

Julia San Miguel  
Illustrations by Avi





---

The story LET'S ALL PLAY is part of the VIVIR EN SALUD project, organised by FUNDACIÓN MAPFRE.

VIVIR EN SALUD was created to encourage the public to reflect on health, providing activities relating to healthy diet and physical exercise which directly affect the healthy development of the social, family and work environment, improving our quality of life.

The project develops educational materials aimed at parents, young people and adolescents, as well as professionals in the fields of education, healthcare, hospitality, etc. It is a project for everyone, by everyone.

For more information, please consult  
[www.fundacionmapfre.com](http://www.fundacionmapfre.com)  
or download all the documentation for free from  
[www.vivirensalud.com](http://www.vivirensalud.com)

FUNDACIÓN **MAPFRE**



Mapfre would like to thank San Ignacio de Loyola School in Madrid for the revision of all the texts in English.

Special edition for FUNDACIÓN MAPFRE  
First published in Spanish in 2011 by SM

Coordinating editor: Carla Balzaretti.  
Translation: Belinda L. Lindsay-Clark, Lexware SCP  
Editor: Richard Cook  
Cover design: Jonás Gutiérrez  
Technical revision for FUNDACIÓN MAPFRE: Yolanda Mingueza

Text: Julia San Miguel, 2008, 2011  
Illustration: Avi, 2008, 2011

© FUNDACIÓN MAPFRE, 2011  
Paseo de Recoletos, 23  
28004 Madrid  
[www.fundacionmapfre.com](http://www.fundacionmapfre.com)

© Ediciones SM, 2011  
Impresores, 2 – Urbanización Prado del Espino  
28660 Boadilla del Monte (Madrid)  
[www.grupo-sm.com](http://www.grupo-sm.com)

CUSTOMER SERVICE CENTRE OF SM GROUP  
Tel.: 902 12 13 23  
Fax: 902 24 12 22  
e-mail: [clientes@grupo-sm.com](mailto:clientes@grupo-sm.com)

ISBN: 978-84-9844-341-7  
Legal deposit: M-12272-2012  
Printed in EU

*This book may not be reproduced in whole or in part, digitally processed, transmitted in any way or by any means, whether electronic, manual, through photocopies, or any other methods, without the express prior written permission of the holders of the copyright. Permission is granted to reproduce and distribute this material for non-commercial educational or research purposes. This edition is not for purchase. Sale is prohibited.*



Julia San Miguel  
Illustrations by Avi



**E**very afternoon, once I've done my homework, I meet up with my friends to shoot some hoops. I love playing basketball so much that I even bounce the ball as I jump down the stairs two steps at a time, to the beat of my favourite music.

But not a day goes by without me being told off. Like when Paula, my neighbour on the second floor, comes out to angrily tell me to be quiet:

“Lidia! Shhhhhhh! Can't you see that the baby's sleeping?”

Just like Mummy does, over and over again:

“Lidia! How many times do I have to tell you that you mustn't play with the ball in the house or on the stairs?”

Of course, apart from the telling off, there are other things I achieve with the noise of the ball... Such as not having to call for Carlos. Before I even press the doorbell, Rafa, his brother, has opened the door.

“Carlos, you have a visitor!”

As well as living in the same block, Carlos and I are also in the same class. His brother is older and now he goes to secondary school.

He was basketball champion at school. Now, as well as doing judo, he has discovered urban sports and



skateboarding and he writes rap songs. I know because Carlos has shown me some of the lyrics he has recorded on his mobile.

I often see him in the park with his friends, jumping benches and hedges as if he were a mixture between Tarzan and Spiderman... He's so good looking, I get really embarrassed. But he always says hello.

"Have you seen my new skate board?" he asks, ready to leave the house, I'm waiting at the door for Carlos. "It's got my name written on it," he says, and he shows me the underneath, painted with graffiti. "With this skateboard I'm going to be a real professional doing jumps," and with that he jumps on and skates to the door doing acrobatic zigzags and adjusting his cap, and then disappears from sight, surfing.

Carlos comes out to greet me with an enormous chocolate bun in his hand.

"I've already had an afternoon snack, thanks," is my greeting, although I know full well that the bun is not for me.

"Me too, but I'm still hungry."

If my mother could see him, she would say that this is why Carlos is putting on so much weight and, that if he continues like this, eating and eating without exercising, his cholesterol will be sky-high. It doesn't surprise me that he can't even run once around the athletics field.

He moves less and less and even before starting to run he's tired, then his legs start shaking, his tongue is on the floor and his heart beats so fast that one day it'll shoot out of his mouth.

I sound like my mummy?

"That child needs to look after himself. Less fatty foods and more vegetables..." she says when she sees him walking up the hill, puffing, on his way home.







“Oh! Too much is just as bad as too little. And you two together look like the dot and the i.”

I always tell Carlos what I hear my father say over and over again, that what he has to do is burn what he eats, which is what I do. And that’s why there is nothing better than exercise. That’s why I insist every afternoon that he comes with us to play a game.

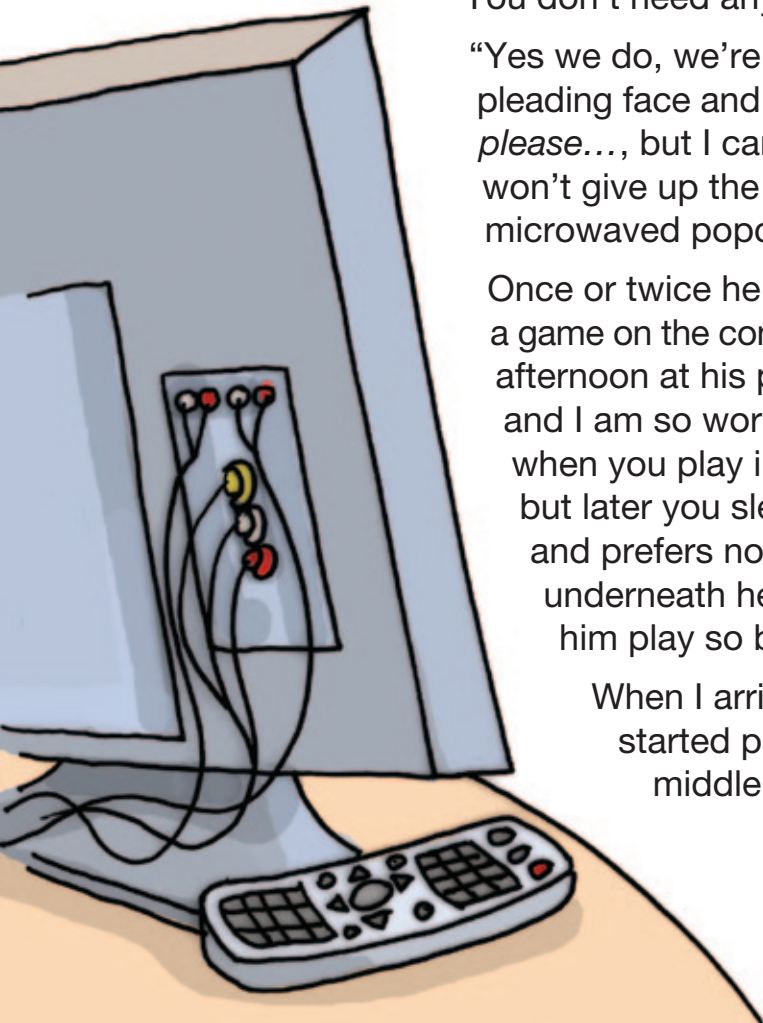
“Go on, come! Raquel, Alberto, Juanma and Elena are waiting for us on the courts.”

“You don’t need anyone else.”

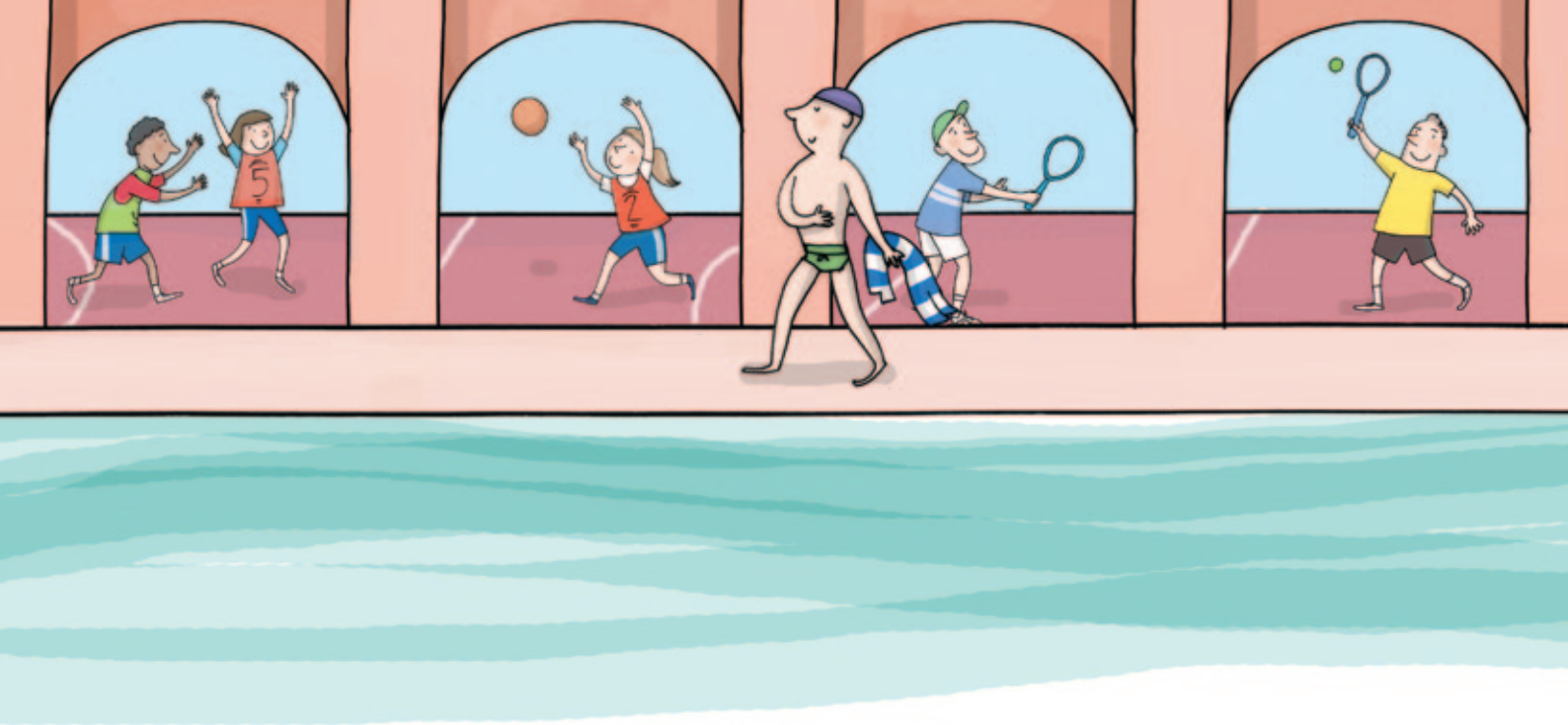
“Yes we do, we’re one short for pairs...” I tell him with a pleading face and joining my hands in a gesture of *go on, please...*, but I can’t get him out of the house. Carlos won’t give up the TV or his videogames, or the bowl of microwaved popcorn he has made.

Once or twice he has managed to convince me to play a game on the console and I’ve ended up spending the whole afternoon at his place. Afterwards I get a headache and I am so worked-up that I can’t sleep. It’s not like when you play in the street, where you end up really tired but later you sleep like a log. Carlos doesn’t understand and prefers not to go out. In fact, I think that underneath he’s embarrassed when everyone sees him play so badly and how he puffs from the effort...

When I arrive at the courts, my friends have already started playing. They are trying to shoot from the middle of the court.







“You have a go, Lidia. It would be great to score a triple,” says Alberto and he throws me the ball.

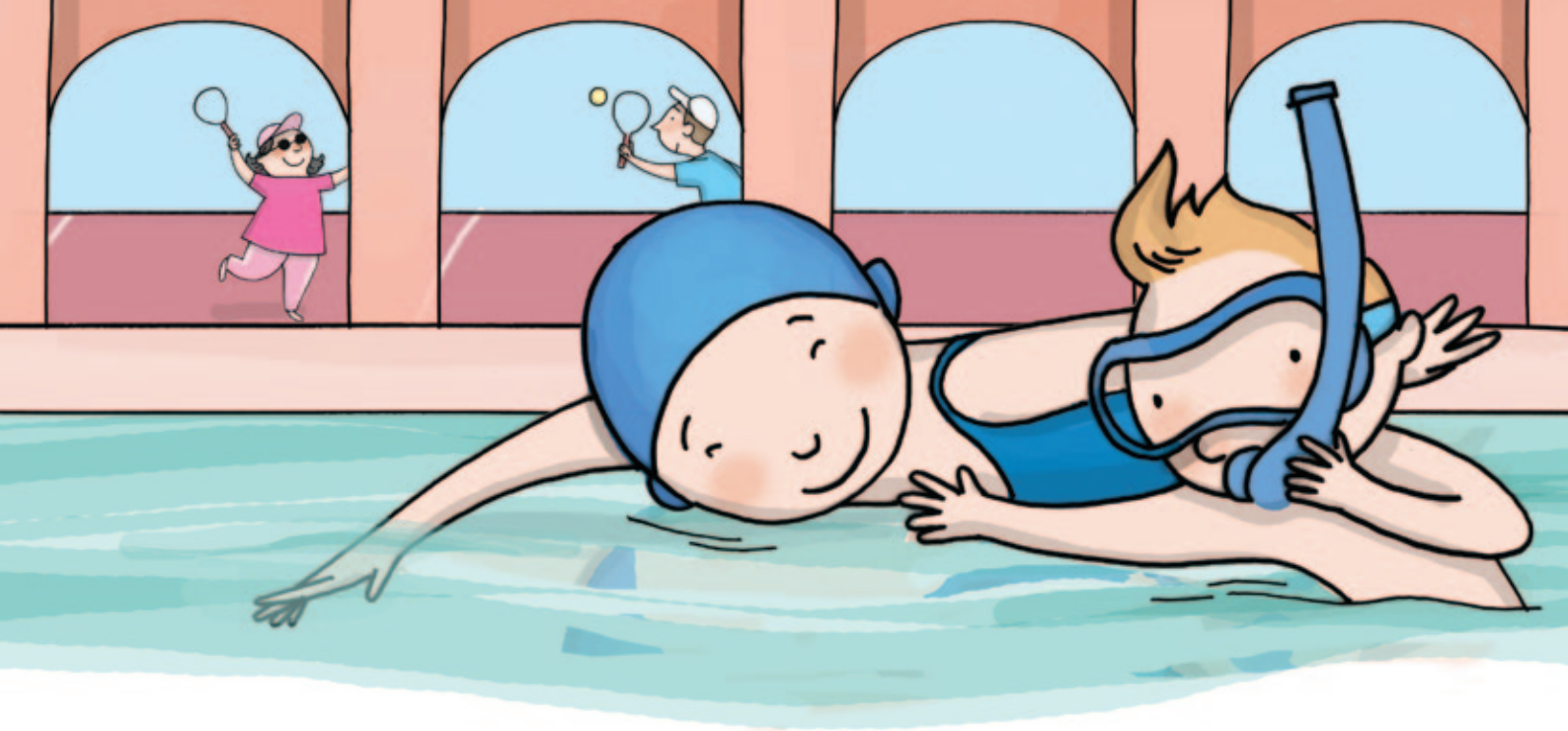
We are all in the same class and we all do basketball as an extracurricular activity. On Saturdays we play in a league against other schools. The worst thing is that we’ve lost the three games we’ve played. The best thing is that we’ve become a great group of friends. We meet in the park and we invite each other to our birthdays. Some of us email and send photos to each other. We’ve talked about having a party when the league ends. It would be great fun. But until then, we have to keep training. We’ve got to win one Saturday, at least.

None of us manage to score a basket from the centre of the court, so we try moving closer.



10





When Saturday arrives I'm so nervous that I get up ages before the alarm clock goes off. I have a glass of milk and cereal for breakfast and I go down to wait for daddy, practising the master shot that will bring us victory.

Daddy drops me off at the sports centre and he goes to play paddle tennis. Meanwhile, Mummy takes my brother Javier to diving class and she has signed up for swimming at the same time. Before, she used to really complain about how sore her back was due to sitting in front of the computer for so long. Now, since she has started swimming, she smiles more, so I'm really glad about that.

Carlos says our family is like a TV commercial. We're all so sporty. And I tell him that if he wanted, his family could be like mine as well. We often bump into his father on Saturday mornings in the hallway. He's always wearing his white tracksuit with the federation's coat of arms and carrying an enormous black



case with his bow and arrows. He has been archery champion several times. He has a few trophies in the sitting room. The photos on the sideboard draw my attention.

“Your father is much slimmer now, isn’t he? Look at the tummy he had before.”

Carlos looks at me out of the corner of his eye, but doesn’t say anything.

“Wouldn’t you like to be Robin Hood like him? If you did archery, you would burn fat and build muscle.”

“You are such a bore! Always the same,” he grumbles. “I don’t like sport. And besides, what sport could I do? I’m useless at everything!”

“That’s not true. There are lots of sports...”

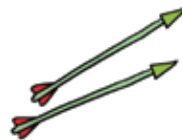
But now is not the moment to start naming them all. What’s more important is to help Carlos find something he enjoys. But, what? Luckily, it doesn’t take me long to find out.

In class, Marusa, our Physical Education teacher, found the solution.

“Girls and boys, in fifteen days’ time the school will hold its sports week. This year there will be no competitions, but demonstrations by each team.”

“Of which sports?” asked Julian, as usual the impatient one.

“I hope you will like the ones we have chosen” says Marusa, as she places different balls on the table in order of smallest to largest.





We all started shouting, asking for basketball and football.

“Well,” said Marusa, pointing to the rest of the balls, “someone will have to play handball, baseball, tennis, ping-pong...”

“I want that little ball!” shouted Carlos, pointing to a red ball, the smallest of them all.

“I didn’t know you liked pétanque. That’s great.”

“He’s going to play pétanque, like an old man!” everyone laughed.

“Haven’t any of you played pétanque on the beach?” asked Marusa. And on seeing that we all say yes, she said, “Well what a group of old people we have in this class! You all look great for your age!”

Everyone started laughing. It was true. Who hadn’t played pétanque on the beach? And also volleyball and beach-tennis. Mmmmm, I can’t wait for the holidays!

“This little red ball is the *cochonnet* or jack,” explained Marusa. “But pétanque balls are slightly different from the ones you play with on the beach. The ones we are going to use are metal,” she said, putting them on the table.

It looked as though they were quite heavy.

Carlos started puffing.

“You’ll like it, wait and see,” said Marusa to calm him down. “I need four more volunteers to play with Carlos.”







This was my chance to help him. So, I gave up the basketball demonstration and signed up to play with him. Lucia and Julian also joined us. And Raquel, my best friend, did too.

“We play basketball all the time, so, for once...” was her response. I was grateful for the gesture.

Almost all of us knew the rules of the game, but over the fifteen days we had to get ready, Marusa gave us theoretical classes on all the sports we were going to play, so that we could all enjoy watching everyone else play too.

We had to train a lot if we wanted to excel ourselves on the day of the exhibition. So, we met every afternoon in the park.

“You have to throw the ball with a lot of precision in this game,” we were advised by the older people who came over to watch us play, “to get as close to the jack as possible.”

“That’s right, that’s right, a little more to the right,” they encouraged us when we were throwing the balls.

Carlos often managed to get really close and sometimes he knocked the opponents’ balls out of play with the exact strength and precision.

“You are really good, son!” they told him.

It was true. Out of the five of us, he was the best.

Carlos was so enthusiastic that he forgot all about his videogames and his bowl of popcorn. As soon as he had finished his homework he was calling at my door to go and practice.

We made a good group in the park. And they didn’t stop applauding us.

“Good shot!”

“That’s right, close to the jack!”

“Now throw it to the left, but gently.” That was Carlos, who had become a real expert.

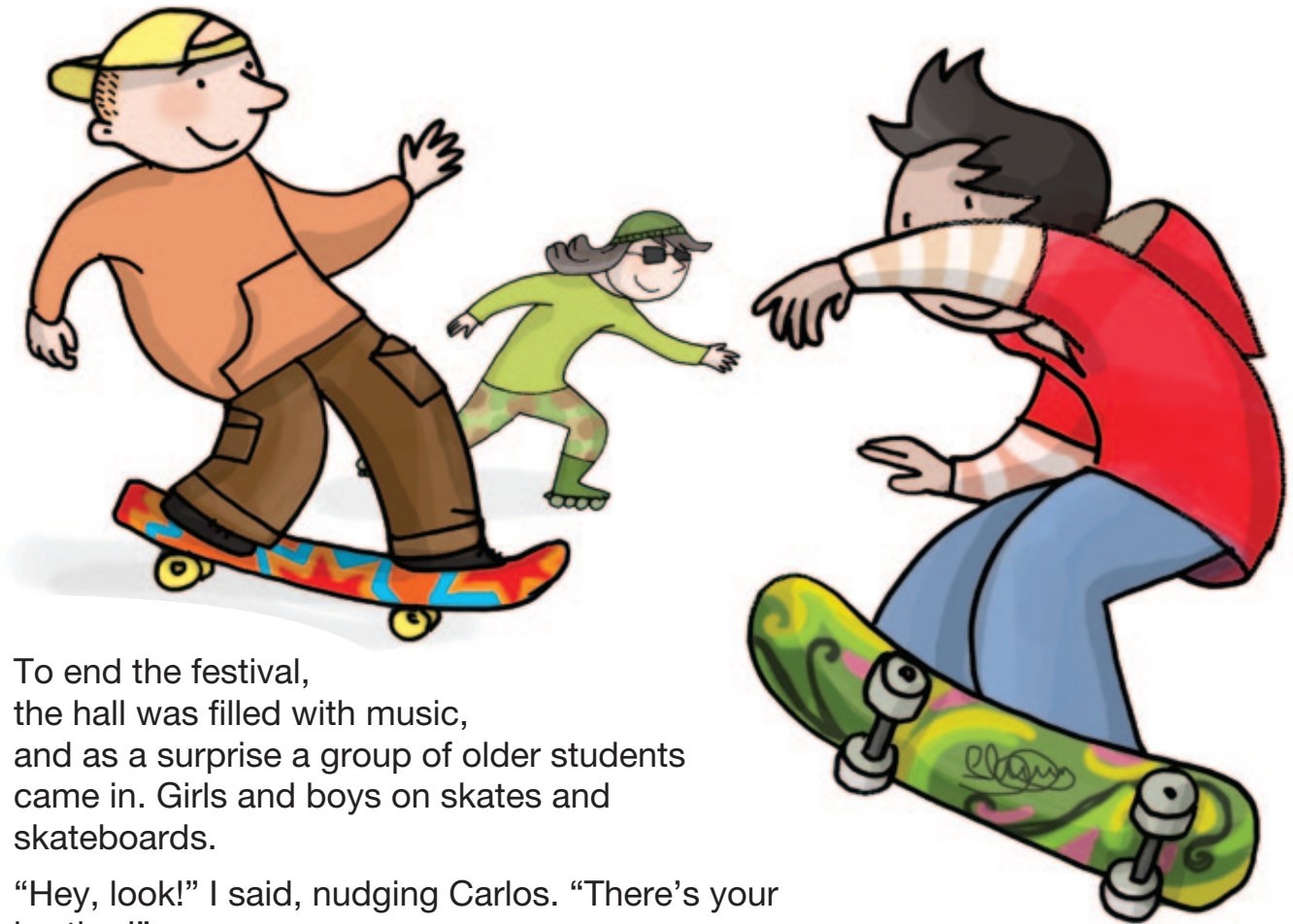
And the big day arrived.

There we were, in the school sports hall, all in uniform, all ready to do our best. The basketball, football, handball and baseball teams; the tennis and ping-pong pairs... and us, the pétanque team, led by Carlos.

We shouted, we clapped, we cheered them on, we did our very best...

It was brilliant, and at the end, as a memento, we were all given medals.





To end the festival,  
the hall was filled with music,  
and as a surprise a group of older students  
came in. Girls and boys on skates and  
skateboards.

“Hey, look!” I said, nudging Carlos. “There’s your  
brother!”

They did a show of pirouettes and jumps that left us  
dumbfounded.

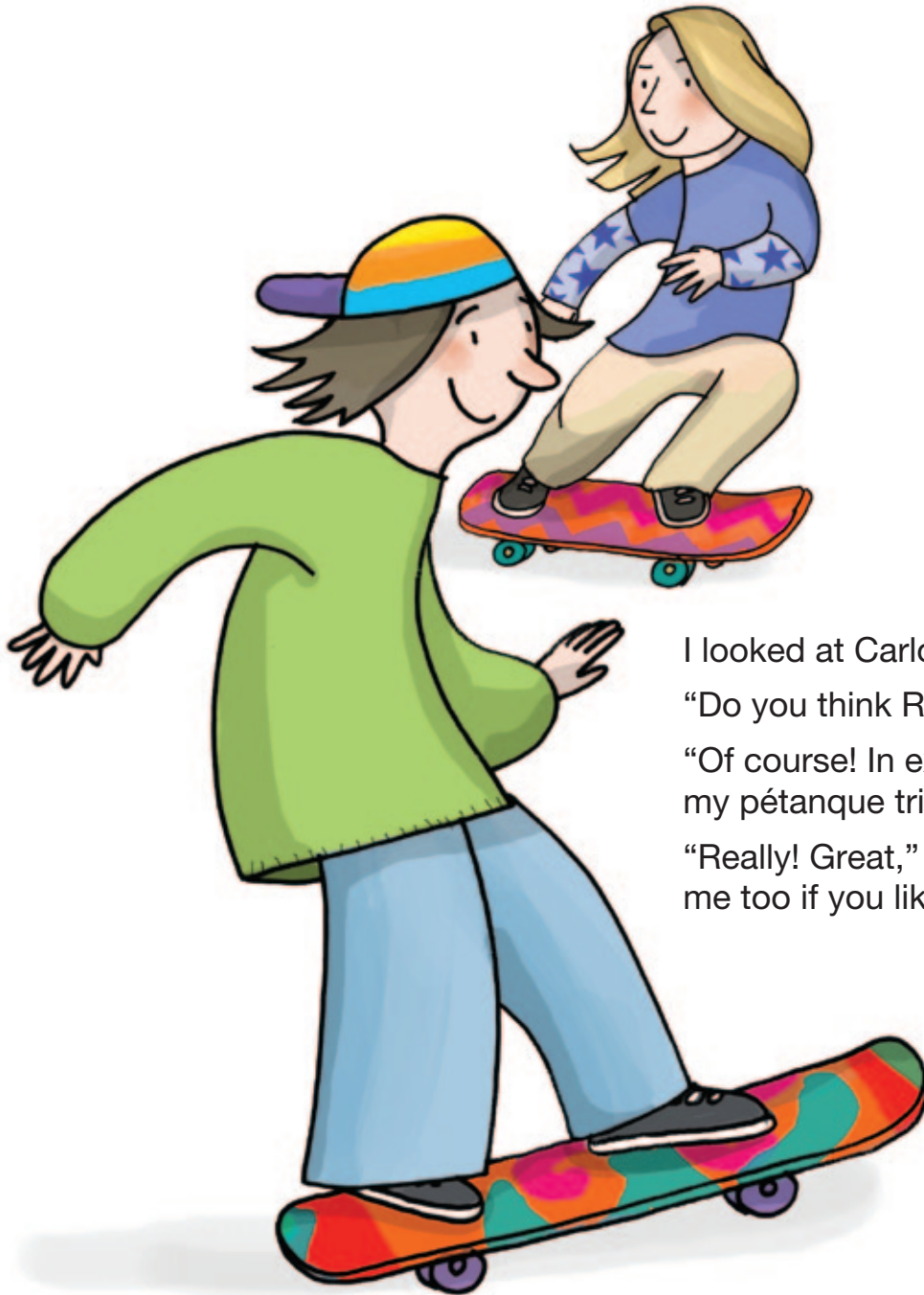
“Wow, I’m so envious!” I said, “I would love to know how to skate.”

“Do you want me to ask Rafa to teach us?”

“Who, Rafa? But, do you like skateboarding too?”

“Well, I’d like to at least be able to get on one and not fall off.”

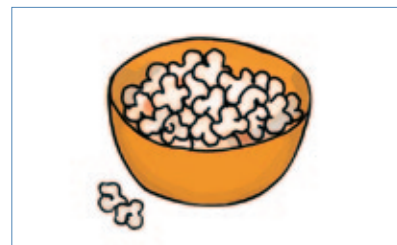




I looked at Carlos proudly. The new Carlos.  
“Do you think Rafa will want to?”  
“Of course! In exchange, I’ll teach him  
my pétanque tricks. He’s dying to learn.”  
“Really! Great,” I smiled, “you can include  
me too if you like, I’m not so bad either...”

# PUZZLES AND GAMES

**1 A healthy breakfast.** You've seen how important it is to start the day with a good breakfast, because it gives you the energy you need for the whole morning. Choose the best breakfast and explain why the others aren't as healthy.



.....  
.....  
.....

**2 Which sport?** Read the clues and work out which sport Lidia is thinking of:

- You have to control your balance really well if you want to do this sport.
- You can reach really high speeds, doing artistic turns and even going backwards, but of course, first you should learn how to stop!
- Put on the helmet and knee guards and you'll be ready to take the streets of your city on eight wheels.

.....

### 3 Let's play as a team.

Five team sports are hidden in this word search.

- F \_ \_ \_ \_ \_
- H \_ \_ \_ \_ \_
- B \_ \_ \_ \_ \_
- H \_ \_ \_ \_
- V \_ \_ \_ \_ \_

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

### 4 The odd one out.

In the following list of sports there is one that is very different from the rest. Do you know which one it is? Why is it so different?

swimming	waterpolo	surfing	diving
horse riding	sailing	canoeing	

.....

**5 Sport is so good for you!** Lidia and her friends have told us lots about how good it is to do sports. Check what you have learnt, completing the phrases using the words in the box.

Doing sport...

- Helps you \_\_\_\_\_ new friends.
- Is good for preventing \_\_\_\_\_ .
- Helps you sleep \_\_\_\_\_ .
- Encourages you to \_\_\_\_\_ each day.
- Helps \_\_\_\_\_ cholesterol.
- Prevents back \_\_\_\_\_ .
- Keeps you \_\_\_\_\_ .

**pain**      **improve**  
**make**  
**reduce**  
**obesity**  
**fit**  
**well**

What other benefits are there of doing sports?  
Write down everything you can think of.

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....


.....

.....





**6 Now it's your turn.** In the story we have discovered Lidia, Carlos and Rafa's favourite sports. Now it's your turn to choose the sport that you like most. Draw it and afterwards explain why it is your favourite sport.



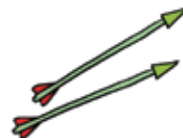
.....

.....

.....

.....

.....



- 1 The correct answer is the second breakfast: a bowl of milk and cereal and a glass of juice.
- 2 The answer is skateboarding.
- 3 The five sports are: football, volleyball, basketball, hockey and handball.

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

- 4 The odd one out is horse riding because it's the only sport on the list that isn't a water sport.

Doing sport...

- Helps you **make** new friends.
- Is good for preventing **obesity**.
- Helps you sleep **well**.
- Encourages you to **improve** each day.
- Helps **reduce** cholesterol.
- Prevents back **pain**.
- Keeps you **fit**.



Improving health and contributing to the prevention of a large number of diseases is a task in which we should all collaborate.

It is also important to enjoy reading this story, reflecting together on the types of food we should eat daily to stay healthy, and which we should only eat as an exception. However, above all, we should think about how important it is to exercise and choose the type of exercise that best adapts to our preferences and abilities as well as to each stage of our lives. It is never too late to start. (NAOS Strategy –Spanish nutrition, physical activity and prevention of obesity strategy–).

But don't forget that exercise isn't only about practising a sport. We must also get used to taking small healthy steps in our daily lives, such as going up and down the stairs, walking, etc.

If you would like more information on FUNDACIÓN MAPFRE's VIVIR EN SALUD project or would like to collaborate with its promotion, please contact us on:

[www.vivirensalud.com](http://www.vivirensalud.com)  
[www.fundacionmapfre.com](http://www.fundacionmapfre.com)  
[www.educatumundo.com](http://www.educatumundo.com)

