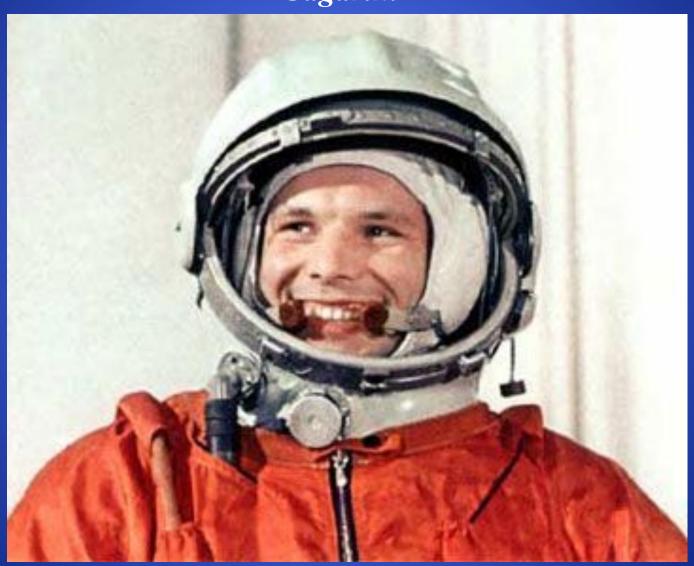
Yuri Gagarin

The first man who flew into space was Yuriy Alekseevich Gagarin.



Yuri Gagarin was born in the village of Klushino, near Gzhatsk (renamed Gagarin in 1968 after his death), in March,9, 1934.



His parents worked on a collective farm.



In 1941 on the first of October Yuriy Gagarin went to school but he had to stop his studies because his village was occupied by the German army.



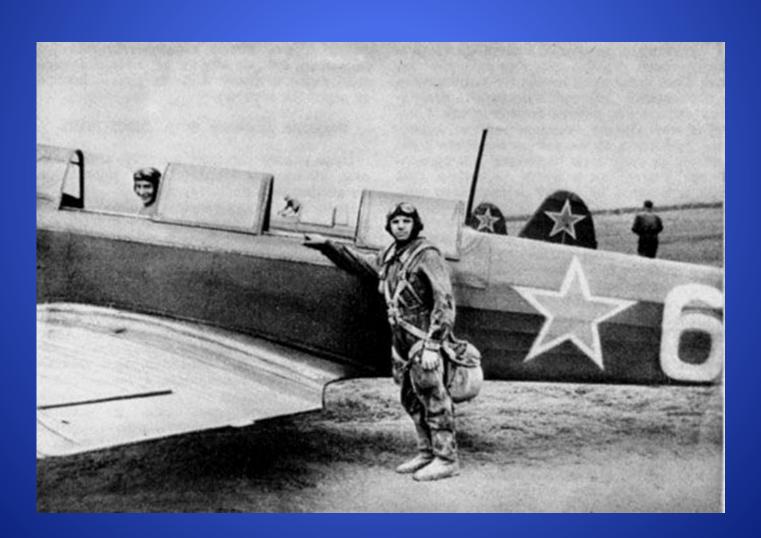
The village was occupied by Germans for two years. THE Family lived in the dug-out set. In April, 9, 1943 the village was liberated by the Red army, and Yuriy continued his studies at school.



After finishing school Yuriy went to Moscow. He studied at the vocational school in Lyubertsi not far from the city.



In August, 1951 Gagarin entered Saratov industrial college, and on October, 25, 1954 he came to the Saratov flying club. In 1955 Yuriy Gagarin achieved considerable success. He flew a lot on the airplane Yak-18. All in all Gagarin spent 42 hours 23 minutes in the sky and had 196 flights.



On April 12, 1961 Yuri Gagarin flew into space and spent 108 minutes there. It was the first time in history that the Russian spaceship "Vostok" with the man on board was in space. After his flight he visited many countries and saw millions of people.



Gagarin became the Hero of our country



Yuriy Alekseevich tragically perished in the aviation catastrophe in March, 27, 1968. The death of Gagarin became a great blow and loss for the mankind. Yuriy Alekseevich was buried on Red Square.



The name of Yuriy Gagarin will live for ever. A lot of streets, squares and educational establishments were named after Yuriy Gagarin. There are a lot of monuments to the first cosmonaut Yuriy Gagarin all over the world



The folk poet of Cuba wrote a poem about the death of the cosmonaut.

Ballad for the death of Gagarin.

Look at Gagarin, strong His life is not a submerged rose he becomes neither mud nor moss In the blast of the fall no one heard the flood of death. The world cries. But why? The life of the hero is suspended in a star Oh, world! He can see you and offers you a flowered branch In the blast of the fall no one heard the wind of death.

His face is stopped, lies unmoving, but his voice echoes and spreads from life in life, and life in life.

Look at Gagarin, strong
In the blast of the fall
no one heard the thunder of death.
He left on a flight with no boundaries.
His blue light floods the night
and every star blazes.

Look at Gagarin, strong.
In the blast of the fall
he passed and smiled over death.

by Nicolás Guillén

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