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673 181 239 - Mila

En la mitología irlandesa, Tir na nÓg o Tirnanoge es una isla donde el tiempo parece detenerse por momentos. Su nombre significa "Tierra de la Juventud" y es el lugar donde vivió la tribu de los dioses, un bello lugar donde no existe la enfermedad y al que han llegado héroes de distintas épocas.

Ven este verano a la "Tierra de la Juventud", Irlanda; para una inmersión en el idioma inglés, para desarrollar su independencia y habilidades personales, con actividades extracurriculares enriquecedoras y conseguir una mejora de la pronunciación y la comprensión auditiva en un entorno seguro que convierte a Irlanda en un destino ideal para perfeccionar el idioma de manera efectiva y significativa.

## Objetivos del programa







## Fechas disponibles

1<sup>a</sup> quincena

2<sup>a</sup> quincena



Alojamiento en residencia con pensión completa



Excursiones culturales por Cork y alrededores



15 horas de inglés por semana



Supervisión 24/7 por monitores de Blue Elephant Room



Diploma oficial del programa



Actividades diarias deportivas y sociales



Evaluación semanal de profesores



Cork Institute of Technology



## Edades

Alumnos entre 12 y 16 años



Desde 199€/mes

Al inscribirte en Octubre vuelos no incluidos

## **Cork Institute of Technology**







Sus **campamentos de verano** para niños y jóvenes combinan **clases de inglés** con **actividades deportivas y culturales**. Este programa está diseñado para mejorar las habilidades comunicativas en inglés de los participantes en un entorno interactivo y ameno. Las clases se imparten por las mañanas, seguidas de actividades supervisadas por las tardes y noches, incluyendo deportes, visitas culturales y eventos sociales. El **alojamiento** se ofrece **en residencias universitarias de alta calidad**, brindando una experiencia segura y cómoda para los estudiantes.



Seguridad las 24 horas



Tarjetas de acceso a los apartamentos y habitaciones codificadas



Complejo cerrado con horario de cierre a las 22:00 todas las noches



Camino privado desde los apartamentos hasta la escuela



Limpieza semanal de habitaciones



Cantina para desayuno, comida y cena

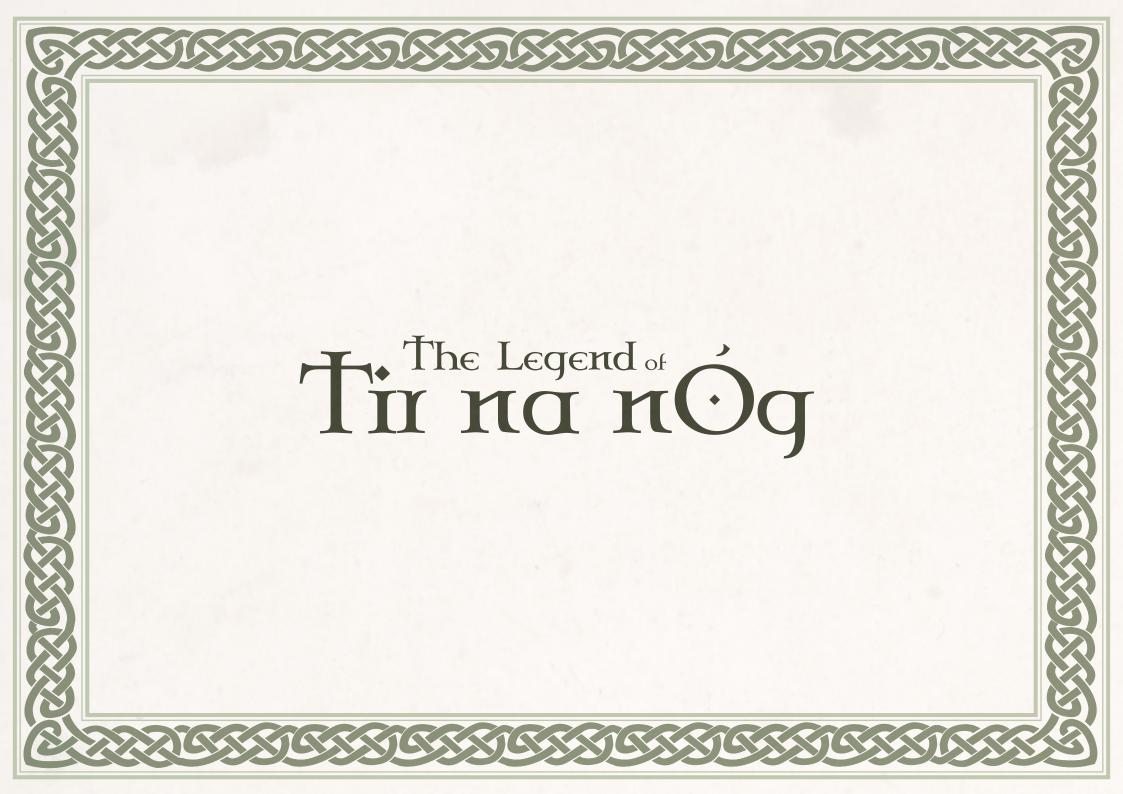


Se proporciona comida para llevar en días de excursión fuera del campus



Cada habitación cuenta con cocina equipada







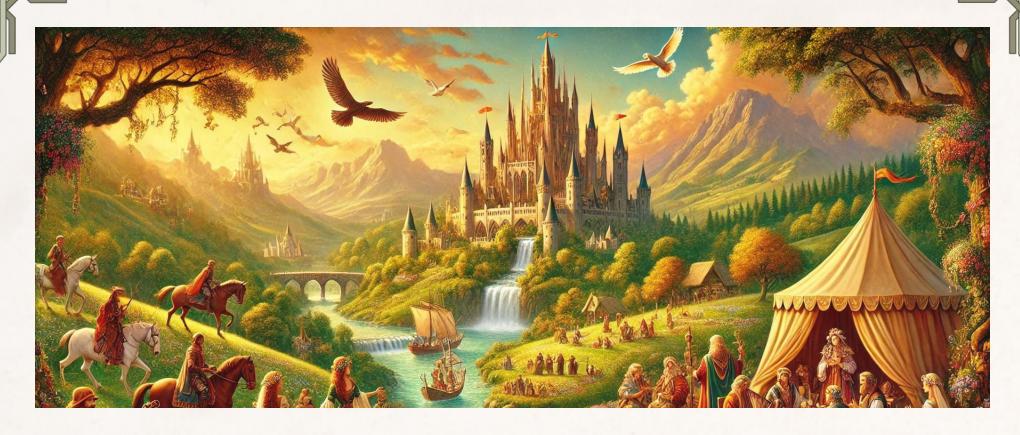


ong ago, in the lush and mystical land of Ireland, there lived a brave warrior named Oisín, son of the legendary leader Fionn mac Cumhaill. Oisín was a member of the Fianna, a band of warriors renowned for their heroic deeds, poetry, and love of adventure.

One day, while hunting in the dense forests of Ireland, Oisín saw something extraordinary. Before him appeared a beautiful woman riding a white horse. Her golden hair shone like the sun, and her eyes were as blue as the sea. She was Niamh Chinn Óir, daughter of the king of Tír na nÓg, the Land of Eternal Youth.

"I come from a faraway land where there is no sorrow or aging," Niamh said, her voice as sweet as music. "I have heard of your bravery and noble heart, Oisín, and I have come to take you with me to Tír na nÓg, where you will live in eternal happiness."

Captivated by Niamh's beauty and the promise of a perfect world, Oisín eagerly agreed. He mounted the magical white horse, and together they crossed the sea to the mysterious kingdom.



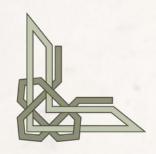


pon arriving in Tír na nÓg, Oisín was amazed by the beauty of the land. The hills were greener than any he had seen in Ireland, the crystal-clear rivers flowed gently, and the people lived in peace, surrounded by music and laughter.

Time stood still in Tír na nÓg; no one grew old, no one felt sadness, and no one experienced pain. Oisín spent his days feasting, riding through golden valleys, and listening to enchanting melodies that filled the air.

For what seemed like only a few years, Oisín lived happily with Niamh in this paradise. However, over time, he began to miss his homeland, his friends in the Fianna, and the familiar landscapes of Ireland.

"Niamh, I miss my home. I must see Ireland once more," Oisín said with sadness in his heart.







eartbroken, Oisín wandered through the land searching for answers. One day, he saw a group of men struggling to move a heavy stone. Feeling as strong as ever, he offered to help them. But as he leaned down to lift the stone, he lost his balance and fell from his horse.

The moment he touched the ground, the magic of Tír na nÓg vanished. Oisín instantly aged into a frail old man, centuries of time catching up with him in an instant.





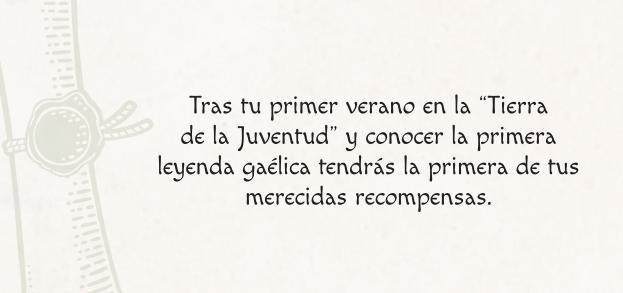
ome say that Saint Patrick found him and listened to his tales of the glorious days of the Fianna and the magical land of Tír na nÓg. Others say Oisín died soon after, whispering Niamh's name, longing for the paradise he had lost.

And so, the legend of Tír na nÓg lives on, reminding us that time waits for no one, and the longing for youth and past joys is as powerful as the desire for a perfect future.













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