althea! Don’t you dare!*” a voice shouted from inside the room, but Frigus paid little attention to who had spoken, because he was captivated by the person before him. A woman with long brown hair and eyes as blue as the sky had just stepped out. Unlike everyone else Frigus knew, she wore a

black knee-length dress that emphasized her beautiful figure, a pair of tall black boots, and a small white hooded coat that covered her head. Frigus could not take his eyes off her. She noticed his gaze and returned it, slightly surprised.

However, the exchange did not last long, because one of the scientists grabbed the woman's arm from behind. "*Althea! You can't do this!*" the scientist exclaimed. Althea's expression hardened as she pulled herself free. "*Be quiet. I'll speak to Mr. Belvedere myself and find out exactly what I can and cannot do!*" she snapped. The scientist glared at her furiously and raised his arm as if to teach her a lesson. Frigus felt his chest burn. He quickly rushed past the guard in front of him and kicked the scientist in the stomach, sending him flying across the room and crashing into the wall.

"*Frigus!*" he could hear someone shouting his name, but he did not move. He remained frozen, staring at Althea, enchanted in a way he himself did not understand. The boy only came back to his senses when a shock surged through his body. Frigus screamed in pain and collapsed to his knees as every nerve in his body felt as if they were burning. He neither knew why nor how it was happening, nor could he even process what was occurring around him. Slowly, his consciousness faded until he blacked out.

Several hours later, Frigus awoke in his room. Immediately, the memories of the incident flooded back into his mind, and he sighed. Why had he reacted that way? He did not know. The only thing he remembered was the overwhelming feeling that he needed to protect that girl. "*Who was she? And why did I feel like that?*" he wondered before closing his eyes again, unwilling to move his aching body, which still throbbed with the memory of the shock.

...

The next day, Frigus was taken back to the laboratory, though this time there were new faces. Well, not entirely new. Arthur was there alongside two unfamiliar scientists and... Althea. Just like the day before, she wore her black dress and those

same boots, but instead of the coat, she now wore a white lab coat like Arthur's. "*Good morning, Frigus*", Arthur greeted. Frigus greeted him back, while Althea watched him with an inexplicable strangeness in her eyes. "*I would have wished to introduce you yesterday, but given the circumstances, it wasn't possible*", Arthur said surprisingly calm. Frigus remembered the sensation of the shock and took a deep breath, remaining composed. Arthur placed a hand on the girl's back and smiled broadly: "*This is Althea Blakeney, your new supervisor.*" Frigus felt his body tremble, and a strange sensation bloomed in his chest. Unsure how to react, he simply nodded. "*Now that introductions are done, we'll leave everything in your hands, Althea*". She nodded, and Arthur left the laboratory together with the two scientists and the guard.

As soon as the door shut, the boy's heart began racing. He didn't understand why this kept happening to him, nor did he know how to find out. Althea looked around the room, especially at the corners, as though she expected to find something. When she saw nothing, she approached Frigus and grabbed his hands. Frigus felt as though he might faint. "*Frigus, sit over there, please*". Her voice was soft, as if she was speaking to a child, completely different from the one he had heard the previous day. Frigus obeyed. "*Now I want you to be honest with me, alright?*" He nodded. "*What is the very first thing you remember from when you were little?*".

Frigus felt confused. His earliest memory was from a time when he already knew how to speak. Even back then, he had been living at Apex while Arthur examined him. Frigus cried constantly, terrified by everything happening around him, while Arthur tried to calm him and make him cooperate. He told Althea this, and she sighed, looking at him with immense tenderness. "*Frigus, listen to me carefully. You were never supposed to be here. You are a prince of the elves. In fact, you are the prince of the elves, the one who was stolen from his family when he was only one year old. I am one of your mother's ladies-in-waiting, and after your disappearance, I was granted permission to come to the*

human world to search for you". Frigus tried to process everything, but it was difficult to believe it. A prince? Him? Althea sighed. *"I know it's hard to believe me, but it's the truth. Frigus, you have to get out of here before Arthur and the rest of these greedy, cursed humans finish their research". "What will happen if they finish it?"* Frigus asked fearfully. *"Your kingdom, your parents, and your people will all be in danger"*, Althea replied.

Frigus fell silent. He did not know what to think or feel. If she had come looking for him, then what she was saying had to be true right? But what if she was lying? No. He felt she wasn't. And so, determined, he listened as Althea explained her plan to escape from Apex that very night.

...

Hours later, Frigus laid awake in his room with his eyes wide open waiting for Althea. As he waited, he replayed everything he had learned that day in his mind: Arthur was evil, he was a kidnapped prince, Althea had come to save him... Everything that had happened still felt unbelievable, but he hoped he was making the right choice. The door opened, and Althea entered, twirling a key around her finger. She smiled and approached him. *"Ready to be free?"*. Frigus smiled and nodded.

Althea removed the shackles from his wrists and neck and told him to put on a scientist's uniform she had brought with her. Once he was dressed, the two left the room and ran towards the laboratory exit. Frigus felt his stomach flutter, his heart pounded wildly, and a sense of freedom spread through his bones. Because Althea was one of the laboratory's scientists, she had access to everything. Taking advantage of the fact that it was daytime and most people were asleep, she quickly unlocked the doors of each sector they had to cross to reach the surface. When they arrived at the final sector, Frigus froze upon seeing Arthur standing before the last door with two guards. *"And where do you think you're going?"* the man asked. Frigus hid behind Althea, who stretched out an arm protectively in front of him. *"Frigus, take my card. I'll distract them, and you run"*, she said seriously. Frigus felt

his heart leap into his throat and turned pleadingly to the man who had raised him since was little. *"Mr. Arthur, please let us pass"*. Arthur's expression hardened, and the boy trembled at the coldness visible in the eyes of the man he had trusted. *"Frigus, you truly are innocent, aren't you? You stupid elf! I only need you to complete the elf poison! With it, I'll kill every last one of you, and humans will rule both worlds! As they should!"*. At that moment, Frigus felt only one thing toward the man and that place: hatred. *"Men, seize them!"* Althea conjured two fireballs in her hands and hurled them at the three men rushing toward them. *"Frigus, go!"*.

Obedying her command, Frigus ran past the men and unlocked the door with Althea's card. He heard the girl scream at him once more to run, followed by a cry of pain, and so he did, without looking back, determined to begin a new life with only one thought in his mind: **He would never trust humans again.**

O tornado que me levou

Author: Ana Rita Franco
Editor: Eva Luna

Mesmo antes de pôr os pés fora do meu país, já sabia que gostava de viajar. Sentia sempre algo a puxar-me para fora, para longe, para terras que me eram desconhecidas. Ansiava por descobertas, por vivências novas, por provar comidas com sabores que nunca conseguira imaginar e por ouvir línguas que soam estranhas e crocantes aos meus ouvidos. Era como se um tornado enorme me tentasse soprar para longe.

No início, eu resistia e fincava os pés. Afinal, aqui é confortável e conhecido. Eu sei bem como lidar com as pessoas daqui, sei como ir ao supermercado e encontrar o que quero, sei como sorrir de forma constrangedora mas educada para as outras pessoas à espera na paragem de autocarro. Lá fora, as pessoas encaram-me com estranheza ou curiosidade, os supermercados são imensos e cheios de coisas que nunca vi e que não sei o que são, e as pessoas nem sempre gostam que sorriamos para elas enquanto esperamos que o autocarro venha. Muitas levam mesmo a mal.

A minha família e amigos também me tentaram proteger daquele vendaval que me queria levar. Agarraram-me os braços com toda a força e disseram “mas nós gostamos tanto de ti e de te ter aqui”. Então fiquei. Mas, a dada altura, a tempestade tornou-se tão poderosa que acabou por me arrastar, mesmo eu estando cheia de medo e daquela ansiedade que nos faz formigar por dentro. Mal sabia eu que estava a entrar num caminho sem retorno, porque viajar fez-me encarar o mundo de uma forma totalmente nova. Já não era o mesmo de antes. Eu própria já não era a mesma de antes.

A brisa estrangeira passou a ser a minha companheira, a língua estranha soava cada vez mais melódica e doce e o meu peito enchia-se cada vez mais de um sentimento tão forte que parecia que me faria explodir. Era uma ânsia de viver, de ver cada vez mais, de tomar mão daquele vento que me puxou e com ele sugar tudo o que existe para dentro da minha alma. Queria experienciar tudo, ver todas as coisas, encher os olhos de paisagens novas,

de pores do sol deslumbrantes e das luzes das metrópoles de noite, ensurdecer-me com as buzinas de carros, com as ondas do mar a rebentar, saborear todos os finais de tarde e noites quentes, todas as madrugadas geladas e frescas. Queria consumir o mundo e queria que ele me consumisse.

Não consegui parar. Precipitei-me cada vez mais para todo o lado. Os olás ficaram mais fáceis e naturais, os adeus deixaram de se cravar tão fundo no meu coração. Passei a ver a novidade como um lar, apesar de continuar a carregar a nostalgia da minha terra comigo. Vivia com um pé de cada lado. O que costumava ser tudo para mim era agora um postal saudosos na minha mente, e o desconhecido tornou-se confortável e acolhedor.

Sentia que deixava um pedaço de mim em cada lugar que visitava e, em troca, trazia também um pouco de cada um deles dentro de mim, como uma coleção inestimável de selos. Passei a ser um aglomerado de tudo o que vi, senti e vivi. De todas as pessoas a quem apresentei a minha cultura, de todas as comidas novas que provei, de todas as músicas tradicionais que ouvi... Porque é que, para regressar ao meu lar, tenho sempre de deixar o meu lar para trás?

Agora não há mesmo volta a dar. O vento já não sopra forte para me levar, sou eu que corro e ele acompanha-me, apenas, como uma brisa fresca e ligeira. Às vezes olho para trás, por cima do ombro, para quem acena em despedida. Sorrio com lágrimas nos olhos, mas não paro. Corro cada vez mais rápido.

Vou só ali buscar uma nova parte de mim, não se preocupem. Eu volto daqui a nada, volto sempre.

The Wood Gatherer

Chapter II / 1st half

Author: Caim

Translation: Zahra Sacoor

The rough fabric of my nightshirt brushed against my skin whenever I moved my hand to write, lulling me into an absolute trance. Of the few joys I possessed, tracing letter after letter was one of them and, of the few friends I had, I was the only one who knew how to do it. The first time I did it in front of them, they asked me how I had learned, yet I had not been brave enough to answer. Speaking about my mother was still laborious to me and for that reason, I always made a point of avoiding the subject.

The candle beside me flickered flimsily, illuminating my scribbles. Suddenly, a faint draft invaded my room, sending a soft shiver through me. With my train of thought interrupted, I had to convince myself to go to the window and close it — I could feel the laziness fighting for dominance over my body. Surprisingly enough, it began to rain the moment I latched it shut. I contemplated the starry sky for a few seconds before sitting back down.

Two gentle knocks alerted me to the dragging movement of the door, where my father seemed to materialize out of nowhere.

“You’ll end up with slanted eyes,” he remarked sarcastically, approaching me.

“What do you need?” I asked, the ghost of a smile drawn across my lips.

He sat on my bed in complete silence. In his hands was a brown parcel tied with sailor’s rope. I arched an eyebrow and stood up, sitting beside him.

“Open it.”

He handed me the bundle, seeming already uneasy. I undid it, freeing the mysterious gift from the paper. It was a dark-brown skirt, long enough to cover my legs down to my feet, surely to mock me. I glanced sideways at my father, who scratched the back of his neck. Then he cleared his throat, deepening his voice:

“From now on, you’ll wear that every Sunday morning. Church is sacred,” he ordered, though quietly. He himself seemed displeased with the idea of seeing me in a skirt, however absurd that sounded.

“Yes... alright,” I replied with a certain apprehension, which he noticed, because he looked away, not meeting my eye anymore, before leaving my room.

I sat back down to continue my scribbles, grateful for the warmth of the fireplace that never failed us at home. It had always brought a certain comfort to both me and my father, a bond that tied us together unconditionally. Outside, the drunken revelry and dancing from the heretic alleyways could be heard.

☆☆

The church, much like our house, seemed to be falling apart. Even so, no one dared to disrespect it. We were among the first to arrive, as usual. The sun lay hidden behind the clouds, as if it had vanished altogether. The morning darkness created an undeniable tension, though everyone appeared to be in good spirits.

I had always felt a certain hostility whenever I knelt down to pray. The wood left my knees marked and the walls allowed the cold from outside to seep into the marrow of my bones. Still, I admit the church’s interior was imposing. Much like its priest, *Silvio Bragança*. What humility could he possess to forgive the sins of others? Now that I think of it, I would never dare ask such a question out loud.

Ever since I was little, I had tried not to pay too much attention to my surroundings, for the watchful gaze of God and His saints weighed heavily upon my body. Yet today, an imminent moment of lucidity threatened to breathe over my shoulder. The silent footsteps of those who had come to fulfill their sacred duty echoed through the building. Those seeking divine salvation murmured politely, worn down by age, while the younger ones, there only out of obligation, disobeyed and ran around the pews chasing one another.

My father knew everyone in this church, seeing as we supplied most of the materials for their small homes — wood and dead animals alike. They praised my skirt, surprised by the appropriate attire, or drifted into conversations about subjects that held little interest for me.

We sat down to listen to the priest's Latin, admired yet incomprehensible to the rest, when long silver strands fluttered across the crimson carpet and seized my complete attention — just like that day. The sound of her shoes alone carried authority. Everyone turned their heads to admire the girl's beauty. Now closer, I could see she did not seem my age — perhaps she was a little older. She murmured with the very same woman I had confronted before, the same one who had made the little boy cry. Today, she arrived hand in hand with him.

For a moment, the little boy noticed me and smiled. He let go of his mother's hand and, with nothing else to cling to, tugged at the skirt of the blonde-haired girl. Tall and intimidating, she subtly rolled her eyes when sparing him a fraction of her attention, crouching down to hear what he had to say. In my mind, everything seemed to happen too fast. She looked at me, piercing straight through my soul. The very irises that had once mocked me now carried a certain tenderness, almost imperceptible. At one point, I even thought all of it had been nothing more than my imagination. I looked away from them — something inside me prevented me from doing otherwise... something that did not consider me worthy enough to have that right.

Distracted, I shifted my leg slightly, brushing against my satchel. Inside were my supplies and a change of clothes. The skirt irritated my skin, the fabric far too rough. I could hardly wait to stand up and leave this place.

Reading the Forbidden: Why Do the Classics Still Frighten Us?

Author: Mariana Ribeiro
Translation: Tetiana Kukhar

“A classic is a book that never finishes saying what it has to say”, said Ítalo Calvino in “*Why Read The Classics?*” (1991).

As we all know, throughout ancient history, the ability to read was mostly reserved for the wealthy. No matter how intelligent a person was, they often had neither the opportunity to learn nor access to books.

Fortunately, nowadays it is easy to access books of every genre. Many people believe that “good reading” only comes from complex works or classics. Yet not all classics are difficult, and reading is valuable even when the material is not intellectually demanding. We read constantly: from Instagram posts to product labels. No matter what we read, the brain activates the same cognitive areas. So, contrary to what is widely discussed, the question is not whether a book is difficult, but whether we can learn something from it. More often than not, the books that help us do this are the classics.

Reading a classic is not just looking at the past, but seeing that its message is still relevant today. Reading the famous “light books” is like listening to a mild lie. Classics, on the other hand, are hard truths that we need. The best author to illustrate this is George Orwell. In both “*1984*” and “*Animal Farm*”, Orwell addresses themes that are still strikingly relevant today. All classics survive only because they touch on nerves of the human condition, including power (which I consider one of the most important themes), envy, love, and freedom.

After this brief reflection on the role of classics, it is relevant to address the issue of banned books in the United States. More than seven thousand books have been banned from schools and libraries since 2024. The conservative movement has pushed for the banning of a wide range of books, both older and more recent, such as “*The Handmaid’s Tale*” and “*The Bluest Eye*”. The censored books are those that address themes such as LGBTQ+ issues, racism, sexism, sexual content, and dystopian narratives.

Unfortunately, in Portugal, this topic is not widely discussed. However, it remains highly relevant, and the fact that it does not affect us directly is no reason to ignore it. If the system fears that young people will read “*The Diary of a Young Girl*” or “*Beloved*”, it is because these books teach people to think. And thinking is the first step towards questioning everything around us, which, consequently, can lead to disruption. However, without this disruption, society can hardly develop.

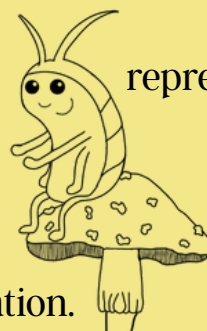
Over the years, I have come to believe that those who do not read the classics cannot truly understand the essence of human beings and society. All classics are metaphors for what happens in real life. Sometimes, it is through reading a particular passage that we feel understood.

It is true that authors do not think about what the public wants to hear when they write. That is one of the most beautiful aspects of literature: feeling identified and seen through a book that is over 50 years old. No experience is unique. Books teach us new ways of looking at reality.

Reading the classics is vital for humanity. We all, myself included, have books we are afraid to read, whether because of their length or the themes they address. However, as humanities students, we have a responsibility to keep reading them.

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A Crooked Portrait

Author: Maria Afonso
Translation: Beatriz Santos

A commentary on the ideal of beauty, according to Oscar Wilde's *The Picture of Dorian Gray*

Oscar Wilde's novel, despite being written in the 19th century, accurately portrays today's reality. The constant pursuit of the external ideal has led to the development of an empty society that seeks comfort in its reflection without realising the mirror is dirty.

The concept of beauty advances and evolves with the development of Mankind. Modest clothing and pale skin of yesteryear have been replaced by long hair and low numbers on scales. However, the modification of the so-called ideal has no impact on the relentless pursuit of its attainment, since the absolute and unbreakable focus on achieving a perfect exterior becomes trivialised, and the importance given to this aspect of humans becomes extreme. This phenomenon leads to indifference towards faculties worthy of recognition and a decrease in individuals with something interesting to say. Dorian Gray, throughout the narrative, perfectly represents this occurrence: he who averts his eyes from his errors and misdeeds, focusing solely on his appearance, fails to recognise the detriment they cause to the soul and intellect. Lord Henry recognises this truth, even while approving of those who live without thinking: "The moment one sits down to think, one becomes all nose, or all forehead, or something horrid."

Human beings are creatures of habit. The constant exposure to impeccable and dazzling character obscures the brain's perception of flaws and errors. Thus, the belief arises that every human must be an example of the extraordinary and, consequently, that the exterior must automatically reflect the interior. Therefore, a disdain develops for what is not beautiful, not simple, not simply perfect. The essence of each individual becomes limited to a smile and a polite response. "I can sympathize with everything except suffering (...) I cannot sympathise with that. It is too ugly, too horrible, too distressing."

This contentment of being leads to a monotonous and uncritical society, to a population uninterested in reality and its comprehension. It's necessary to appeal and recognise those who seek the truth beyond the surface and dedicate their days to something more than an ephemeral quality. Life is imperfect, confusing and anything but simple, giving us — thinking beings — the possibility of trying to decipher it every day. Humanity needs to recover the will of the new; it needs to reencounter the very human sensation of unease in the face of unanswered questions.

Indeed, this disinterest in the difficult results in the expansion of the audience that consumes and accepts the projected idea of perfection, so that there is a loss of human diversity. Let us take the example of Dorian Gray, who, in his youth, falls in love with Sybil Vane, a beautiful young woman from the lower class, recognised by her exceptional performances at the local theatre. However, the enamoured boy fails to admit the reason behind his passion: Dorian does not love Sybil, he is merely fascinated by her beauty and the character she portrays in her

performances. “When is she Sybil Vane?” “Never.” “I congratulate you.” The trivialization of falsehood is responsible for the loss of authenticity, making the distinction between performance and reality practically impossible. Consequently, our relationship and interactions with others change, which leads to the construction of unrealistic and unattainable expectations of others and disappointment upon confronting the reality that we are incomplete and imperfect.

Ultimately, the realisation of powerlessness in the face of the pressure for the ideal of beauty and the continuous imposition of these ideals on the common individual is not something easy to accept. Unlike Dorian Gray, we do not have the ability to freeze our youth onto a canvas. In a sense, it is everyone’s responsibility to relinquish this insatiable desire and find comfort in our human nature: in our ability to understand, explore, love, philosophise, make mistakes and discover. It is necessary to understand that there is perfection in the imperfect.



Pre-25 April: The country of backwardness, submission and fear

Autoria: Francisco Ferreira
Edição: Dinis Matias

At the core of our being remains a question of identity: who are the Portuguese? We are a people defined by our history, one that identifies today mainly through the changes that have taken place in our contemporary society — not only over the last 50 years. We are also living cultural manifestations of memory — of not only the progress but also the backwardness. Regardless of change, we feel part of the past, remembering what once was with the desire never to become it again. Can pre-revolutionary Portugal be described in only a few words? Backwardness, submission, fear? Such words can only be used if supported by a foundation of progress. But progress in relation to what? In order to sustain the use of these simple words, examples are necessary. Beginning at the very foundation — birth — in a country where services were lacking, be it banks or post offices, running water, proper sewage systems, electricity or telephones. Healthcare was no different: birth itself was precarious and often lacked medical assistance, hygiene and the basic conditions required for it. This was the reality before technological advancement, before the democratic dissemination of scientific development.

Education perfectly exemplifies this scenario of backwardness: illiteracy was widespread and higher academic progression was inaccessible to the majority. Education, when available, was basic and propagandistic. Rural precariousness was romanticised and perpetuated within the classroom itself, thus serving as ideological reaffirmation. School dropout was common, mainly with the objective of entering professional life early as a way of helping the family, and it

was also common for several generations to live within the same household. Furthermore, food scarcity generated problems in learning: diets were heavily plant-based and the consumption of animal protein was rare, while alcohol consumption as a source of calories from an early age was common. A malnourished person struggles to work, and struggles even more to retain information for education and personal development.

In the sphere of the state and its social consequences, submission prevailed. This began to be cultivated from childhood onwards, through the aforementioned instruction in conservative Christian values, romanticised and deliberately one-sided. Political parties were forbidden, independent thought was not tolerated, trade unions were controlled, and society in general was closed to any disturbance of the desired social order.

It was difficult to obtain foreign products, difficult to travel and enjoy leisure abroad, and there were also few foreigners among the Portuguese population. The political police censored, listened and watched everyday life; every aspect of mundane existence was controlled in a slow suffocation, deliberately designed in order to maintain order. Clothing was regulated, the marriage of female public employees had to be authorised, making clear the ideological dimension of submission to the state and the need for permission to submit oneself to another — the husband. Public displays of affection were also forbidden and, when carried out, reprimanded by ordinary citizens themselves. This culture was passed from person to person; control had already become culturally embedded, and the law of fear and social disapproval kept the population on a deliberately designed leash.

It was through women that this submission manifested most profoundly. There were major wage inequalities, and women could not vote freely — nor, indeed, could the vast majority of citizens. Furthermore, women depended on their husbands for matters such as obtaining a passport, travelling or opening a bank account. Even in cases of abusive

relationships and escape from the household, the police could be called to return the woman to the home where she supposedly belonged. In this way, the State acted as a reaffirmation of gender roles and as a perpetuator of domestic violence and possible femicide.

The Colonial War also served as a form of submission, exercised by the State over half of the population. Mandatory military service interrupted the natural course of life, serving as a reminder of “who is in charge”, a supposedly “distant” reality... These are merely a few illustrative factors of this country of backwardness, submission and fear.

It is difficult to imagine such a drastic difference between pre-revolutionary society and the reality established less than half a century later. Yet compensation was not immediate. It is evident that the backwardness experienced during the pre-revolutionary period endured through the first decades that followed, taking time to overcome such disparities. Fundamentally, how could a population struggling for self-sustenance afford the banalities and leisure of contemporary life?

Birth in democracy established within our collective mentality undeniable and untouchable values. The rights of citizens, public freedoms, equality before the law, the recognition of citizenship, free voting and the full integration of women into everyday life are no longer open to question. It should be remembered that, for some people, it took an entire lifetime to truly become Portuguese — requiring only the Carnation Revolution, the 25th of April...

Buying a house? How? — The housing crisis among Portugal's youth

Author: Nicole Barros
Translation: Barbara Ferreira

In Portugal, owning a house has become an increasingly distant goal, especially for the younger generation. The habitational crisis is one of the central themes in current debates, due to its deep consequences in the Portuguese society.

According to a SIC News report, the housing prices have almost tripled between 2015 and 2025. The high price of houses leaves many young people with their hands tied, contributing to the rise of the age at which they leave their parents' house.

The low salaries, along with the real estate speculation, as well as the lack of available housing, make it harder — if not impossible — for the purchase and, in many cases, even for the renting of a house.

The big cities, such as Lisbon and Porto, remain the elected destinations when it comes to better life opportunities. However, it is in those same areas that the prices are higher, mainly due to the growth in tourism and to foreign investment, factors which boost the rise of vacation rentals. Consequently, there is a reduction in the availability of houses for purchase and rent. Furthermore, house construction has not been following the population's necessities, which significantly aggravates the imbalance between supply and demand.

This way, young people deal with growing difficulties in reaching financial and housing independence. For many, finding a house has become a real uphill battle, since the living costs keep rising, making it practically impossible to support an owned house. With this reality, many end up searching for cheaper options, although not always adequate: sharing a room with other people or continuing to live with

their parents, for example.

Meanwhile, protests have been multiplying throughout the country. People of different age groups have been going to the streets demanding actual changes and efficient solutions for the housing crisis — those solutions still have not arrived and are also not foreseeable in the near future.

All of this stops being simply an economic problem. This has grown into a social problem that takes hope away from young people, reduces the quality of life, and affects the future of various generations.

Without efficient measures that guarantee the market's balance, the basic right to an accessible and dignified house will remain to be accomplished. Therefore, we are face to face with a true social urgency which demands immediate action. Otherwise, the consequences may seriously compromise the future of the country and its youth.



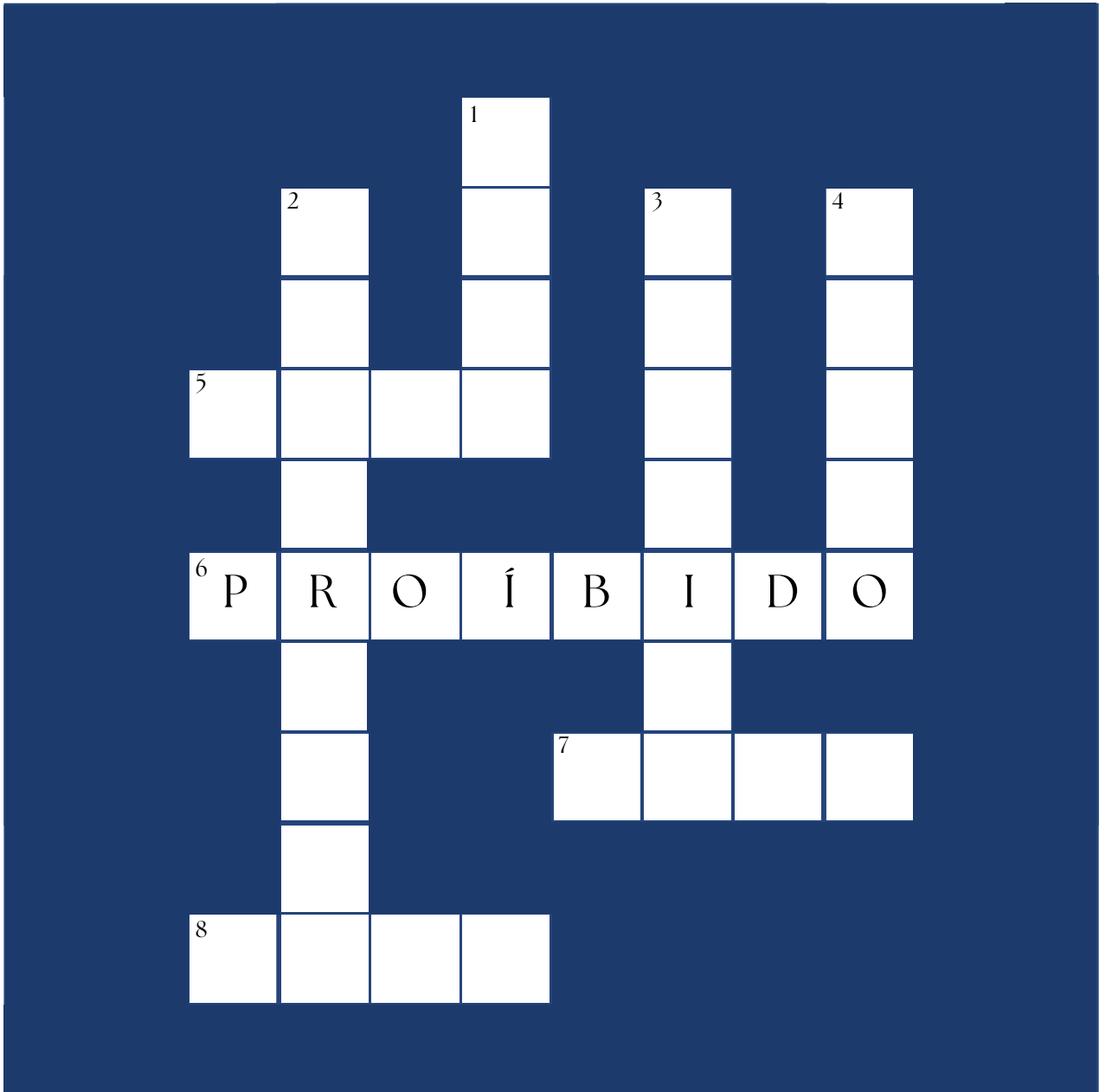
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CASA

GUERREIRA

PERDIDO

TEJO

COLA

NOVO

PROÍBIDO

TORTO

SUDOKU

Easy Level

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

Easy Level

Soluções

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

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

ALPHABET SOUP

L	N	A	C	R	I	S	E	M	P	S	S
L	I	U	R	M	A	R	U	L	H	O	E
C	E	S	A	E	O	S	O	U	I	C	S
T	U	R	B	L	L	D	O	C	L	A	T
O	L	R	E	O	I	T	I	I	R	H	U
R	T	I	A	T	A	F	R	O	D	N	D
N	E	N	N	R	I	B	D	I	O	I	O
A	R	E	T	D	A	A	Z	E	R	E	S
D	S	E	E	T	H	C	A	S	T	B	C
O	R	M	E	N	C	O	L	A	C	L	E
S	I	O	E	S	O	N	H	O	L	L	T
X	P	L	L	A	C	O	I	S	A	S	E

ABRIL

EDIFÍCIO

LISBOA

RETRATO

COLA

ESTUDO

MARULHO

SENTIDO

CRISE

LENHADORA

PELE

SONHO

DONZELA

LER

POETA

TORNADO

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