

III^o Concurso de Leitura em Voz Alta “Ler é divertido”

Textos de:

Inglês



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Adventure Holiday

Dear Mum and Dad,

I'm very happy here because I'm really enjoying my adventure holiday.

I promised to write a lot and so I am. This is the first letter of many.

The weather is great: the sun is shining and it's hot. The perfect holiday, don't you think?

Right now we are having a break after lunch. I'm sitting under a tree writing you this letter. The view in front of me is lovely. I'm exploring the forest with the two other boys on Saturday .

Some of my friends are listening to music, some are playing cards or phoning home (there's a boy who is always calling his parents) and others aren't doing anything. They're just relaxing. We're feeling very tired because we aren't used to so much physical exercise. I hope to feel better in two or three days.

Guess what! Yesterday I went kitesurfing. As I'm a surfer it wasn't very difficult for me and it was a smashing experience. I think it's one of the best adrenalin sports.

The instructors are very nice and friendly.

I love it here!

With love from

Jack

P.S. We're doing landbased activities this afternoon like rock climbing and abseiling.

Brad Pitt

Brad Pitt was born on the 18th December 1963, in Shawnee, Oklahoma, USA. Brad was the oldest of three children. He is a famous film star. When he was younger he wanted to be an artist in an advertising agency. So he went to an art school, but he didn't like the teacher's ideas and decided to abandon school to become an actor. Then he went to California and took acting classes. His most important films are: *Interview with the Vampire*, *The Favor*, *Seven Years in Tibet*, *The Mexican*, etc.

Brad is not interested in cars, he drives an old car. He says: 'I can't justify spending a lot of money on a car.'

He is not interested in food either. He hates cooking, because he thinks it is very boring. He eats in restaurants and prefers eating healthy food to fast food.

His daily routine is very ordinary: he gets up early and takes a shower and gets dressed. Then he has breakfast at home: cereal, a glass of milk and two pieces of toast. He drives to the studios. Lunch for him is a light meal, just a sandwich and a juice. He arrives home at eight o'clock. Sometimes he prepares dinner but usually goes out to a friendly restaurant. After dinner he reads or watches TV and goes to bed at about 11.30. At weekends his life is different: he sleeps longer. He practises sport and meets his friends in the club.

People who work with Brad Pitt say that he is very nice. He doesn't behave like a big star.

Classes at Summer Camp

Peter, John, and Sacha are at summer camp. They love it there. It's a lot of fun! The only thing they don't like are the lessons! The summer camp is in England and they have English classes in the morning. Their teacher's name is Sara. She's 24 years old and she comes from Canada, she's Canadian.

"Good morning, everyone!" She says. "Please can you open your books on page 2?"

Knock, knock. "Come in," says Sara.

"Sorry, I'm late!"

"That's OK, Peter! But don't be late tomorrow!"

"Can I borrow a pen, Sacha?" Says Peter.

Now everyone is here and ready to begin the class. The good thing about English classes at the summer camp is that they haven't got homework!

After English classes they have free time and can play football and do other things they like. Sacha likes to play his saxophone and Peter plays football with John. The girls talk about the boys.

There are lots of other kids at the camp. They come from lots of different countries, like France, Germany, Italy and Greece. They all speak English together!

Fruit Tree Island

The Norman family were on a ship called The Princess Diana. Denis Norman and his wife, Brenda, were with their two children, Martin and Marina.

'Good morning, everyone!' said the captain. 'The island you can see over there is called Fruit Tree Island. If you want to visit it, please go down into the boat.'

'Come on, Denis,' said Mrs Norman.

'You can swim or go for a walk,' said the captain, 'but please come back here before three o'clock. We must be on the ship at three o'clock.'

'Let's go for a walk,' said Martin. 'It's not too hot. We can take some nice photographs with Dad's camera.'

The Normans went up a hill in the centre of the island.

'I can see all of the island from here!' said Martin.

'Oh, yes,' said Mrs Norman. 'And look! There's our ship!'

'What's the time, Dad?'

Mr Norman looked at his new watch. 'Two o'clock. We need to leave now.'

When the Normans arrived at the beach, nobody was there.

'Where is everybody?' cried Mrs Norman. 'Where's the captain? Where's the boat?'

'Perhaps this is the wrong beach,' said Martin.

Then Marina saw something. 'Oh, no!' she said. 'Look!'

Far away they could see The Princess Diana – leaving the island!



Justin Bieber

Justin Drew Bieber is a famous singer from Canada. He was born on March 1, 1994. His parents are Pattie Mallette and Jeremy Bieber. They are separated and Justin lives with his mother. Justin Bieber has got a little sister named Jazmin and a baby brother named Jaxon who was born on November 20, 2009.

Justin isn't very tall, he is only 1m 63cm, but he is handsome. He has got dark brown eyes and light brown hair. He has got a beautiful smile and he is very stylish.

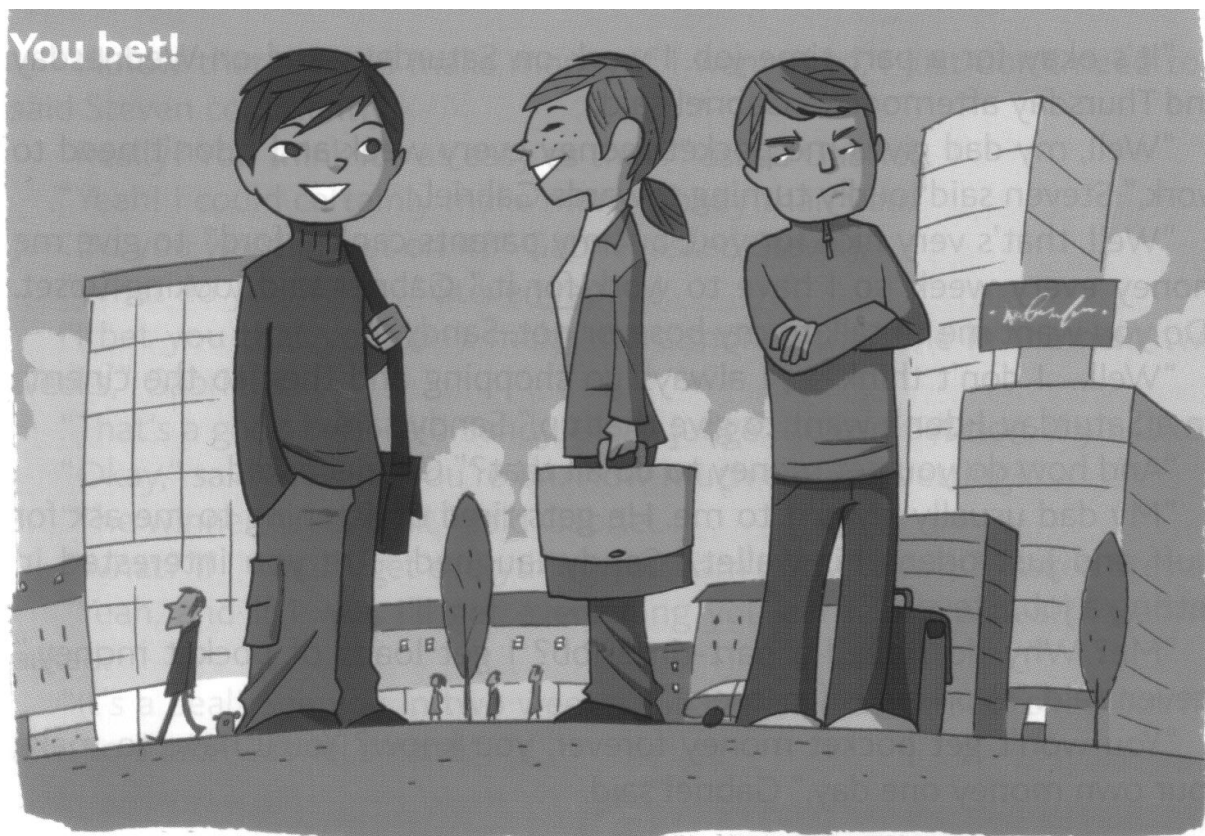
Justin loves music. He can play the piano, drums, guitar, and trumpet. He wants to learn the violin. He is very talented. In 2007, when he was twelve, his mother posted a video of him on YouTube and he became famous.

His favourite colour is purple. In his free time Justin plays hockey and basketball. He also enjoys playing computer games and surfing the internet. He uses 'tweeter' and 'facebook' every day. When he has time, he watches TV; his favourite TV show is Smallville.

Justin has lots of concerts all over the world. His mother travels with him, because he is very young.

Like any other teenager, Justin has lots of friends, including singers Taylor Swift and Selena Gomez.

Bieber's first album My World was a success. He is an idol for many teenagers. All the girls love him!



It was Wednesday afternoon and Steven and Sandy were walking out of school.

"I've got no money," said Sandy. "I can't buy those trainers I saw and I really, really want them."

"Why don't you ask your mum and dad for the money?" asked Steven, who always had money to buy what he wanted.

"I did, but my mum said she couldn't give it to me," Sandy said sadly.

As they walked home Sandy saw another friend. His name was Gabriel. Steven and Gabriel did not get along, and Steven tried to stop Sandy calling her friend over.

"Hi Gabe, where are you going?" Sandy asked while Steven ignored Gabriel.

"I'm going to work," he said.

"Maybe I should get a job," said Sandy, "I've seen some great trainers I want to buy."

"They are always looking for staff where I work. You should go for an interview. I could tell my boss you are interested," Gabriel suggested. Gabriel worked part-time at Style Parade, a clothes shop on the High Street.

"I'm not sure. Is the pay good?" Sandy asked.

AMIT'S VILLAGE

PART 1

Surviving the storm

Amit stopped near the river and listened. Everything was very quiet. There were almost no sounds. There were no birds, and no animals. "Something is wrong!" thought Amit.

Normally, there are a lot of sounds in the jungle. You can usually hear the wind blowing the trees and all the different birds making different noises up high in the trees. Sometimes you could hear monkeys. But today it is all very different.

Amit felt afraid. He didn't know what to do, so he ran home to his village, and his parents.

Amit lives in a small village in the middle of a rainforest in India. He likes it there. There are lots of dangers, but it is also a very beautiful place to live.

"Mum, dad! There's something very strange in the forest."

"What's the matter?" asked his mother, Kajal.

"I don't know," said Amit. "There are no sounds in the jungle today. All I can hear is the river. There are no animals and no birds, and even the wind and the trees are quiet. What does it mean?"

Kajal looked at her son. "Oh, Amit! It means that there is going to be a storm! All the animals are looking for a quiet and safe place to hide. Don't worry too much. Everything is going to be okay."

But Kajal is very afraid. She remembers the storm that destroyed her village a few years ago. Every year the storms get worse.

Amit's father, Paothang, called him to come and help. The men are preparing their village for the storm because, if they don't, the storm will wash their homes away.

Amit helps his father in every way he can. There are some caves in the mountain near their home. They want to take everything with them, and hide in a cave. They hope that the storm doesn't come too soon. They hope there is time!

Christmas Eve

It was Christmas Eve. London was very cold and foggy. Ebenezer Scrooge was working in his office. His secretary, Bob Cratchit, was writing letters in the next room. It was a very small room, with a very small fire. Bob was very cold. Scrooge did not give Bob much wood for his fire because he did not like to spend money.

Scrooge did not like anything. He did not like the people in the streets or the people he worked with. He did not like eating good food or drinking nice drinks.

He especially hated Christmas.

Scrooge was an old man. He was very thin, with thin, white hair on his head and face. His lips were blue and his eyes were red.



He had worked in the same dark office for very many years. Once it had been the office of *SCROOGE AND MARLEY*, and those names were still on the door. But Jacob Marley had died seven years before and Scrooge worked on without him. Work was important. Work brought money, and Scrooge always wanted more money. So Scrooge worked hard, and made Bob Cratchit work hard, too.

Work, work, work!

'A Merry Christmas, uncle,' said Scrooge's nephew, Fred, coming into the cold, dark office.

'Bah!' replied Scrooge. 'Humbug!' He really hated Christmas.

'Oh, come on, uncle,' said Fred. 'I'm sure you don't mean it.'

'I do,' answered Scrooge. 'Why are you merry? You're a poor man.'

'And why aren't you merry?' asked Fred. 'You're a very rich man. And it's Christmas!'

'Bah!' said Scrooge again. 'Humbug!'

'Please come to dinner with us tomorrow, uncle,' said Fred.

'Goodbye,' answered Scrooge.

Double Trouble

Kathy and Cynthia are in their room packing the rest of their things, getting ready for the Easter holidays. Their Mum is shouting "come on young ladies, hurry up or your Dad will be angry!" while she is preparing the traditional bacon and eggs for breakfast. The girls are twins, they are twelve years old, rather tall for their age, thin, blonde and very pretty.

After breakfast all the family gets in the car. As Dad starts the engine Mum asks: "Did you forget anything girls?"

"No Mum" they both answer at the same time.

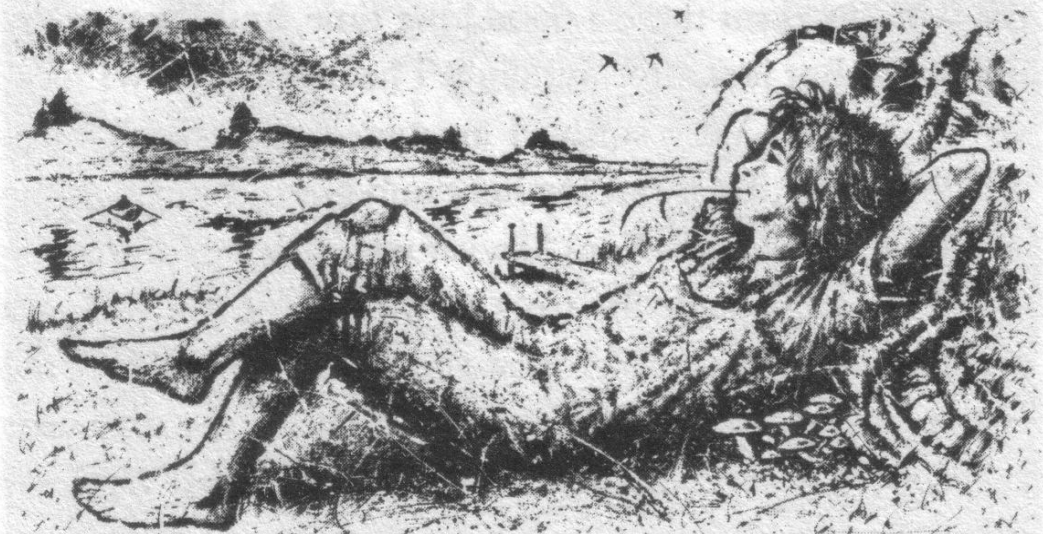
"Wait Mum," says Kathy "where's Skip?" Mum doesn't have time to answer Kathy's question because she hears Skip barking outside the car asking to get in "barf, barf, barf!" Cynthia opens the door, Skip gets in and happily barks again! Finally they are ready to start their Easter holidays.



Huck in trouble

You don't know about me if you haven't read a book called *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*. Mr Mark Twain wrote the book and most of it is true. In that book robbers stole some money and hid it in a very secret place in the woods. But Tom Sawyer and I found it, and after that we were rich. We got six thousand dollars each – all gold.

In those days I never had a home or went to school like Tom and all the other boys in St Petersburg. Pop was always drunk, and he moved around a lot, so he wasn't a very good father. But it didn't matter to me. I slept in the streets or in the woods, and I could do what I wanted, when I wanted. It was a fine life.



When we got all that money, Tom and I were famous for a while. Judge Thatcher, who was an important man in our town, kept my money in the bank for me. And the Widow Douglas took me to live in her house and said I could be her son. She was very nice and kind, but it was a hard life because I had to wear new clothes and be good all the time.

Miley Cyrus

Hello! My name is Miley Cyrus. I was born Destiny Hope Cyrus but I changed my name to Miley Ray Cyrus. I changed my name Destiny to Miley because my parents gave me the nickname "Smiley" because I smiled so often as a baby. Later "Smiley" was shortened to "Miley". I changed "Hope" to "Ray" to honour my grandfather Ronald Ray Cyrus.

I was born on the 23rd November 1992. I am from Nashville, Tennessee, United States, but at the moment I am living in Los Angeles with my parents and my sister and brother. I am an actress and also a pop singer.

My parents are Leticia and Billy Ray Cyrus. I have three half-siblings: Trace, Brandi and Christopher Cody and two younger siblings, Braison and Noah.

I love my family. I like hanging out with my parents and my brothers and sisters. Together, we watch movies, play cards and talk for fun. My best friend is my mum. We often go shopping together. Sometimes I go with my brother or sister and we also go to the movies. Braison, Noah and I go often to an Italian restaurant.

In my spare time I like watching TV and listening to music. I also enjoy reading and writing lyrics. I don't like sports very much, but I love dancing. Nevertheless, to stay fit I have to do a lot of sports.

The first day of school

The sun is shining brightly outside and the sky is clear and blue. Almost every student at Steven Biko Junior High School is waiting outside the classroom buildings for the bell to ring for their first class to start at 8:30.

Windy is sitting with her best friends Dondra and Alex on the steps that go down to the gigantic concrete floor of the school square, which is surrounded on all sides by administration offices, classroom buildings, the cafeteria and the gym.

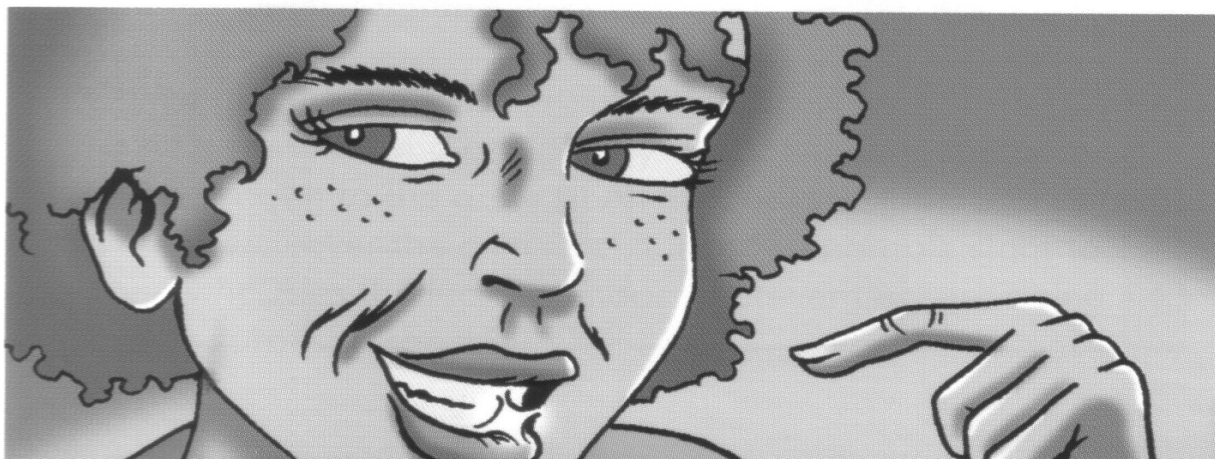
They have sat themselves strategically, so that they could see the main entrance and exit of the school. And why have they done that? To be able to see everyone and everything happening on the campus from the best possible view, of course! And there definitely are a lot of interesting activities to be seen.

"Man!" says Windy, "I can't believe how many people are wearing braces this year! Can you imagine how hard it must be to have to go to the dentist every month to have them checked? Picture yourself having to brush your teeth a hundred and six times a day! I'd go nuts, that's for sure."

Dondra turns to her and says "You get used to it like anything else."

"That's right! You had to wear them for a few years, didn't you?" says Alex.

"That's right, girl," she says, then goes on to say with pride "but look at the absolutely wonderful results!" Then she shows a big smile to them, to show off her straight and white teeth.

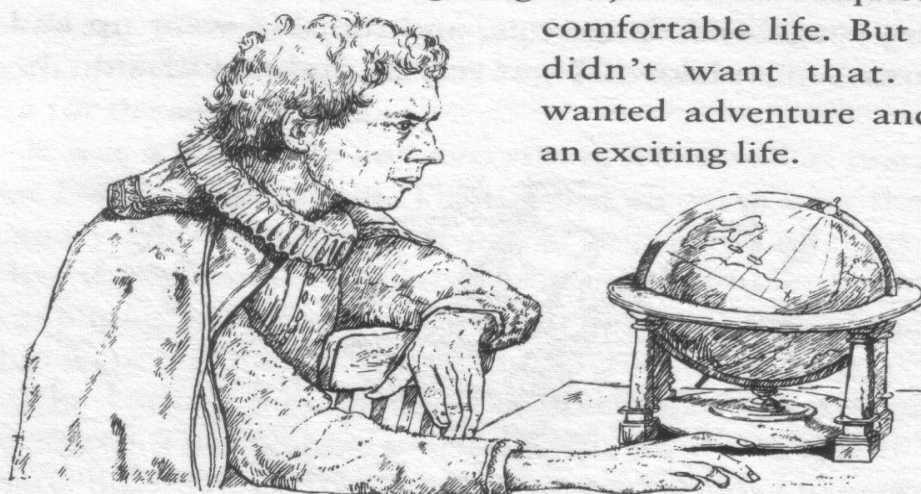


My first sea journey

Before I begin my story, I would like to tell you a little about myself.

I was born in the year 1632, in the city of York in the north of England. My father was German, but he came to live and work in England. Soon after that, he married my mother, who was English. Her family name was Robinson, so, when I was born, they called me Robinson, after her.

My father did well in his business and I went to a good school. He wanted me to get a good job and live a quiet, comfortable life. But I didn't want that. I wanted adventure and an exciting life.



'I want to be a sailor and go to sea,' I told my mother and father. They were very unhappy about this.

'Please don't go,' my father said. 'You won't be happy, you know. Sailors have a difficult and dangerous life.' And because I loved him, and he was unhappy, I tried to forget about the sea.

But I couldn't forget, and about a year later, I saw a friend in town. His father had a ship, and my friend said to me, 'We're sailing to London tomorrow. Why don't you come with us?'

And so, on September 1st, 1651, I went to Hull, and the next day we sailed for London.

But a few days later there was a strong wind. The sea

A stealthy Attack From a Hidden Enemy

When I was in junior high school, my uncle invited me and some of my friends over to his house for supper. For dessert, among other things, was a plate of figs. Yum! Figs and dates and raisins are my favorite dried fruits. They come originally from mid-east countries like Israel, Egypt, Lebanon, Syria, among others.

While we were eating the figs, one of the boys said to my uncle, "We've been studying about bacteria at school. These figs are sweet and sticky. I wonder if we could see any bacteria on them if we looked at them through your microscope?"

Now I knew that moldy cheese, food gone bad and stagnant water all had bacteria, but I was sure dried figs wouldn't have any.

My uncle said, "Let's find out." He brought his microscope out and adjusted it on the table. Then with a razor blade he shaved off a thin layer from the outside of the fig. We all watched closely as he carefully placed the shaving on a glass slide and slipped it in place under the powerful scope. After looking at it through the microscope for a minute or two he said, "Come and see for yourselves."

When it was my turn to look I saw two or three things that were moving. "Ugh! Who'd have thought there were bugs on those figs?" I said in disgust. They looked like bugs to me, but my uncle said they were bacteria.

Bacteria are a tiny form of life. Some are so small that 50,000 lined up in a row would cover only one inch. Yet they are very important, and without them life as we know it could not exist. They are present in water and air, and a teaspoonful of garden soil contains billions of them. They are even in the figs or the hamburger you eat.

My Last Chance

One June day in 1969 the USS Constellation lay out in the Pacific Ocean about 200 miles off the coast of San Diego. Two flight crewmen went out on the flight deck to saddle up on their F-4 twin-engine two-place fighter bomber. They climbed into the aircraft and turned it on; the huffer came up and blew hot air through the turbines as the raw fuel was poured in. The pilot hit the igniter switch; the fuel was ignited; the turbines were tuning up - two General Electrics at 17,000 pounds of thrust each - straining at the cable and ready to launch.

The pilot saluted the flight deck officer; he saluted back and then touched his forefinger to the ground. This was the signal to the man in the tower who then gave the signal to the man underneath. The buttons were pushed and 85,000 pounds of material were hurled off that flight deck into what was supposed to be a flying attitude in less than two seconds - 0 to 200 knots.

I was sitting in the back of that airplane. When we came to the end of the flight deck the nose of that aircraft was supposed to be pitching up. It was pitching down. You have 80 feet - seconds - less than seconds. I saw the flight deck rising above me on the right. I saw the gyro getting blacker and blacker and knew there were just seconds left.

I pulled the handle. The back canopy lifted off and I shot out. The pilot in the front seat was yelling, "Eject! Eject!" but he was talking to himself - I was already gone! His canopy went off and he went out too.

There was a rocket seat under me that shot me up 250 feet into the air, and on that June evening I was going around in circles! I saw the stars and then I saw the ocean, and then I saw the stars again. Then my whole seat appendage came off, as it's programmed to do, and the chute popped open.

I was pretty close to the water, but I was going 200 knots, and when I hit the water, I hit it at a lateral angle with velocity. Somehow I rolled. I popped the two little cords on my life vest that activate the CO2 cartridges to inflate the life vest. I rolled a little bit and I popped the cock fittings to get rid of my chute, but somehow in the roll the shroud line from my chute had gotten caught in the back of my survival vest and I couldn't get it loose.

I got my equilibrium and looked up and saw the ship going by me. (The ship was 1000 feet long with 5000 men aboard; it was a seagoing city.) As it passed by me I could see the men up on deck throwing their little hand lanterns down. It was just about dark and they saw me down there so they were throwing down their flashlights so that the helicopter crew would know where I was.

I was trying to get the cord untangled from my harness, but it wouldn't budge. The ship went by and the first wave from the ship swamped me. I went under the water and I didn't know if I was coming up. I came up for a breath and, as the ship went by, the big screws were right near me.

The helicopter came right to where I was struggling in the water. The pilot could see where I was and, hovering right over my head, he dropped down on a line the harness that I was to get into to be lifted up to the helicopter. He was really close to me so I grabbed the line, but I was still attached to the parachute and it was all under water. The pilot shouted down through his megaphone, "Pilot, get away from your chute!" because he didn't want to be dragged down into the Pacific Ocean as well.

At the Ocean's Bottom

Imagine a lovely summer evening and you are standing at the seashore looking across the water at a beautiful sunset as the gentle incoming waves quietly wash up on the sand. What a beautiful sight this can be, with all around you so peaceful.

Perhaps two or three days later you come to the same spot. Now the wind is blowing fiercely, huge waves are thundering against the beach, and the sky is black with threatening clouds. How changeable the ocean can be, you might think and be reminded that our own lives are often changeable also.

Calm and Undisturbed But no matter how rough the ocean's surface appears, if you could look down into deep water you would find it calm and undisturbed by the troubles overhead. Perhaps such a contrast should cause us to realize that when troubles are allowed to come our way, we also should find it possible to be calm, by casting all our cares upon the Saviour who tells us to do this. We can be encouraged by these wonderful reminders from God's Word, the Bible. "O Lord God of hosts, who is a strong Lord like unto Thee? or to Thy faithfulness round about Thee? Thou rulest the raging of the sea: when the waves thereof arise, Thou stillest them" (Psalm 89:8-9).

Below the Surface More than three-fourths of the earth's surface is covered by the oceans, the largest of which is the Pacific, some 11,000 miles wide between Panama and the China Sea. Before explorations were made, it was generally thought that the floor of the oceans was almost level, but researchers have since discovered amazing facts about what is below the surface -- among other things, that the floor of the Pacific is mostly rough and irregular, with mountains and deep valleys in many places never seen from above.

If Mount Everest, the world's highest mountain, with its peak five-and-a-half miles above sea level, were placed in the deepest part of the Pacific ocean, it would rise five-and-a-half miles above the bottom, but still be completely covered by another mile of salt water. In other words, the ocean at that point is more than six miles deep!

Underwater Mountains In other parts of the same ocean, where the water is not so deep, many of the underwater mountains break through the surface, causing the upper parts of them to appear as islands. The highest of these is the island of Hawaii, surrounded by other beautiful lower ones, including Oahu, Maui, Kauai and others, extending all the way to Midway Island.

The Stairs

When I was growing up, we lived in a little house with a full basement. Mom made the basement cozy with a rug covering the concrete floor and a couch and chair that we could play on. My brothers and I played down there a lot, and that was where we kept most of our toys and the things we treasured.

We went up and down those wooden stairs many times, and after a while they began to look pretty scuffed and scruffy. Mom decided she was going to paint them. That was in the days before quick-drying paints came into use, and it would take a full day for the paint to dry.

A couple of hours before Mom began to paint, she told us to bring up anything from the basement that we would be wanting during that day. "Think hard," she said, "and be sure to bring up everything you might want to play with."

The three of us - I was 10, my little brother Robby was 6, and my big brother was older than I - all scrambled downstairs and gathered up our prized possessions. Then Mom painted the stairs.

It wasn't long after she had finished that I remembered something else I needed. Yes, I really needed it! It was very important, and I needed it right now!

I went to the top of the stairs and studied them. My legs were long, and I was pretty good at going down four steps at a time. So I thought, "If I hold onto the banister, I'll only need to touch the very edge of three steps. That would leave only three tiny marks in the fresh paint. Mom likely won't even notice", I told myself. So I went down as I had planned.

I looked back at the stairs. Not very obvious, I thought, quite pleased with myself.

I found my forgotten treasure and returned to go back up the stairs. Whoops! Coming down had been one thing; going up would be quite different. It's difficult to jump up stairs. I looked around at the basement windows. They were much too small to crawl through. "Why didn't I think of this before?", I scolded myself.

Now, with my treasure in my hands, it would be harder to balance on the edge of the steps. But I couldn't stay in the basement all day. There was nothing to do but climb those freshly painted stairs.

The Winepress

by Josef Essberger

"You don't have to be French to enjoy a decent red wine," Charles Jouselin de Gruse used to tell his foreign guests whenever he entertained them in Paris. "But you do have to be French to recognize one," he would add with a laugh.

After a lifetime in the French diplomatic corps, the Count de Gruse lived with his wife in an elegant townhouse on Quai Voltaire. He was a likeable man, cultivated of course, with a well deserved reputation as a generous host and an amusing raconteur.

This evening's guests were all European and all equally convinced that immigration was at the root of Europe's problems. Charles de Gruse said nothing. He had always concealed his contempt for such ideas. And, in any case, he had never much cared for these particular guests.

The first of the red Bordeaux was being served with the veal, and one of the guests turned to de Gruse.

"Come on, Charles, it's simple arithmetic. Nothing to do with race or colour. You must've had bags of experience of this sort of thing. What d'you say?"

"Yes, General. Bags!"

Without another word, de Gruse picked up his glass and introduced his bulbous, winey nose. After a moment he looked up with watery eyes.

"A truly full-bodied Bordeaux," he said warmly, "a wine among wines."

The four guests held their glasses to the light and studied their blood-red contents. They all agreed that it was the best wine they had ever tasted.

One by one the little white lights along the Seine were coming on, and from the first-floor windows you could see the brightly lit bateaux-mouches passing through the arches of the Pont du Carrousel. The party moved on to a dish of game served with a more vigorous claret.

"Can you imagine," asked de Gruse, as the claret was poured, "that there are people who actually serve wines they know nothing about?"

"Really?" said one of the guests, a German politician.

"Personally, before I uncork a bottle I like to know what's in it."

"But how? How can anyone be sure?"

"I like to hunt around the vineyards. Take this place I used to visit in Bordeaux. I got to know the winegrower there personally. That's the way to know what you're drinking."

"A matter of pedigree, Charles," said the other politician.

"This fellow," continued de Gruse as though the Dutchman had not spoken, "always gave you the story behind his wines. One of them was the most extraordinary story I ever heard. We were tasting, in his winery, and we came to a cask that made him frown. He asked if I agreed with him that red Bordeaux was the best wine in the world. Of course, I agreed. Then he made the strangest statement.

"The wine in this cask,' he said, and there were tears in his eyes, 'is the best vintage in the world. But it started its life far from the country where it was grown.'"

William Shakespeare

English poet and dramatist 1564 - 1616

Shakespeare is considered to be the greatest English dramatist of all time. His work influenced generations of later artists.

We know little about Shakespeare's early years. His father, John Shakespeare, was a merchant and a man of some importance in his local community. His mother, Mary Arden, was of higher social class. Although there are no records, it seems that Shakespeare attended the local grammar school at Stratford-upon-Avon, where he was born.

In 1582 Shakespeare married Anne Hathaway, who was eight years older than he was. They had three children. In 1594, Shakespeare became a leading member of the newly-formed acting company, the Lord Chamberlain's Men. This company became the King's Men when James I was made king. Shakespeare stayed with them for the rest of his career.

In 1599 the company occupied the now famous Globe theatre in London. Shakespeare lived and worked in London, while his family remained in Stratford.

Shakespeare's plays are still performed more often than those of any other playwright. Film versions appear frequently.

William Blake

English poet, artist and mystic 1757 - 1827

William Blake was one of the great lyric poets. Blake's early work was written in a classical style. Later he used the romantic style made popular by Wordsworth and Coleridge.

Blake was born in London and educated at Henry Pars Drawing School. After becoming established as a graphic designer and drawing tutor, he opened a print shop in London in 1784. He lived in Sussex from 1800 to 1803, during which time he was charged with high treason but acquitted. He returned to London and staged a rather unsuccessful show of his artistic work in 1809, after which he went into obscurity and became a mystic.

As a supporter of the French Revolution, he openly criticized the social evils that he linked with the Industrial Revolution. His work is usually seen in the context of his social, political and religious beliefs. He was not really understood by his peers, but twentieth-century readers appreciate the greatness he achieved in his varied fields of interest.