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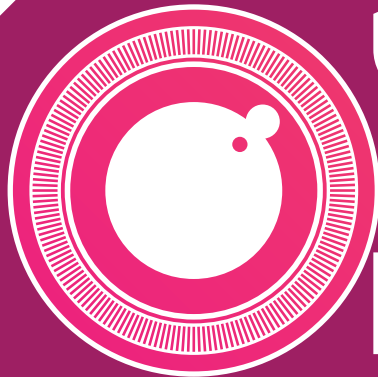
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PREMIS

30 d'Octubre

2017





**“ NO EXISTEIX
UN GRAN TALENT
SENSE UNA GRAN
VOLUNTAT ”**

Honoré de Balzac
(1799-1850)
Escriptor francès.





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Regidora Cultura i Festes

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Pere Granados Carrillo

Alcalde de Salou



Maria José Rodríguez

Regidora de Cultura i Festes

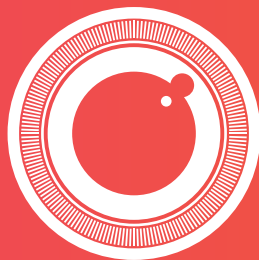
Teniu a les mans un nou catàleg dels Premis 30 d'octubre de Creativitat Infantil i Juvenil, un certamen que des de fa ja 16 anys organitza la Regidoria de Cultura coincidint amb la Festa Major de Salou que recorda una data molt assenyalada per al nostre municipi.

El fet que els infants i adolescents a través de diverses especialitats com ara la pintura, el dibuix, la fotografia, la poesia, la prosa, els articles d'opinió... puguin alliberar les seves inquietuds emocionals prenent com a referència de presentació aquesta celebració, suposa una satisfacció molt gran ja que ens fan sentir participants de la seva forma sincera i íntima d'exterioritzar les inquietuds que porten a l'interior. Aquests joves formen i formaran part d'una societat creativa i imaginativa que, de ben segur, podrà afrontar amb millors perspectives d'èxit les dificultats del present, i, sens dubte, també adaptar-se als temps que s'acosten.

Tanmateix, voldria fer arribar un sincer agraïment a les famílies, la comunitat educativa i a tots plegats per col·laborar en la formació integral dels nostres joves i animar-vos a continuar promovent aquesta iniciativa tan enriquidora per al nostre municipi. De la mateixa forma el faig extensiu a tots aquells que han participat generosament i entusiastament en aquests premis; als que han guanyat i als que hi han posat tota la il·lusió i coneixements.

Des d'aquestes ratlles us voldria animar a tots, a continuar treballant en la mateixa direcció.

Enhorabona a tots!



PREMIS
FOTOGRAFIA



Reunits a Salou, a l'equipament municipal del Teatre Auditori Salou, a setembre de 2017.

El jurat de la selecció XVI Premis 30 d' Octubre a la Creativitat Infantil i Juvenil, en l'especialitat fotografia, constituït per:

Presidenta: **Sra. Maria José Rodríguez Andrades**
Regidora de Cultura de l' Ajuntament de Salou

Jurat:

Sr. Marc Marro López, Tècnic superior en imatge.
Srta. Turi RSS - Fotògrafa professional i social
Sr. Emanuel Munteanu - Tècnic en producció audiovisual i art dramàtic.

Secretari: **Sr. Salvador Mimblera Palomares**

Acorden per unanimitat pronunciar-se pel veredicte següent:

1r Premi GRUP D: a l'obra " Amor Infinit " de l'autora **Maria Cabrera Carceller**
2n Premi GRUP D: a l'obra " Atardecer Indio " de l'autora **Claudia Martínez Navarro**
3r Premi GRUP D: a l'obra " Eau " de l'autora **Maria Gallego Castillo**

1r Premi GRUP E: a l'obra " Water-Bombs" de l'autora **Sara Rico Magriñà**
2n Premi GRUP E: a l'obra " La salida " de l'autora **Zaida García Robles**
3r Premi GRUP E: a l'obra " Silencio " de l'autora **Alba Fernández Miranda**

1r Premi GRUP F: a l'obra " La mar als teus ulls " de l'autora **Paula Romera Rivero**
2n Premi GRUP F: a l'obra " Mermaid " de l'autora **Amanda Viñas Toledo**
3r Premi GRUP F: a l'obra " Autocrítica " de l'autora **Alba Sánchez Chacón**



1r Premi · GRUP D · "Amor Infinit"
Maria Cabrera Carceller



2n Premi · GRUP D · "Atardecer Indio"
Claudia Martínez Navarro



3r Premi · GRUP D · "Eau"
Maria Gallego Castillo



1r Premi · GRUP E · "Water-Bombs"
Sara Rico Magriñà



2n Premi · GRUP E · "La salida"
Zaida García Robles



3r Premi · GRUP E · "Silencio"
Alba Fernández Miranda



1r Premi · GRUP F · “La mar als teus ulls”
Paula Romera Rivero



2n Premi · GRUP F · "Mermaid"
Amanda Viñas Toledo



3r Premi · GRUP F · "Autocrítica"
Alba Sánchez Chacón



***PREMIS
ARTS PLÀSTIQUES***

Reunits a Salou, a l'equipament municipal del Teatre Auditori de Salou, a setembre de 2017.

El jurat de la selecció XVI Premis 30 d' Octubre a la Creativitat Infantil i Juvenil, en l'especialitat arts plàstiques, constituït per:

Presidenta: **Sra. Maria José Rodríguez Andrades**, Regidora de Cultura de l' Ajuntament de Salou

Jurat:

Sra. Montserrat Martínez, Professora educació visual i plàstica del Institut Jaume I

Sra. Eva Calvente, Professora educació visual i plàstica del Institut Marta Mata

Sra. Charo Ferrer, Responsable de l'Antena del Coneixement de la URV a Salou

Sra. Alicia Mateos, Tècnica en audiovisuals

Sra. Raquel Vázquez, Il·lustradora

Sr. Josep Prous, Artista plàstic local

Secretari: **Sr. Salvador Mimblera Palomares**

Acorden per unanimitat pronunciar-se pel veredictes següent

1r Premi GRUP A: a l'obra " Conillet Gafotas " de l'autor **Adrià Margalef Márquez**

2n Premi GRUP A: a l'obra "Hojas" de l'autora **Marta Molero Martos**

3r Premi GRUP A: a l'obra "Girasol" de l'autor **Torrents Alfonso Hernández**

1r Premi GRUP B: a l'obra "Retrat" de l'autor **Eduard Rodríguez Jiménez**

2n Premi GRUP B: a l'obra "La peixera " de l'autora **Paula López Prada**

3r Premi GRUP B: a l'obra "Flors 10" de l'autor/a **Nikol Borislav Chakarova.**

1r Premi GRUP C: a l'obra "La platja de l'hivern" de l'autor **Albert Argudo Unda**

2n Premi GRUP C: a l'obra "Terra" de l'autor **Mario Torrijos Baigorri**

3r Premi GRUP C: a l'obra "Prisionero" de l'autor **Alejandro Cuétara Gutiérrez**

1r Premi GRUP D: a l'obra " Bailarina Flamenca " de l'autora **Beatrice Stefania Lupasco**

2n Premi GRUP D: a l'obra " Myself " de l'autora **Alba Molina Robles**

3r Premi GRUP D: a l'obra " L'art del pensament " de l'autora **Paula Clúa Sicília**

1r Premi GRUP E: a l'obra " Ryunosuke " de l'autora **Encarna Carcelen Resneda**

2n Premi GRUP E: a l'obra " Calm " de l'autora **Ielyzaveta Vovk**

3r Premi GRUP E: a l'obra " Serenitat " de l'autora **Maria Mozhaeva**

1r Premi GRUP F: a l'obra " Red Destiny " de l'autora **Júlia Abando Artigas**

2n Premi GRUP F: a l'obra " Creativitat Atrapada " de l'autora **Helena Roca Mir**

3r Premi GRUP F: a l'obra " Perseguint els meus somnis " de l'autora **Ruo Xi Situ Ye**



1r Premi · GRUP A · a l'obra "Conillet Gafotas"
Adrià Margalef Márquez



2n Premi · GRUP A · a l'obra "Hojas"
Marta Molero Martos



3r Premi · GRUP A · a l'obra "Girasol"
Torrents Alfonso Hernández



1r Premi · GRUP B · a l'obra "Retrat"
Eduard Rodríguez Jiménez



2n Premi · GRUP B · a l'obra "La peixera"
Paula López Prada



3r Premi · GRUP B · a l'obra "Flors 10"
Nikol Borislav Chakarova



1r Premi · GRUP C · a l'obra "La platja de l'hivern"
Albert Argudo Unda



2n Premi · GRUP C · a l'obra "Terra"
Mario Torrijos Baigorri



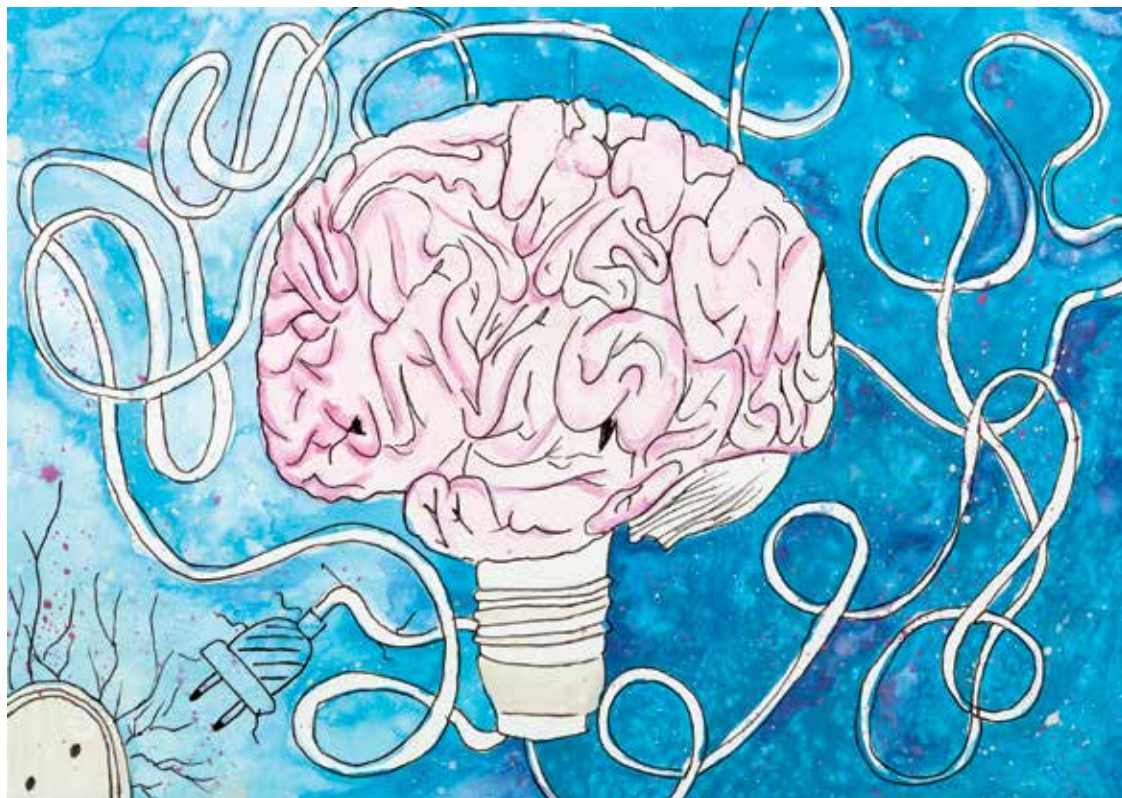
3r Premi · GRUP C · a l'obra "Prisionero"
Alejandro Cuétara Gutiérrez



1r Premi · GRUP D · a l'obra "Bailarina Flamenca"
Beatrice Stefania Lupasco



2n Premi · GRUP D · a l'obra "Myself"
Alba Molina Robles



3r Premi · GRUP D · a l'obra "L'art del pensament"

Paula Clúa Sicília



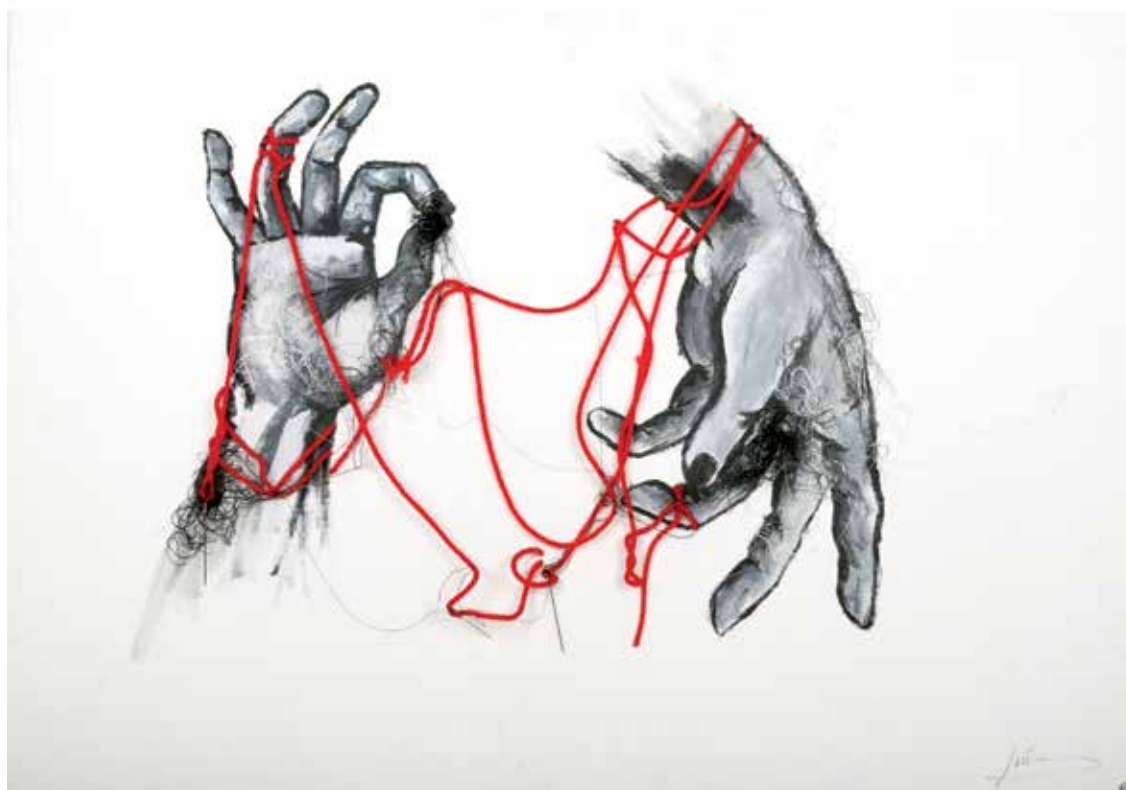
1r Premi · GRUP E · a l'obra "Ryunosuke"
Encarna Carcelen Resneda



2n Premi · GRUP E · a l'obra "Calm"
Ilyazaveta Vovk



3r Premi · GRUP E · a l'obra "Serenitat"
Maria Mozhaeva



1r Premi · GRUP F · a l'obra "Red Destiny"
Júlia Abando Artigas

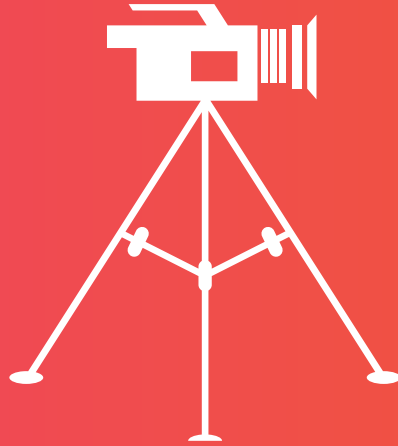


2n Premi · GRUP F · a l'obra "Creativitat Atrapada"
Helena Roca Mir



3r Premi · GRUP F · a l'obra "Perseguint els meus somnis "
Ruo Xi Situ Ye





***PREMIS
AUDIOVISUALS***



Reunits a Salou, a l'equipament municipal del Teatre Auditori Salou, a setembre de 2017.

El jurat de la selecció XVI Premis 30 d' Octubre a la Creativitat Infantil i Juvenil, en l'especialitat d'audiovisuals, constituït per:

Presidenta: **Sra. Maria José Rodríguez Andrades**
Regidora de Cultura de l'Ajuntament de Salou

Jurat:

Sr. David López, Creatiu de fotografia
Sra. Elena López, Creatiu de fotografia
Sr. Iván Sánchez, Creatiu d'audiovisuals

Secretari: **Sr. Salvador Mimblera Palomares**

Acorden per unanimitat pronunciar-se pel veredicte següent:

1r Premi GRUP E: a l'obra "El Concerto Final" de l'autor **Víctor Torrents Castellanos**
2n Premi GRUP E: a l'obra " Una sonrisa " de l'autora **Alba Fernández Miranda**

De la categoria E el tercer premi queda desert per manca de participants.

1r Premi GRUP F: a l'obra "Feminicidis" de l'autora **Paula Donoso Solís**
2n Premi GRUP F: a l'obra "¿Y si nunca...?" de l'autora **Aroa Redondo Ruiz**

De la categoria F, el jurat reunit ha deliberat que el tercer premi quedi desert.



1r Premi GRUP E · a l'obra "Il Concerto Final"
Victor Torrents Castellanos



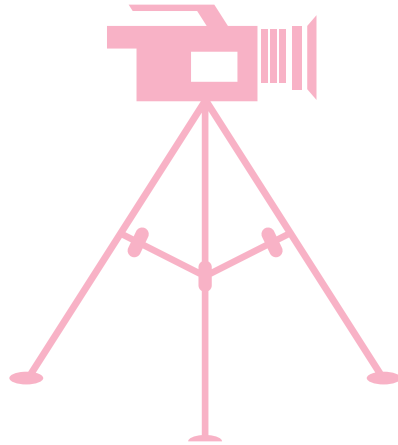
2n Premi GRUP E · a l'obra "Una sonrisa"
Alba Fernández Miranda



1r Premi GRUP F · a l'obra "Femicidis"
Paula Donoso Solís



2r Premi GRUP F · a l'obra "¿Y si nunca...?"
Aroa Redondo Ruiz





***PREMIS
CREACIÓ LITERÀRIA***

Reunits a Salou, a l'equipament municipal del Centre Cívic, a setembre de 2017.

El jurat de la selecció XVI Premis 30 d' Octubre a la Creativitat Infantil i Juvenil, en l'especialitat literària, constituït per:

Presidenta: **Sra. Maria José Rodríguez Andrades**
Regidora de Cultura de l' Ajuntament de Salou

Jurat:

Sra. Maria Ángeles Fernández, Mestra

Sra. Montserrat Rubinat, Mestra

Sra. Carme Arévalo, Mestra

Sra. Marisol Solano Lázaro, Responsable del Servei de Normalització Lingüística de Salou

Sra. Maria Victòria Domingo Masdéu, Bibliotecària Municipal de l'Ajuntament de Salou

Sra. Inés Muñoz Suescun, Professora de l'Institut Marta Mata

Sra. Bárbara Fernández Esteban, Escriitora

Sra. Ana Belén Rodríguez Ros, Escriitora

Sra. Marianna Nadeu Rota, Professora

Sr. Jordi Navarro Nogués, Director Escola d'Anglès La Martina Kids&Us Salou

Sra. Stephanie Cardinael, **Sra. Laura Ribé** i **Sra. Eva Escolà**, Professores de l' Escola Innova i

Sra Marta Paniagua, Directora de l' Escola Innova.

Sra. Ana Maria Nieto Aparicio, Directora de la EOI de Salou

Secretari: **Salvador Mimblera Palomares**

Acorden per unanimitat pronunciar-se en l'apartat literari llengua catalana i castellana pel veredicte següent:

1r Premi GRUP A: a l'obra "Els sis amics i l'aventura del tresor" de l'autora **Natalia Alexandra Guarnizo Polanco**

2n Premi GRUP A: a l'obra "El gat" de l'autora **Uliana Bugaievska**

3r Premi GRUP A: a l'obra "El meu amic" de l'autor **Izan Franco Muñoz**

1r Premi GRUP B: a l'obra "El gat valent" de l'autor **Elías Serrano Daza**

2n Premi GRUP B: a l'obra "El nen que va guanyar el certamen literari" de l'autor **Xavier Iglesias Cendrós**

3r Premi GRUP B: a l'obra "El llibre màgic" de l'autora **Alba De Vicente Companys**

Menció d'honor GRUP B: a l'obra "La porta màgica de la prehistòria" de l'autora **Aina Coello Casado**

1r Premi GRUP C: a l'obra "Les quatre cares del bulling" de l'autor **Marc Vilajosana Quesada**

2n Premi GRUP C: a l'obra "La ploma i la tinta" de l'autora **Judith Pascual Lozano**

3r Premi GRUP C: a l'obra "El meu germà" de l'autora **Mariona Prats Rivas**

1r Premi GRUP D: a l'obra "El viatge de l'Aisha" de l'autora **Esther Iñigo Álvarez**

2n Premi GRUP D: a l'obra "Recuerdos" de l'autora **Veronika Hampel Jiménez**

3r Premi GRUP D: a l'obra "El noi d'ulls blaus" de l'autora **Alba Molina Robles**

1r Premi GRUP E: a l'obra "Una llum en la foscor" de l'autor **Marçal Gutierrez Montserrat**

2n Premi GRUP E: a l'obra "Perquè compto amb tu" de l'autora **Maria Aura Vascan**

3r Premi GRUP E: a l'obra "Un bitllet cap enllac" de l'autora **Cèlia Bujaldón Rodríguez**

Menció d'honor GRUP E: a l'obra "El cas Rickshaw" de l'autora **Sara Rico Magriñá**

1r Premi GRUP F: a l'obra "Recuerdo verla sonreir" de l'autor/a **Iratxe Martínez Sevilla**

2n Premi GRUP F: a l'obra "L'inquilí" de l'autora **Cèlia Vendrell Peris**

3r Premi GRUP F: a l'obra "Una altra forma de veure" de l'autora **Anna Ying Pascual Albiol**

Acorden per unanimitat pronunciar-se en l'apartat literari **llengua anglesa** pel veredictes següent:

1r Premi GRUP C: a l'obra "Climate trouble" de l'autor/a **Nadia Kryuchkova**

2n Premi GRUP C: a l'obra "The adventures of the Nick" de l'autor/a **Anastasia Korolkova**

3r Premi GRUP C: a l'obra "If the dragon egg hatched in the Iberian Peninsula" de l'autor **Marc Pardo Torné**

1r Premi GRUP D: a l'obra "Censored" de l'autora **Naomi Revusky**

2n Premi GRUP D: a l'obra "The librarian" de l'autora **Sara Assens González**

3r Premi GRUP D: a l'obra "I'm the only one" de l'autora **Aina Roig Vilamajó**

Menció ex aequo GRUP D: a l'obra "No Pain No Gain" de l'autor **Basile Day**

Menció ex aequo GRUP D: a l'obra "A big surprise!" de l'autora **Claudia Poppy McGrath Nobbs**

1r Premi GRUP E: a l'obra "The mirror girl" de l'autor **Jordi Salvadó Díaz**

2n Premi GRUP E: a l'obra "Mr. Black" de l'autor **Gunnar Montseny Gens**

3r Premi GRUP E: a l'obra "Definitely not a normal day" de l'autor **Tomás Kammüller Pont**

Menció d'honor GRUP E: a l'obra "Light over darkness" de l'autor **Daniel John Evans Andrews**

1r Premi GRUP F: a l'obra "What I found out... a story of discovery" de l'autora **Lara Marcela Veiga Evans**

De la categoria F, el jurat reunit ha deliberat que el segon i tercer premi de la categoria F quedin deserts.

ELS SIS AMICS I L'AVENTURA DEL TRESOR

1r Premi GRUP A · Natalia Alexandra Guarnizo Polanco

Vet aquí una vegada sis amics que eren els millors en tot i es deien així: un es deia Van Gogh i pintava els millors quadres del món; l'altre es deia Frida Kalo que també pintava tan difícil com era per a ella; el tercer amic es deia Cristòbal Colom que era molt famós perquè va descobrir tota Amèrica; l'altre es deia Ana Frank que va escapar de la guerra a dins d'un armari mentre feia un diari; un altre era Dalí a qui li encantava pintar, i l'últim amic era l'únic arquitecte, era en Gaudí.

Però els 6 amics encara no tenien el seu somni complet, la Frida volia un pinzell nou per poder pintar millor; Van Gogh volia una paleta de pintar per fer les seves pintures; el Cristòbal volia una nova brúixola per orientar-se millor; el Gaudí volia un nou material per fer les seves construccions; l'Ana volia una nova ploma per poder escriure millor i Dalí volia una nova melmelada per posar-se els bigotis.

Però, on trobarien tot això si no tenien gaires diners? Llavors es van adonar que ho podrien fer a través de les dunes màgiques, on hi havia un gran cofre amb tot el que desitjaven.

Tot estava en aquell cofre, però com arribarien fins allí? Li van demanar un cotxe net i polit a un senyor de la ferreteria i així ho van fer, i van emprendre el camí viatjant mars i muntanyes. El camí era molt llarg però amb esforç van arribar a les dunes màgiques, allí, li van preguntar a un home què passava, es veu que era el comiat de la Frida.

Van preguntar i el senyor va dir: Hola Frida! I la Frida li va contestar: Hola Juan sabies on era el cofre? Ell li va dir que sí, que el cofre estava allí. Tots es van posar molt contents i van estar feliços.

EL GAT

2n Premi GRUP A · Uliana Bugaievskia

Sento molt haver-te intentat menjar, tinc molta vergonya, i t'invito a venir amb mi a la platja. Si us plau, no ho faré més i només menjaré sardines de llauna.

Si vols venir amb mi, abans vine a casa meva a sopar i anirem a la platja a banyar-nos.

Després anirem a passejar.

Serà la bomba de divertit. I el dia 6 de març t'invito al meu aniversari. Hi haurà jocs i pastissos.

Avui no puc anar a passejar perquè avui he d'anar al gimnàs i a música.

He de preparar el menjar i ajudar la meva dona a cuidar dels gatets.

Has trobat nuvi?

Tens fills?

Hi estàs de acord?

Fas activitats?

Adéu Rateta.

EL MEU AMIC

3r Premi GRUP A · Izan Franco Muñoz

És un nen alt i prim.

Té la cara rodona i sempre riu.

Els ulls clars i pell morena.

Va vestit amb una samarreta vermella i pantalons curs texans.

Amb vambes d'esport perquè li agrada jugar a futbol.

Ajuda i és molt amic meu, treballa bé i xuta molt bé quan fa gols.



EL GAT VALENT

1r Premi GRUP B · Elías Serrano Daza

Hi havia una vegada, un dia de desembre de 1836 a Roma, hi havia un gat que sempre passejava de nit pels carrers de la ciutat. Una nit, estava passejant pel carrer de Les Espines on tots els gats desapareixien i cap gat tornava. El gat va pensar: "Si passo per aquí desapareixeré?". Amb totes les seves forces i valentia i, a la vegada, mort de por, va travessar el carrer de Les Espines i, al sortir, va pensar: "No era per a tant..." i va tornar a casa.

Al dia següent va sortir i es va trobar un gos i es va ficar a córrer com un boig però, al cap d'una estona, es va adonar que el gos estava ferit i el gat va tornar i li va dir:

- Vols que t'ajudi?. -
- Sí, si us plau. - va respondre el gos.
- D'acord, puja damunt meu que et portaré a la teva casa. En tens, no?. - va dir el gat.
- No, no en tinc, però hi ha un veterinari al pròxim carrer a la dreta. -
- Anem, no hi temps per perdre.

Quan van començar a caminar unes persones van aparèixer del no-res, van agafar el gos i van marxar corrents en una furgoneta. El gat va començar a córrer per salvar el gos però una part de la carretera estava mullada i va pensar: " Si hi passo em mullaré, però he de salvar el meu amic... soc valent o un covard??" i va cridar: "Pels amics!!" i va córrer més ràpid que mai quan es va apropar a la furgoneta va veure el seu objectiu, la gàbia del camió tenia un pal que feia que el seu amic no en pogués sortir.

El gat va fer un salt que quasi xoca amb la roda però no, va trencar el pal i el gos va sortir de tal forma que els homes de la furgoneta no se'n van adonar.

Un cop fora de perill, els dos animals es van presentar; el gat li va oferir al gos viure amb ell i van ser amics per sempre més.

EL NEN QUE VA GUANYAR EL CERTAMEN LITERARI

2n Premi GRUP B · Xavier Iglesias Cendrós

Hi havia una vegada un nen que mai havia guanyat el certamen literari que se celebrava cada any a la seva escola. Mai no havia quedat ni finalista ni guanyador. Una nit, mentre estava al llit, va aparèixer una fada que li va dir:

-Hola! soc una fada . He vingut per què em facis un favor.

-Jo? -Va preguntar el nen.

-Sí, tu. - Va respondre la fada.

-Per què jo?

-Perquè ningú més vol fer-me'l. Li ho he preguntat a molta gent i ningú s'hi atreueix.

-D'acord. En què consisteix el favor?

-Ja ho veuràs. Vine amb mi, agafa't!

I així va ser, volant, volant...van anar al país de les fades. Allà van veure tot el paisatge sense colors, tot gris i esvaït. El nen va preguntar a la fada:

- Què ha passat?

-Un dimoni ens ha robat els colors.

-Com ha estat això?

-Ens ha robat la perla gegant que mantenia els colors d'aquest país. El favor que et demano consisteix a recuperar la perla, i ara aprofitant que el dimoni està adormit, submergim-nos sota l'aigua i recuperem la perla màgica. Aquest és el pla.

-D'acord!

I així ho va fer, quan estaven a punt d'agafar la perla, el dimoni es va despertar i es va enfurismar molt. Aleshores, ràpidament van agafar la perla que era molt grossa i pesava bastant. Van començar a córrer pel fons marí, cames ajudeu-me, però el dimoni era molt ràpid. Per sort, el nen i la fada també ho eren.

Quan el dimoni estava a punt d'agafar la perla al nen i a la fada, aquests van poder sortir de l'aigua. El dimoni no podia sortir-ne, perquè fora de l'aigua no podia

respirar. Es tractava d'un dimoni aquàtic.

Van recuperar els colors de tot el país i mai més van tornar a veure el dimoni, que se n'havia tornat al fons del mar.

De sobte, la fada i el nen van aparèixer a l'habitació de casa el nen.

-Què ha passat? -Va preguntar el nen.

-Hem recuperat la perla màgica!. Com a recompensa, demana'm qualsevol cosa i jo te la concediré.

-El meu desig és guanyar el certamen literari de la meva escola!

-Si expliques aquesta aventura que hem viscut, guanyaràs el certamen!

El nen va fer cas a la fada, va escriure la seva aventura al "País de les Fades" i va guanyar el certamen literari. Va estar molt content d'haver fet realitat el seu desig. I conte contat, ja s'ha acabat!

EL LLIBRE MÀGIC

3r Premi GRUP B - Alba De Vicente Companys

Hi havia una vegada un mag intel·ligent i savi que es deia Artur. El mag Artur tenia un llibre màgic a la seva torre del regne. Era un llibre ple de conjurs fantàstics!

Un bon dia va obrir el llibre per la pàgina 67 i estava en blanc. Va anar a la pàgina 68 i també estava en blanc! Va mirar el llibre sencer i estava tot esborrat. El mag Artur no sabia què fer, havien desaparegut tots els conjurs!!!

- I ara què faré?- va dir.

Va anar a preguntar a tots els mags si algú coneixia el conjur per fer tornar les lletres al llibre, i ningú ho sabia. Un dia va anar a veure una bruixa i li va preguntar si ella sabia què havia de fer. La bruixa li va dir:

- No és el primer cop que passa, sé què has de fer: Has de fer un conjur màgic però per fer-lo necessitaràs una llàgrima d'unicorn, un pètal d'una flor que està a la muntanya més alta i, per últim, tres pèls de la gata màgica més gran que es diu Fluffy. Però has d'anar en compte amb la Fluffy, ja que sempre va acompanyant el seu amo, el mag Merlí. En Merlí és el millor mag del món però té molt mal geni... i hauràs de vigilar; si no fas el conjur abans de la lluna plena, el teu llibre desapareixerà per sempre més.

-D'acord va dir el mag Artur, mentre veia com el seu llibre cada vegada tenia menys conjurs.

L'Artur va anar a la vall de l'unicorn i va agafar una llàgrima, va agafar el pètal de la flor que estava a la muntanya més alta i només li faltava una cosa: els tres pèls de la gata Fluffy. L'Artur no sabia com aconseguir els tres pèls fins que de sobte li va venir una idea: va anar a veure la bruixa i li va preguntar si ella podia organitzar un concurs de màgia amb l'esperança que el mag Merlí es presentés al concurs amb la seva gata i així poder-li agafar el tres pèls.

Tots els mags del món es van presentar però el Merlí no arribava, finalment quan només faltava una hora, el

Merlí es va presentar amb la seva gata Fluffy; el mag Artur va agafar els pèls i va fer la poció. Li va tirar la poció al llibre abans de la lluna plena i tot els encanteris van tornar, fins i tot n'hi havia de nous!

Mentrestant al concurs tots els mags anaven fent els seus encanteris i quan ja portaven una estoneta la bruixa es va decidir i va dir:

-El guanyador del concurs de màgia és... l'Artur que ha fet una poció per recuperar el seu llibre màgic!

Quan va acabar el concurs l'Artur va portar la medalla d'or fins a la torre i la va col·locar al costat del seu llibre de màgia; des d'aquell dia es va convertir en un dels mags més famosos del món.

i... llibre ve, llibre va, i la màgia et vindrà!!!

LA PORTA MÀGICA DE LA PREHISTÒRIA

Menció d'honor GRUP B · Aina Coello Casado

Avui l' àvia m'ha explicat una història que li va passar a una de les seves amigues, que es deia Helena. M'ha explicat que:

"Hi havia una vegada una nena que estava jugant a saltar a la corda i, de sobte, va veure una porta que brillava molt!

- Què és això? - va dir l'Helena.

Com que era molt valenta, va entrar dins la porta que brillava.

- Holaaaaa, hi ha algú? - va preguntar.

De sobte, es va sentir:

- Unga, Unga!

- Què????

Fins al cap d'una estona no va tornar a sentir res més. Més tard, va tornar a sentir:

- Unga, Unga!

I va aparèixer un home vestit amb pells i tot despentinat.

Aquest estrany home la va portar a un poblat on tots feien "Unga, Unga". Va visitar el poblat, va veure com pescaven, caçaven, com treballaven les pells i també com feien eines! Li van explicar que havien descobert el foc, els metalls i la roda.

Però l'hora de marxar havia arribat.

- Adeu amics, fins un altre dia! - va dir l'Helena.

- Unga, Unga! - van respondre.

Llavors va tornar a saltar a la corda i va tornar al present...

Això és el que m'ha explicat l'àvia, però tant i tant ben explicat que jo crec que li va passar a ella, aquesta història, i s'ha inventat el nom d'Helena...

LES QUATRE CARES DEL "BULLYING"

1r Premi GRUP C · Marc Vilajosana Quesada

FELIP (PROFESSOR):

M'aixeco del llit per anar a treballar i quan arribo a l'escola sempre hem d'esperar en David que arriba tard; no sé què li passa, mai està amb els seus companys, i sempre està trist. Els seus pares m'han vingut a parlar, però jo no sé res. Els he dit que provessin de portar-lo a un psicòleg per saber què li passa, perquè la majoria de vegades no porta els deures i s'adorm a classe. he intentat parlar amb els altres alumnes però ells només em diuen que el David és un noi estrany.

Alguna vegada he pensat que potser l'estan assetjant, però crec que no, aquestes coses no poden passar a la nostra escola. I torna a començar el dia.

PARES D'EN DAVID:

Ens aixequem del llit perquè hem d'anar a treballar i en David ha d'anar a l'escola. Cada matí passa el mateix; a en David li costa aixecar-se del llit, sembla que no vulgui anar a col·legi. Ja fa temps que notem que està trist i angoixat. Li preguntem què li passa i ell mai no ens respon. Estem molt preocupats, veiem que no té gairebé cap company i mai el conviden a sortir.

Hem parlat amb el Felip, el professor, però ell tampoc entén què li passa. Ens estem plantejant de portar-lo a un psicòleg, però no sabem ben bé què fer. Estem patint molt pel nostre fill. I torna a començar el dia.

POL:

M'aixeco i ja tinc l'esmorzar al llit. Em fa mal la mà, però m'és igual. A vegades penso que tinc amics pels diners, però m'és igual.

Quan arribo a l'escola sempre miro el fastigós del David, per això es mereix insults i una pallissa. Que "pringat", no ho diu a ningú, així li puc fer sempre. S'acaba l'escola

LA PLOMA I LA TINTA

2n Premi GRUP C · Judith Pascual Lozano

i quan va caminant a casa el torno a insultar.

A vegades penso que, que els amics em tinguin pels diners, no m'és tan igual i això em cabreja molt, i m'he de desfogar d'alguna manera. I torna a començar el dia.

DAVID:

M'aixeco del llit, em costa molt perquè tinc blaus a les cames. Sempre menteixo els meus pares dient que he caigut per les escales de l'escola. Però el pitjor és que no només m'ho fan a l'escola, sinó que pel carrer em van pegant.

Quan arribo a l'escola ja em comencen a mirar malament. Sempre tinc un calendari, on el primer que hi ha és assetjament, després insults, finalment cops de puny. En acabar no puc més. Mai sé com explicar-ho.

Per què m'ho fan a mi com no ho podrien fer a un altre?

El Pol em fa bullying. I torna a començar el dia.

Hi havia una vegada una ploma que vivia a la cua d'una àguila. A la ploma li agradava molt volar i per això estava contenta d'haver nascut sent una ploma. Però van passar els anys i l'àguila es va fer vella i va deixar de volar. La ploma volia seguir volant, però cada vegada que parlava d'això amb les seves companyes, elles se'n reien: -HAHAHA!!! Què dius? Saps que ja no podem volar!!! -Però només l'àguila s'ha fet vella... -Sí, i nosaltres podem volar soles? Com pots dir això? Gaudeix, ara no treballarem!!!

Però encara que semblava impossible, el somni de la ploma es va fer realitat. Un dia el vent va bufar molt fort i la ploma va començar a volar: era lliure! Va estar molt de temps volant perquè, si el vent no descansava, ella tampoc. Dues setmanes després d'estar volant sense parar, va entrar per la finestra d'una habitació i va caure damunt una taula, al costat d'un pot de tinta, i la ploma va començar a parlar amb el pot: -Hola! -Hola. Qui ets? -Soc una ploma que ve de molt lluny. -Quina sort!!! Pots volar!!! -No exactament... -Jo mai he sortit d'aquesta habitació... -No saps com és el món? -Mm... sé com és més o menys, perquè amb mi s'escriuen històries de tot tipus. -Ho escrius tu sola? -No, necessito una ploma per escriure.

Quan el pot de tinta va dir això, a la ploma se li va acudir una idea: perquè no escrivien juntes? I així va ser com la ploma i la tinta es van fer amigues i van escriure històries magnífiques juntes!!!

EL MEU GERMÀ

3r Premi GRUP C · Mariona Prats Rivas

Recordes com jugàvem quan érem petits, com em feies riure, com em cantaves cançons i com m'agrada-va que em llegissis el teu conte preferit, "En Popi s'ha perdut", era curt però gaudia molt d'aquella estona.

Tu vas escollir el meu nom i no sé si t'ho he dit mai però crec que tinc un nom molt bonic, m'agrada molt.

Ara, ens agrada fer unes altres coses junts, m'ensenyes a jugar a la "play" i, quan no et faig cas en alguna cosa, t'enfades amb mi i em prens el comandament. De vegades cuinem junts, fem l'esmorzar i el berenar, però el que més m'agrada és quan fem pizzes per sopar, sempre deixem la cuina bruta i la mama s'enfada.

Tinc ganes que arribi l'estiu i poder baixar junts a la piscina per jugar a jocs inventats amb els nostres veïns.

Ja t'has fet una mica gran, ja quasi tens quinze anys i ara t'agrada més sortir amb els teus amics.

Sé que de veagdes puc ser una germana pesada: ballo molt, canto, toco la flauta, poso música de Bruno Mars i Megan Trainor, etc; sé que tot això et molesta bastant, t'enfades amb mi i em crides.

Però et vull dir que t'estimo molt i que tinc molta sort que siguis el meu germà, perquè sempre estaràs al meu costat compartint moltes coses.



EL VIATGE DE L' AISHA

1r Premi GRUP D · Esther Iñigo Álvarez

L' Aisha, sota el burca, va ocupar un seient vora una de les finestres. Pels foradets de la reixeta que tenia davant dels ulls i que era l'únic accés a l'exterior que li permetia aquell vel imposat que la cobria de cap a peus, la noia contemplava un ocellet que portava l'única viatgera del seu compartiment del tren. Era una senyora gran. L'havia sentit parlar per telèfon. Semblava anglesa o, potser, irlandesa...

-Deu sentir-se molt feliç de tenir una persona que el tracta tan bé -va pensar l'Aisha. Però no. No semblava content. Era un canari. Els canaris sempre estan feliços. Destaquen perquè canten molt bé i encara no l'havia sentit piular ni tan sols un segon.

Al tren feia molta xafogor. Començava a ser insuportable. L'Aisha no es podia treure roba de sobre, com feia la senyora de l'ocell, que portava una samarreta amb tirants. Sentia impotència, però la seva religió no li permetia descobrir el seu rostre. La senyora de l'ocell li va oferir una mica d'aigua de la poca que li quedava a l'ampolla, però l'Aisha va dir que no molt educadament. Així va ser com van començar a conversar. Li va preguntar que per què estava tan trist el canari i la senyora Beatrice, que així es deia la viatgera, li va comentar que feia mesos que estava deprimida perquè el canari que compartia la seva gàbia s'havia escapat i des de llavors no va tornar a cantar. Per això va decidir fer el viatge amb ell. Volia que recuperés l'alegria.

-Ja entenc! -va exclamar l'Aisha -Potser el que necessita és volar, sentir-se lliure com el seu company.

La senyora Beatrice es va quedar rumiant la resposta una bona estona. El torn de preguntes era ara per a ella.

-Si fa tanta calor, per què no et treus el burca? Només estem nosaltres en aquest compartiment. De totes maneres, no entenc per què el portes si el seu origen no té res a veure amb la religió i el va imposar Habi-

bullah en el segle XX a les seves dones per evitar que la bellesa del seu rostre temptés els homes.

L'Aisha es va quedar pensant també una bona estona. Després va fixar la vista a l'ampolla d'aigua de Beatrice i va observar que ja no tenia aigua. A continuació li va dir: -Ara sí que tinc molta set. Seria tan amable d'anar a buscar una altra ampolla d'aigua al bar del tren? Jo li vigilaré l'ocell com si fos meu.

La senyora Beatrice va somriure amb complicitat i li va dir que sí amb molt de gust. Es va aixecar del seu seient i va desaparèixer.

Quan va tornar, va veure al seient de l'Aisha el seu burca i la finestra de la gàbia oberta. Ja no hi era el seu estimat ocellet, ni l'Aisha. Aquesta ja havia arribat al seu destí. La senyora Beatrice va mirar per la finestra del tren, que estava mig oberta. No va veure el seu ocellet, però sí que el va sentir cantar.

RECUERDOS

2n Premi GRUP D · Veronika Hampel Jiménez

Una inmensa playa
Apareció en el ático de mis sueños
Con su luz radiante
Con su mar risueño
Con su fina arena
Con mis huellas dentro.
Una niña jugaba,
Era ajena al tiempo.
Sus cabellos rubios
Ondeaban al viento,
La cubrían las nubes
La arropaba el cielo.
Quería ser princesa
De un hermoso cuento.
Ya tenía un castillo
Y también un feudo
De pronto, la lluvia
Empapó su cuerpo.
Una enorme ola
Se llevó su anhelo.
Sus lágrimas se fundían
Con las gotas de lluvia
Formando un mosaico
Que cubría el suelo.
Un escalofrío
Recorrió mi cuerpo.
En mi habitación
Todo estaba en calma
Reinaba el silencio.
Ya no era una niña
Ni quería ser princesa
De un hermoso cuento.
Pero recordaba...
Esa inmensa playa
Con su luz radiante
Con su mar risueño
Con su fina arena
Con mis huellas dentro.

EL NOI D'ULLS

3r Premi GRUP D · Alba Molina Robles

Un, dos... tres. Aquella última campanada em va fer reaccionar. Eren les tres de la matinada, però, tot i així no em preocupava gens ser enmig del bosc, sola, acompanyada per la foscor. M'havia escapat de casa feia una bona estona i no us penseu pas que trobava a faltar el meu llit, l'escalfor dels llençols o la seguretat de la llar. Era tot el contrari. El bosc era el meu germà, era el meu cervell, era el meu cor, era tota jo.

De cop i volta vaig sentir una veu. No, no era la meua consciència. Era la veu d'un noi. Una veu ni molt aguda ni molt greu. Una veu normal. -Hola.-vaig dir amb la veu tremolosa.-Que hi ha algú? No va haver-hi cap resposta. -Ei! Que t'he sentit. Dona la cara.-vaig afegir.

El cor em batejava amb força, com si volgués sortir del meu pit. Ja n'hi havia prou, allò no semblava un joc. Vaig avançar cap a una roureda, pensant que potser havia estat algun animalot o que potser m'havia tornat boja. Em vaig decantar per la primera opció, esperant que darrere d'aquells arbres no hi hagués cap cosa estranya. La meua respiració es va tallar quan vaig descobrir que un noi, aproximadament de disset anys, estava a punt d'encendre una foguera enmig del bosc.

-Però es pot saber que coi fas? -vaig dir quasi cridant.-No veus que...

Va ser llavors quan vaig quedar hipnotitzada. Uns ulls grans, de color blau fosc em van fer callar i un mig somriure es va dibuixar en la cara d'aquell noi.

Es va apropar a mi amb molta seguretat, el sentia molt a prop, tant, que el podia sentir respirar. Després d'estar mirant-me una bona estona, va començar a jugar amb un floc de cabells rebels que em tapaven els ulls. En acabat, es va separar i em va dir:

-Em dic Sihan.-I em va dedicar un somriure. No sé quanta estona vaig estar allà, palplantada, mirat el seus ulls, gaudint d'aquell somriure. Tot en ell sem-

blava estrany, diferent, inhumà. Sabia que havia de sortir corrents, que no era bo estar allà, però, una veu-eta, em deia que escapar no seria lògic, ja que mai podria oblidar a aquell noi. Vaig agafar-li la mà, amb por que quan tornés a pestanyejar ja no estigués al meu costat.

-Qui ets? -vaig preguntar. -Què qui soc? Molt bona pregunta. -I... bé? -Crec que això no t'ho puc respondre. La vida és un viatge, saps? Hi ha molts camins per explorar, fora, en aquest món. Jo encara m'he de conèixer a mi mateix per decidir quin camí triar. I tu, qui ets?



UNA LLUM EN LA FOSCOR

1r Premi GRUP E: · Marçal Gutierrez Montserrat

Pròleg # Una paraula: Mort # Una paraula inevitable.

Per a la Jolly la vida era fàcil. S'aixecava, anava a l'escola, feia els deures, jugava i es posava a dormir. Quan tenia sort i trobava una moneda, podia comprar un caramel de llimona. Però era més fàcil robar fruita. Al final del carrer hi havia la botiga del senyor Stellins. La Jolly no el suportava perquè insultava els nens. Per això li robava fruita. La Jolly era una lladre de fruita.

Capítol 1 # Abans de tocar el perill # Pocs dies abans del bombardeig. M'esperava molta feinada però no vinc a parlar de mi sinó de com la Jolly va estar a punt d'agafar-me la mà.

La Jolly tornava de l'escola amb la seva bicicleta rovellada. L'escola era a la ciutat, just al costat del poble. Els separava un riu que la Jolly travessava per un pontet. La neu queia sobre el terra fred abraçant-lo com una mare el seu nadó. Mentre passava no es va adonar que la neu cobria un còdol. La roda va fer un fals moviment i la Jolly va ensopegar. Per sort va poder agafar-se a una corda i va quedar suspesa en l'aire. Primera llàgrima. Em vaig apropar. Segona llàgrima. Vaig agafar-li la mà. Tercera llàgrima. Algú va aparèixer. Un noi d'ulls blaus. El noi li va agafar la mà i jo vaig enretirar la meva. I un cop la Jolly va eixugar-se les llàgrimes es van abraçar.

-Ara el caramel de llimona - va dir-li el noi. -Què?- va cridar ella. -Me'l mereixo. -Com saps que tinc un caramel de llimona?- va preguntar-li. -Diguem que...t'ob-servo. -Ets un tòtil.

La noia va agafar la bicicleta, es va girar i va dir:
- Però gràcies.

I li va etzibar un dolç somriure.

Capítol 2 # El problema de la Jolly # Alguna cosa anava malament. Jo ja ho sabia. La Jolly encara no.

Casa seva era molt humil. Tenia una cuina-menjador on només hi havia uns fogons, una taula, quatre cadires i un sofà minúscul. Al costat un bany i tres petites habitacions. La més gran era dels pares de la Jolly, el senyor Estefan i la senyora Lassandre. El seu pare va entrar a l'habitació de la Jolly i li digué:

- La teva professora m'ha dit que has de llegir més. I li va donar un petit llibre de color vermell amb unes lletres negres on posava "Lectura. Primer curs."

-He pensat que podríem llegir junts cada nit. Què et sembla? -Molt bé.

A la Jolly li va punxar l'estómac. Quan ella era petita, el seu pare va morir a la guerra, lluitant per aconseguir la derrota. Irònic, no creus? Lluitar per perdre. Ben mirat, tots perden en una guerra. Totes les parts. Alguns pedants creuen en la paraula vencedors. El gènere humà mai deixarà de sorprendre'm. Malgrat el regal, alguna cosa no anava bé i a la Jolly li costava somriure. Es va estirar al llit. Va dormir inquieta.

Capítol 3 # El problema del soterrani # Un soterrani que no serveix

Al despertar-se, se'n va anar cap a la cuina i hi va trobar un home amb cara de pocs amics.

-Bon dia Jolly, saluda. -Heil Hitler!- la Jolly va posar mala cara. Ni al seu segon pare ni a ella els agradava dir allò. -Heil Hitler!- va respondre l'home - Si em permet baixaré. -Oitant! - va dir la mare, i va acabar amb una rialla forçada. L'home va desaparèixer al soterrani. La mare va mirar la Jolly i li va dir xiuxiuejant: -Ve a revisar el soterrani. Com que s'apropa el bombardeig, comprovem que tots els soterranis siguin resistents. Crec que el nostre no ho és. Però el dels nostres veïns sí. Oi que tenim sort? -Sí mare, molta sort.

Quan l'home va reaparèixer va dir:
-Ho sento senyora Lassandre, però quan soni l'alarma

hauran de dirigir-se cap al del costat. -Així ho farem. Que tingui molt bon dia. -Que tingui un bon dia vostè també.

La mare exclamà quan ja no hi era:

-Si s'hagués quedat un minut més, estic segura que l'hagués escridassat. Aquell Schwein, què s'ha cregut? Que pot entrar sense avisar? Tros de Schwein!

La Jolly va esmorzar un tros de pa amb una mica de melmelada de maduixa. Camí de l'escola va veure el noi d'ulls blaus.

-Què mires?- va dir-li la Jolly. -No em vas preguntar el meu nom. -No el vull saber. -Em dic Roy, i tu? -No n'has de fer res. -Digues-m'ho... -Em dic Jolly. -Hola Jolly. Què me'n dius del caramel?

-Ho sento, però el caramel és meu. Potser algun dia te'l donaré. O potser no.

Capítol 4 # El dolor # La Jolly té un límit. Jo no perquè sóc totpoderosa.

El Roy s'havia incorporat a la seva classe. A l'hora de l'esbarjo la Jolly va anar trobant-se cada cop pitjor. Primer va començar amb una petita molèstia a l'estómac, després va seguir amb marejos i més tard li va pujar la febre sobtadament. Van avisar el metge. El Roy estava molt espantat. Quan se la van endur el Roy va seguir-los. Va córrer carrer avall, poble avall fins arribar a la ciutat. Quasi no podia respirar. Va dirigir-se cap a la sala on tenien la Jolly en observació. El Roy es va preguntar si estava morta. Jo li vaig dir que no. Crec que em va entendre. Després d'un temps esperant, la Jolly va obrir els ulls. El Roy va il·luminar la seva cara amb un somriure. Un metge va sortir de la sala, i el Roy va aprofitar per entrar -hi.

-Pensava que no et tornaria a veure- va dir-li. -Hola. Qui ets? -Jolly, soc jo. El Roy. -Roy? -Si, soc jo. -No sé qui ets, ho sento. -Jolly? Si us plau, recorda'm. -Ho

sento, de debò. -D'acord no passa res. Recupera't.

Va sortir per la porta. I el món se li va fer petit, petit, fins a ofegar-li l'ànima.

Capítol 5 # Caramel de llimona # Un premi és un premi.

Algú va trucar a la porta. Era la senyora Lassandre, amb el seu marit.

-Hola, ets el Roy? -Sí. Vostès són els pares de la Jolly. Ho sé. Com està? Sé que no em recorda. -Que la Jolly no se'n recorda de tu? Si no ha parat de parlar-nos de tu!. Ens ha explicat un cop i un altre com la vas salvar al vell pont. Això és teu.

I li van oferir el caramel de llimona. I de sobte el món va tornar a eixamplar-se i a fer-se molt i molt gran.

Capítol 6 # Petit resum del Roy # Ell estimava la Jolly. La Jolly estimava el Roy però encara no ho sabia.

La professora va començar a passar llista. -Roy Amsel? -va cantar la professora. -Present!

I va seguir fins que algú la va interrompre. Era la Jolly que tornava a les classes.

-Et va agradar el caramel? -Moltíssim. -Roy, moltes gràcies per tot el que has fet per mi. M'han dit a l'hospital que vas córrer com un dimoni per fer-me costat.

I una vermellor sobtada va pintar les galtes del xicot. Al vespre, la Jolly va anar cap al soterrani i va començar a llegir el llibre que li va regalar el seu pare. Li agradava molt llegir. Encara li costava però li agradava. Les pàgines són màgiques. A cada full que tombes, pots endinsar-te en un nou món. Quan va pujar cap a dalt va escoltar els pares que deien: -Estic nerviosa. -Tranquil·la amor, tot sortirà bé.

Fins i tot la Jolly es va quedar tranquil·la. Quan el seu pare prometia una cosa, la prometia. Va anar cap a la seva habitació. Quan dormia alguna cosa la va despertar. Era un soroll molest, intens i etern. La seva mare va entrar.

-Jolly, desperta. L'alarma està sonant.

Havia començat el bombardeig.

Capítol 7 # El gran dia # El bombardeig. Senyores i senyors, dames i cavallers, preparats per al gran espectacle.

Van sortir al carrer. La senyora Eberhart va ajudar tothom a baixar al soterrani. Un cop van ser-hi tots, va tancar la porta. Aquell soterrani era més espaiós. La nit va començar a fer-se llarga. S'escoltaven sorolls que aterrien les famílies refugiades en aquell soterrani. Refugiades. Una paraula que se'ns va repetint al llarg dels segles. La meua feina va començar. No vull entrar en detalls. Però us diré que la sang va envermellar aquella neu immaculada deixant pocs espais sense esquitxar. Terrible. Tot destrossat. I enmig d'aquella foscor la veueta de la Jolly fou com una llum. Va començar a explicar un conte del darrer llibre. I tothom la va escoltar. Perquè els contes, com la música, curen l'ànima.

Capítol 8 # No tot són coses dolentes # El futur pot ser millor.

El pare de la Jolly va trobar una bona feina a la ciutat. El pare del Roy va poder treballar al mateix lloc, i les dues famílies van poder comprar-se una casa. Una al costat de l'altra. En aquella ciutat van estar bé, i el Roy i la Jolly van fer bons amics. No van acabar junts. Hagués estat massa dolç aquest final. I la vida no és pas de sucre. Més aviat de mel i fel. Ens va sorprendent. Però això ja seria massa llarg d'explicar. I si em permeteu, jo sempre tinc feina.

PERQUÈ COMPTO AMB TU

2n Premi GRUP E · Maria Aura Vascan

Hola Maria,

T'escric perquè en directe, sempre és més difícil encaixar les paraules però, a més a més, en aquest cas, la teua reacció seria...

Per fi estic bé, ja no ploro. Ja no tinc por. Ja no tinc angoixa. Han estat uns mesos terribles.

Recordes el dia que vaig dir-te que no deixaven de fer-me empentes i de parlar-me a crits? O bé quan se'n reien de mi amb qualsevol excusa? Te'n recordes?

Ja feia dies que durava el meu turment, però tu això t'ho miraves des de la distància, o fins i tot giraves el cap, com si així, tot plegat, no estigués passant. Miraves i callaves. O evitaves mirar.

Sempre et diuen això de "cal ser fort, cal ser valent" o bé allò de "és típic de l'edat", "passa a tothom" i ens acaba semblant normal. Però no és típic de l'edat ni passa a tothom. Són excuses.

Cap persona mereix sentir-se tan amarada de soledat, ni mereix plorar tant. Cap persona ha de pensar que quan surt de casa pot començar el seu calvari.

Al final sempre dubtes de si el problema ets tu mateixa. Si has fet alguna cosa que potser no els ha agradat. Però per a ells res del que està relacionat amb tu és bo. D'entrada, tot el que ve de tu és apte per ser atacat. Ets la seva diana. Ets el seu passatemps. Un joc pervers tot plegat.

Segurament ells són els dèbils. Els qui ataquen, els qui necessiten fer mal. Però s'ajunten i cerquen la complicitat dels que els riuen les gràcies. Fer mal els fa líders. Sembla tot una bogeria, un absurd, però tenen els seus seguidors i això els fa sentir importants. Obliden les seves mancances i en atacar, se senten els forts. Recordes quan van fer un grup per Whats App per criticar les meves notes, les meves intervencions a

classe, el meu vestuari? O quan van penjar un vídeo dient que soc una immigrant morta de gana? Mai hagués pensat que néixer en llocs diferents ens fa creure superiors als altres.

I aquell dimecres, després d'educació física, quan m'estava canviant i em van agafar tota la roba obligant-me a sortir amb tovallola mentre em xiulaven i em feien fotos?

Ho recordes. Ho recordes perfectament. Malgrat ser la meva millor amiga, estaves en un racó i la teva passivitat no m'ajudava. Per què? Tenies por i fins i tot pensaves que ajudar-me t'hagués exposat a tu a tenir la mateixa dissort.

Sí, ja sé què diràs. Que tu no m'ho feies directament. Que tu no m'insultaves. Que no m'empentaves. Que no em feies fotos ni les penjaves. Tu no.

Però hi col·laboraves. Amb el teu silenci eres còmplice perquè davant del dolor, davant de la injustícia i la crueltat, els qui pateixen, com jo, necessiten que algú els doni la mà.

Ara sí. Quan hakis llegit això fes per primer cop alguna cosa. Fes que els que fan el mal se n'adonin del seu error i que els que pateixen se sentin refugiats. Trencar el teu silenci i crida-ho als quatre vents. Cada cop que tornis a veure un abús, delata l'agressor. Assenyala'l amb el dit i que els altres et vegin assenyalant-lo. Algú més et donarà suport. Els qui saben que tot això no està bé ni porta enlloc.

No s'hi val a fer fraccions. Un de cada mil se suïcida. No es fan mates amb això. No s'hi val a acostumar-nos als tants per cents. Canviem les xifres. Hem de combatre l'assetjament escolar. Tu pots fer-ho, tots els que m'escoltin poden. Feu una cadena de valents. Et dic que t'escric perquè ara, ara ja no hi soc. Soc allò que es diu... una ànima. Per això prefereixo deixar-te

aquesta carta. Publica-la. Busquem aquests valents per a la nostra cadena.

És trist veure la mare cada dia al cementiri portant-me flors. Em costa veure el pare olorant la meva roba i plorant de matinada fins que es queda adormit. I sé que tu, Maria, també em plores.

T'estimo. Ets la meva millor amiga i necessito la teva veu. Aquest cop sé que hi seràs. De fet, saps que els que marxem mai ho fem del tot perquè els qui es queden ens reviu en cada record que tenen de nosaltres. Som-hi, Maria! Perquè tinc l'esperança que això es pot aturar. Perquè compto amb tu.

UN BITLLET CAP ENLOC

3r Premi GRUP E · Cèlia Bujaldón Rodríguez

L'aire fred del carrer em fa tremolar tot el cos. Em col·loco la jaqueta i la bufanda i començo a caminar. Els meus peus funcionen sols i ni jo mateixa sé cap on vaig. Em deixo portar i espero que em guiïn on vulguin perquè estic confosa i perduda.

Al cap d'una estona, que em sembla una eternitat, arribo a un carrer ple de gent que camina a pas frenètic. Intento passar desapercebuda, així que em camufla entre els robots uniformats que van i venen, però no serveix de res. De cop, sento com si els meus peus pesessin molt i tota jo estigués fora de la realitat. Avanço a càmera lenta mentre el meu voltant es mou massa de pressa i sento com si tot fos irreal. Els que em passen pel costat i em colpegen accidentalment amb bosses i maletins, ni tan sols es disculpen amb mi. Em trobo atrapada en una bombolla invisible, i el pitjor de tot és que sembla que només soc jo qui ho sent, qui ho nota. El món segueix girant i sembla que jo m'hagi quedat estancada. Tot tipus de pensaments creuen la meva ment en qüestió de segons i són massa per poder processar-los tots alhora. Sento com s'amunteguen al meu cap i el seu pes fa que m'enfonsi a terra emocionalment, em supera, m'escota i m'entristeix tant, que els meus ulls s'omplen de llàgrimes mentre camino i començo a plorar sense saber per què. Les llàgrimes m'ofeguen i el paisatge metropolità comença a esborronar-se davant dels meus ulls. Tinc ganes de cridar, de córrer, però sembla que el meu cos no respongui i m'enfonso una mica més.

Ningú no em pregunta què em passa i no acabo de saber si és perquè no em miren o perquè no em veuen, i la veritat és que jo també començo a perdre'm a mi mateixa de vista.

De sobte, la tristesa s'alleugereix i això em deixa físicament inestable. Em deixo caure en un banc de fusta. Una sensació de buit m'omple l'ànima i, llavors, arriba aquella sensació tan familiar per a mi, el sentiment que no desapareix i que em persegueix com una ombra persegueix el seu cos. La sensació del no-

res més absolut, de seguir viva, quan interiorment em sento morta, freda i totalment buida. A més a més, no sento l'aire fred que esbrota el meu cabell i bufa la meva faldilla. No estic trista, ni enfadada, ni contenta, ni espantada; ni tampoc sento fred, ni gana, ni calor, perquè algú m'ha extret l'ànima i ara ja no sento res. Estic per estar i existeixo per existir.

M'aixeco impassible del banc de fusta i torno a caminar entre la multitud sense rumb fix, submergida en els meus pensaments i atrapada en la gàbia on he anat a parar. Finalment, el meu cos em porta a una estació de tren, vella i rovellada. No sé com hi he anat a parar, en aquest lloc, però decideixo entrar-hi.

A la cua dels bitllets, un pare intenta atrapar el seu petit que s'aproxima corrents cap a mi, el qual m'abraça la cama dreta pensant-se que soc la seva mare, i en veure que s'ha equivocat, em mira amb els ulls plorosos. Tot seguit intento somriure en forma de resposta però ni tan sols se'm corben els llavis.

Una veueta procedent del meu interior més profund exclama: "Ets rara i una amargada!" I el pitjor de tot és que li dono la raó. Després, m'afanyo tant com puc a posar-me a la cua per comprar un bitllet del trajecte més llarg de tots. En el moment que noto el tacte del paper a la mà ja començo a tremolar novament i, tan ràpid com les cames em permeten, avanço cap a les vies sense parar-me a contemplar com tothom m'observa córrer.

Quan el tren arriba a la parada puc divisar-lo a través de les vidrieres. Accelero encara més el pas, perquè no vull perdre'l. El cor em comença a bombejar cada cop més fort contra el pit, tan fort que fa mal i crema endins. Tot seguit, pujo d'un salt al vehicle i m'assec en un seient prop de la finestra.

Tal com havia passat abans, al deixar caure tot el pes a la cadira, la meva ànima es desploma i totes les emocions i l'adrenalina passades cauen en picat amb ella tan ràpid com ha-

EL CAS RICKSHAW

Menció d'honor GRUP E • Sara Rico Magriñá

vien pujat i em deixen un cop més, abatuda, cansada i trista. Aleshores, i només aleshores, és quan m'adono de tot el que havia passat, del que estava passant i del que passaria un cop el tren acabés d'allunyar-se de l'estació. Llavors ho vaig entendre tot, és a dir, vaig entendre per què ens havíem barallat aquell matí i per què ens vam dir aquelles coses tan horribles abans que me n'anés del teu costat i em sento com una estúpida per haver pujat al tren. Ara m'estic allunyant de tot el que havíem construït tu i jo, de totes les il·lusions i memòries que vam compartir, de tots els moments bonics al teu costat per culpa del meu orgull. Però, sobretot, m'estic allunyant de tu i de mi.

Jonas Rickshaw, un jove músic de 32 anys es va traslladar a Rayland l'hivern de 1985 i després de 5 anys, el 15 de setembre de 1990 desapareixerà. El seu assassiní no serà trobat fins que un noi anomenat Rob començarà a investigar el cas 18 anys després de trobar el seu cos a les golfes d'una casa abandonada.

Juliol de 1991

Deu mesos després de la desaparició de Jonas Rickshaw l'estiu de 1990, es van trobar restes del seu cos dins una nevera a les golfes de la casa dels senyors Wilson. Una casa que va pertànyer a aquella parella des de principis dels anys 60 fins al 80, però que va quedar abandonada quan van morir sense descendència.

El cadàver esquarterat va ser trobat per un nen de 7 anys, el petit Rob, fill dels pastissers del menut poble de Rayland situat als afores de Winstor quan jugava amb els companys de classe al parc que hi havia al costat de la casa, que es va veure obligat a entrar-hi, ja que amb el peu va xutar la pilota i es va ficar a dins. Ningú dels seus amics volien entrar per la por que els feia aquella casa bruta i quasi invisible pels alts matolls que hi havia, però el petit Rob va entrar-hi i la va buscar.

Un cop dins, va pujar per les escales perquè sabia que la pilota seria a les golfes, ja que entrà per la finestra que hi havia a la teulada. Quan va arribar a dalt de tot del vell habitatge solitari, va veure que la pilota estava al costat d'una gran nevera blanca i bruta, tot seguit a l'acotjar-se per agafar-la, va trobar el cadàver. La imatge viscuda quedà gravada a la seva ment. El cas no va poder ser resolt pel cos policial en aquells temps, però els malsons el van perseguir fins als 25 anys, quan ja era un home de cap a peus decidí enfrontar-s'hi resolent el cas ell mateix com a teràpia personal. Volia trobar-ne el culpable i destapar aquelles incògnites que van quedar en un misteri molt

aclaparador l'any 1991. Ho podria fer amb facilitat perquè llavors s'havia convertit en una peça més del cos policial de la província.

Ella, una dona esvelta amb uns llargs i castanys cabells que li queien per l'esquena fins a l'altura de les costelles, que lluïa sempre amb una cinta blava, es va instal·lar a casa del Rob. Però al cap d'un parell de mesos, va ser descoberta...

Any 2009

El Rob es va enamorar perdudament d'aquella jove amb uns ulls color mel, just quan va entrar per la porta de la comissaria aquella freda tarda de desembre. Venia per posar una denúncia a causa del robatori del seu moneder pocs minuts abans en un bar de la zona. Es veu que en pagar, li van treure. Ella es deia Tamara. Al cap d'unes setmanes, el Rob i la Tamara sortien junts. Ho compartien tot i ella que es mostrava molt interessada pel cas de Jonas Rickshaw, el pobre home fet trossos, ajudava a buscar informació. Al Rob li agradava que per fi una noia l'estimés i mostrés tant d'interès sobre aquell cas que li va fer tenir ganes amb 7 anys de ser policia per poder tancar-lo. Era la dona que havia esperat sempre sens dubte, però aviat tot això canviaria en descobrir un gran secret que ella tenia molt ben amagat.

Abril de 1958

En un preciós dia de primavera, els Wilson, una parella jove i enamorada, va rebre dos fills a l'hospital de SantClaire als afores de Tames Town, dos germans bessons que s'anomenarien Tamara i Jonas. Al cap d'un any i mig, al senyor Wilson li van diagnosticar un trastorn mental que el feia tenir efectes psíquics inestables. La senyora Wilson va pensar que per a protegir els seus fills, el millor que podria fer era enviar-los a viure amb la seva germana, la senyora Rickshaw i el seu marit, pel seu bé. Tenia por que el

seu marit els pogués fer mal.

Els senyors Wilson es van instal·lar en un petit poble anomenat Rayland on viurien tranquils fins a la mort de tots dos, la del senyor Wilson causada pel seu trastorn i la seva dona d'un infart pocs dies més tard.

Any 1988

La Tamara passejava tranquil·lament pel nou poble al qual es va traslladar el seu germà feia poc, i va anar a fer un tomb per un preciós parc amb un llac i gronxadors per als nens del poble.

Passejant va veure la casa que hi havia mig abandonada que li sonava que ja l'havia vist, no sabia si era un somni, o si realment l'havia vist abans, però la va tindre tants dies a la seva ment que va trucar a la seva mare dos dies després per preguntar-li si sabia alguna cosa d'aquella casa, ja que li semblava familiar. En penjar, la Tamara no s'ho podia creure, els que havien sigut els seus pares de sobte, no ho eren i tota trista i enfadada li ho va comentar al seu germà, que anys després va ser trobat mort en aquella casa.

Any 2009

La Tamara que ja sabia per què, com, i qui, va assassinar el seu germà Jonas, es va assabentar que el nen que havia trobat el cos del seu germà ara era policia i estava reprenent el cas que no va ser tancat en el seu moment.

Ella que no volia que se sabés la veritat del que va passar, es va presentar en la vida de Rob...



RECUERDO VERLA SONREIR

1r Premi GRUP F · Iratxe Martínez Sevilla

Aún recuerdo aquel día en el que mi abuela permaneció de pie durante media hora sin apenas pestañear, dirigiendo su mirada hacia el techo del corral. Recuerdo mirarla a través del cristal de la cocina. Era la única ventana de la casa a la que no le tocaba el sol por la mañana.

Recuerdo verla sonreír como una niña, agachar la cabeza, volver a entrar al caserío en silencio, sin inmutarse, y seguir sonriendo el resto del día tan inocentemente como lo hacía yo.

Este suceso no se volvió a repetir hasta el otoño, cuando, en una mañana mucho más fría que la anterior, mi abuela volvió a invertir parte de su preciado tiempo mirando exactamente hacia el mismo lugar, prestándole incluso una mayor atención.

Recuerdo no darle importancia a aquello en ningún momento y no cuestionarme nunca el porqué de aquella acción. Recuerdo olvidarlo porque no despertó en mí el suficiente interés como para surgir la duda sobre lo que ocurría.

Y así fue, lo olvidé hasta la primavera siguiente. Fue entonces, al ver que el suceso se repetía, cuando no pude contener la intriga.

Decidida a aclarar mis infinitas dudas me acerqué a ella y se las susurré. Quizá fuese porque la abuela no oía muy bien, no hubo respuesta. Decidí volver a preguntar, esta vez en tono más alto, y aunque un poco lenta, esta vez sí respondió.

El problema es que no me entendió. Le había preguntado por qué tenía tanto interés en aquel pequeño nido de golondrinas situado en el techo del corral y ella me respondió que nunca había sido libre.

En aquel momento no encontré la relación entre sus palabras y las mías. Me costó mucho tiempo descubrirla.

Con los años entendí que mi infancia no fue igual que la suya. La mía se basó en divertirme y no preocuparme prácticamente por nada. Para mí, los problemas eran cuestiones de adultos, lo mismo que el estrés y el trabajo. Pensaba que éstas y otras muchas cosas no estaban incluidas en la vida de un niño hasta que supe que había personas que no tenían la misma suerte que yo, e imaginé que mi abuela era una de ellas. Relacioné entonces su ansia de libertad con las golondrinas pues estas pueden ir donde quieran y cuando quieran y, además, el hecho de que puedan volar las hace más libres.

En el momento que entendí aquella ya no tan extraña respuesta la acompañé tantas veces como me fue posible a darles la bienvenida a las golondrinas en primavera y a despedirme de ellas en otoño porque sentía que de esa manera compartía con ella esos momentos únicos.

L'INQUILÍ

2n Premi GRUP F · Cèlia Vendrell Peris

Avui és el meu aniversari. Diuen que faig disset anys i, és cert, fa disset anys que vaig néixer, però en realitat he viscut abans tota una vida plena de descobriments, aventures i sentiments. Tota història té un principi, i la meva comença amb aquell viatge que va durar dos-cents noranta-set dies, del qual no en soc capaç de recordar tots els detalls, tot i que sé que va ser un moment màgic.

Recordo que, al principi, vivia en un apartament prou ample i en una temperatura perfecta, ni fred ni calor, simplement perfecta. Em sobrava espai i utilitzava el meu temps per menjar, dormir i nadar. Al cap de poques setmanes, em vaig adonar que feia moviments que no era capaç de controlar i que tot el meu aspecte s'anava transformant; aleshores, em vaig començar a preocupar. El meu pes s'havia multiplicat per milions! A més a més, era capaç de notar sensacions que mai havia experimentat la meua pell, eren una espècie de pessigolles, però no entenia què me les podia fer. Curiosa com soc, em vaig posar a buscar per tot l'apartament i, per desconcert meu, vaig trobar un inquilí inesperat. Qui era? Què hi feia allà? Per sorpresa de tots dos, ens vam adonar que no estàvem sols, fet que va originar una baralla. Com que jo desconeixia que érem observats, vaig pegar-li un cop de puny a la cara per deixar-li ben clar que aquell apartament era meu i que volia recuperar la meua amplitud.

Recordo també el moment que vaig començar a escoltar tres sons constants. Eren com una mena de tambors, dos dels quals anaven al compàs i l'altre seguia un ritme totalment diferent, però molt tranquil·litzador. Aquella música feia que em sentís ben rebuda, estimada i tranquil·la.

Vaig destinar uns quants dies de la meua vida a pensar en un tema de màxima importància: el sexe. Tenia clar que jo era una noia maca, femenina i fina, i el meu inquilí, justament al contrari: maco, masculí i robust.

A mesura que anaven passant els dies, descobria sensacions noves i desconegudes al mateix temps que, cada vegada, em faltava més espai per viure. Em costava moure'm, el meu inquilí creixia i creixia, igual que jo i, al final, no sabia si el seu peu era meu o seu. De fet, quan intentava estirar-me, era capaç de tocar un curiós xilòfon que no sonava però que a mi m'agradava espènyer.

Els últims dies em vaig adonar de l'existència d'una porta que em podria conduir a una altra habitació on pogués disposar de més espai. Vaig voler fer-hi una ullada i m'hi vaig quedar atrapada. Per tot això, vaig pensar que la millor opció era cedir el meu apartament a l'altre inquilí i tocar el dos, tot i que s'estava tan bé allà...Va ser una decisió difícil, però al final ho vaig fer, i així és com vaig néixer jo.

Avui, dono gràcies de tenir un germà bessó que, per sort meua, va decidir seguir-me per aquella porta deu minuts més tard.

Aquells dies, aquella altra vida em va unir al meu germà d'una manera indescriptible i màgica que mai i, sota cap circumstància, res em separarà d'ell. Ell és l'inquilí a qui tant estimo. L'inquilí amb qui creixo. L'inquilí amb qui descobreixo la vida.

UNA ALTRA FORMA DE VEURE

3r Premi GRUP F · Anna Ying Pascual Albiol

Detesto anar a l'escola, jo no serveixo per estudiar. Em distrec pensant en altres coses mentre el professor em renya per xerrar massa. No m'agrada llevar-me d'hora ni esmorzar veient el telenotícies. Tot i així, he d'agafar la motxilla i caminar fins que observo les grises parets d'aquest edifici infernal. A l'escola, les hores se'm fan eternes i em molesta la llum dels fluo-rescents, és massa clara, massa intensa.

Ja m'avorreix comptar les vegades que la professo-ra de Francès diu oui, o les que el d'Informàtica ens fa obrir el programa Paint. He arribat a memoritzar l'ordre de les pestanyetes d'aquest programa i he comptat més de tres-centes vegades les rajoles que té el passadís que va fins al lavabo femení perquè és el trajecte que segueixo cada cop que em fan fora de classe. He pogut observar que quan la professora d'Història es queda en blanc, es treu les ulleres, les neteja amb cautela i se les torna a posar. També sé que el d'Educació Física porta els pantalons vermells només els divendres, tot i que encara no sé per què. Cada dia faig el mateix. Avui, mentre soc al parc con-templant el canvi de color de les fulles dels arbres a causa de l'arribada de la tardor, se m'acut intentar tornar a casa amb els ulls tancats, canviar una mica la rutina tan monòtona i fer el recorregut com si no hi pogués veure. Em conec el camí com el palmell de la meva pròpia mà.

Passo el banc que hi ha a la dreta i giro la tercera a l'esquerra. Camino pel costat de la farmàcia i de les flors marcides de casa de l'àvia. Hi ha un pas de via-nants amb un semàfor i m'aturo. Com que no veig cap vehicle quan obro els ulls, els torno a tancar i torno a emprendre el pas... Sembla mentida el gir que pot donar la vida un dia qualsevol. Les teves prioritats, així com els teus somnis o preocupacions, canvien radicalment sense previ avís. Sense ningú que t'avisi, comences a veure-ho tot d'una altra manera, amb més claredat, com si el que has viscut fins a aquell precís instant fos part d'una altra vida, d'una altra persona

que no ets tu i que mai has conegut. Quan camino cap a l'escola encara penso en el llarg que se m'arriba a fer el dia. Entro a classe, deixo la bossa i la jaqueta i m'assec. Sé que la professora d'Història es treu les ulleres perquè s'ha quedat en silenci pensant què és el que ha de dir tot seguit; com que és divendres, el d'Educació Física s'ha posat els pantalons vermells, i compto les passes fins a arribar al lavabo sabent que hi ha cinquanta-quatre rajoles. Sento els nens com corren perseguint la pilota i com celebren els gols; sento les passes d'algun

company de classe que dubta si oferir-me la seva ajuda o no, però que acaba decantant-se pel no. Quan la jornada acaba, espero la mare i tornem a casa. Tot és exactament igual i, tanmateix, tot ha canviat... No em pregunto per què jo. Em sembla que havia de passar a algú i que he sigut jo. No m'entristeixo. Ja no. He decidit que de res serveix estar de mal humor, que el que em toca viure des d'ara fins a la resta dels meus dies no és ni molt menys un càstig per res que hagi pogut fer. La sort no existeix, les circumstàncies en què vivim poden agradar-nos o no, però ara sé que el simple fet de ser aquí i poder veure, sentir i experimentar les coses amb aquesta intensitat és un miracle. Ara, m'agrada anar a l'escola i aprendre dels meus professors i companys. Ja no em renyen perquè he après a apreciar cada moment i a prestar atenció al que la gent em vol comunicar i als seus actes.

Ara tinc més cura a l'hora de dir el que penso. Quan vaig al parc, vaig al meu racó de sempre i em passo hores escoltant com la suau brisa fa que les fulles del terra i les plantes es belluguin. Imagino de quin color deuen ser les flors i el cel. Un blau brillant, intens i transparent apareix als meus records, però noto com aquesta intensitat es va escapant, com es va esvaïnt de la meva memòria progressivament sense que jo hi pugui fer res, i hi apareixen en el seu lloc les olors. Les olors semblen la melodia de les meves cançons preferides. El fum de la foguera, la mare preparant

el menjar, la roba neta... I els sons. Els sons tenen tonalitats de colors que mai abans havia pogut veure, són explosius i cadascun em produeix una sensació diferent. Sento les abelles anant de flor en flor, les passes de persones que venen i van, la melodia desafinada d'algun músic de carrer. Tot el que recordo es va esfumant i, ara, veig el so que fan els fulls dels llibres que em llegeix la mare cada vegada que passa pàgina; veig l'olor de xocolata desfeta de l'àvia, el suau tacte del gos que ara m'acompanya i el seu sentiment d'agraïment quan em llepa la cara.

Ara veig la sinceritat en el pare quan sé que em mira amb ulls somrients i plens de calidesa i em diu que soc la nineta dels seus ulls. Perquè ara sé que les coses més importants de la vida no són les coses que percebia amb la vista, sinó les que percebo amb el cor.





PREMIS
CREACIÓ LITERÀRIA

• Llengua anglesa



CLIMATE TROUBLE

1r Premi GRUP C • Nadia Kryuchkova

Elaina was sitting in a classroom. The rain was falling on the classroom's windows and then, the little rain drops were falling straight to the playground floor. The teacher was explaining something about France History, Elaina closed her eyes and imagined a tropical island in the middle of the sea and thought: "How cool would it be to be on that island right now". In a second, all sounds disappeared and she felt a small breeze on her cheeks. She was standing on sand! She turned and saw that tropical island she was thinking about a moment ago. "But how is this possible?" Thought Elaina. "Well, no matter how did I get here but now it's time to enjoy!" Said Elaina and ran into the deep green Rainforest kingdom! How many parrots of all different kinds were there! All day she was playing in the sand, making sand castles and climbing on trees. She haven't even noticed that it was already afternoon and that she didn't eat during the whole day. Then she found a coconut palm tree, took a coconut and broke it against a rock. The white milk splashed all over her hands, she drank all the milk and started eating the coconut when the night came... the sun hid under the horizon and the moon came out, it was huge! It looked like the queen of the night with all the stars surrounding her. Watching this beautiful night sky, Elaina fell asleep.

She dreamed of high mountains touching the clouds, the eagles flying around the mountains and the waterfall falling from a mountain into a river. When she woke up, she noticed that the air was cooler than on the island. She opened her eyes and saw the mountain with the waterfall. Now she realized what had happened... She could be transported everywhere she imagines. "Exactly" said a voice. Elaina turned so fast that her long hair got stuck to her face. But she only saw an owl sitting on a tree branch. "Was that you talking?" She asked the owl. "Yes" responded the owl. "I know everything here" said the owl. "Well, then can you tell me?" said Elaina. "No, you have to find it out by yourself" said the owl.

Then, Elaina started climbing the mountain to see what was around. When she arrived to the top, she noticed the cold wind with the snow. Then suddenly, a blizzard nearly blew her off the mountain. She couldn't go back because the wind was very strong and she would probably fall. Then she saw the owl. She realized he had berries in his beak! "Thank you" Said Elaina. "You're welcome" said the owl. "How do I get out of here?" asked Elaina. "You have to wait until night and dream about another place, I will go with you" said the owl to Elaina. "Fine" told Elaina to the owl. When the night came, the blizzard stopped but Elaina was so cold that she was nearly freezing and all she wanted was to go to a really warm place.

She dreamed about a hot desert. In the morning she noticed the sand below her hands and feet. The owl was already up and brought her a coconut. " You could imagine a better place than a desert" argued the owl. "Sorry, sorry, I was so cold, I needed a warm place to rest" responded Elaina. "Where did you get it?" asked Elaina pointing at the coconut. "We had luck, there is an oasis nearby" answered the owl. They went there and drank some water. She was getting tired of teleporting all the time. "When can I go back home?" Asked Elaina to the owl. " Once you have experienced all type of climate" answered the owl. The first day in the desert was quite good.

At night Elaina fell asleep but then she heard something. A little desert fox was laying by her side. She tried to sleep again but she couldn't. The next day she was still in the desert.

She woke up because of the strong sand storm. She turned and her heart nearly stopped pumping. There was a tornado! She woke the owl and the fox and they started running towards the opposite side but the owl stopped her. "If you want to get home, you have to demonstrate your braveness" said the owl. "What do I have to do?" Asked Elaina. She wanted to

THE ADVENTURES OF THE NICK

2n Premi GRUP C · Anastasia Korolkova

get home before the tornado gets close. "You have to enter inside the tornado" said the owl. "What? Are you crazy? I will die there!" Shouted Elaina. "No you will not die. If you're brave enough you won't die. I know what I'm doing" said the owl. "If you die, I will die too." The owl said. "Ok, I will try" responded Elaina and looked at the tornado. It was very near.

She started running towards it, the wind was getting stronger. The tornado was every time closer. "What am I doing? Thought Elaina and jumped into the tornado. The wind was around her. She closed her eyes and the wind stopped! She was standing in her classroom! " I did it!" Shouted Elaina and all the class looked at her. "What are you talking about?" Asked one of her classmates. Elaina didn't respond, She was happy because she got home!

Once upon a time there was a boy called Nick. Nick was living with his family and his grandparents. There were living in the village called Dreamland. There was a good King and a beautiful Queen. But there was a big problem when the King and the Queen went to see other countries. The King Joel wanted to take over Dreamland and make it his territory.

Nick wanted to invent things. When it was his birthday his parents gave him a small house in the middle of the forest for him to invent things and work in the little house.

One day the King and the Queen left Dreamland to discover new lands. King Joel knew that the King and the Queen would leave Dreamland so he had a plan. He knew that, the knights and the villagers wouldn't let him inside the castle. So he went into the middle of the forest with hope to find a citizen from Dreamland. And he found someone! It was Nick, he kidnapped Nick and took him to his castle and sent his knights to Dreamland to tell everyone in the village that:

"If the King and the Queen doesn't give him their land he will kill Nick".

When the King and the Queen knew about it they returned as fast as they could. They didn't know how to save Nick and how to keep Dreamland. One knight came to their palace and told them what he thinks they could do.

So the Queen went to the King Joel and said:

"Can I have my village boy Nick back"?

"No!" "Well..."

"If you give me Dreamland," said Joel.

"No!" cried Nick don't give Dreamland to him! "Don't listen to him he is just a kid!" said Joel.

"Ok," said the Queen.

"I will give you Dreamland but first give Nick back!"

On the way home to Dreamland the Queen told Nick about their plan and they went back to the castle. The King and his knights defeated the King Joel and everybody lived happy ever after.

The End!

IF THE DRAGON EGG HATCHED IN THE IBERIAN PENINSULA

3r Premi GRUP C · Marc Pardo Torné

Once upon a time, a kid called Mason Pines was walking in the forest. He lived with his great uncle Stan, and his twin sister Mabel. Mason was, special. He was very smart and liked to discover new places. One day he wanted to rest, and sat down on a tree. The tree, in fact, was not made out of wood, it was made out of metal! He pressed a button, and a door opened. There he found a dragon's egg.

He took the egg home and waited there. He also found a type of dragon book. There, he learned what a dragon egg was like, if it could fly, how far or high could jump, how fast it could run, and a picture of the baby dragon, the "teenager" dragon, and the adult dragon. Mason was impressed. His great uncle Stan said there was nothing weird on this town, but he discovered all a new world.

He was impressed because he discovered forty two dragon species. He discovered that the egg he found was from a "forest dragon, one of the most dangerous on his town, Gravity Falls, a very boring place to live, before he discovered that book.

So many dragon species: the fire dragon, the ice dragon, the desert dragon, the iguana dragon, the venom dragon, the snake dragon, the raptor dragon, the gremloblin* dragon, and so many more. They put how many points of danger. The forest dragon had 97. The ice dragon had 88. And the iguana dragon had 93. Mason was scared, because, if that dragon egg hatched he and his family would die.



CENSORED

1r Premi GRUP D • Naomi Revusky

This has been in my mind for longer than it should have and I think it's time I talk about it. I'm an introvert, that means I'm concerned of my own thoughts and feelings. I don't show myself, I don't express myself and I don't have much interest in doing so because I don't want people to have an opinion of me.

We live in a world where almost everything revolves around appearances. People can become famous just for their looks. I'm very shy and prefer to keep things to myself and there's a main reason why, I don't like to reach out to people.

I haven't told this story to anyone and the thing is, I don't tell people my problems because

I feel like I can handle them on my own and I don't want to drag people into my messes.

I don't think very highly of myself but when I was young I actually had a lot of confidence, people gave me compliments and I believed them and was proud of myself but as I got older, I began having doubts. I started thinking that people were lying to me. Words can't affect you if you don't let them and it goes the same way with negative words as positive. That led me to tell myself I wasn't good enough and that I had to do better.

My standards slowly started getting higher and higher without me realizing how bad it was getting. People would tell me I was doing great but it came in one ear and out the other, I was pushing myself so hard to get better at everything but it was still not enough for me. There was a voice in my head telling me I was a disgrace and not enough. I tried not to listen to it but it wouldn't go away instead of that it, became louder and louder. I didn't want anyone to see me because I felt like I was a disappointment to everyone. I never wanted to leave my room and most of the times skipped high school but then the graduation party came.

was panicking, I told myself I would mess the whole party for just standing there and that everyone would hate me but finally they finished handing out the diplomas. I was determined to head back home but suddenly the photographer asked to do a group picture with everyone in it including myself. I felt like I would ruin the photo but not just a normal one, a photo that everyone would remember forever.

I told myself this was my punishment for not being good enough and I pretended to be fine. I even took more photos and I was trying to act like somebody else so much that I became a totally different person, I became a stranger to who I actually was.

When I talked to my classmates the voice inside my head said I was a disappointment and not good enough for them. I felt like I was a lie to everyone. Then I realized I couldn't let people see me in such a horrible state.

I hurried back home and contacted the photographer, I asked if I could censor my face out of all of the photos but he didn't want to. I was terrified, I thought I had experienced the worst already but this destroyed me. I believed I disappointed everyone, so many people saw me when I was in such an awful mentally state and I felt like I was drowning.

Every time I tried to get back to the surface to breathe, a wave would pull me right back under again. I even started having darker thoughts. Every day, I just wanted to feel happy again but not even one day passed without me hating myself.

I don't know why I kept pushing, there really wasn't a reason for me to do so, but I did and even though, I didn't have one, I wanted to be there for people who were experiencing the same thing I was. I wanted to help them because even if you can't help yourself you should try to help others and eventually, you could learn how to help yourself too.

THE LIBRARIAN

2n Premi GRUP D · Sara Assens González

It was a dark night in the north of England; the streets were empty and the moon wasn't shining. Emmet is a very smart sixteen year old boy who lives with his granddad. He has got light brown hair and bright blue eyes. He's about one meter sixty five, which is not very tall for his age. He likes solving crimes, but he's not allowed to because of his age; he's too young.

One afternoon, Emmet was out wandering around the streets, when he suddenly saw a black silhouette from the corner of his eye. He quickly turned around. As he made eye contact with a man, he got shot at the back and fell straight to the hard cold concrete.

When he woke up, he was in his bed. He felt dizzy, his head was hurting and he had no idea of what had happened. He was inside a nine-year-old boy's body. He slowly got up and went to see his grandfather, who was sitting on a chair with a newspaper and a cup of coffee. They started talking about the night he got shot.

It was all so confusing! He said that he remembered the guy who had made eye contact with him. He was very tall and scary, was dressed in black and had a huge scar on his face. 'Why does he look so familiar?'- thought Emmet. As he looked over to see what his grandad was reading he saw a picture of Elfanzo. 'It's the leader of the SCA (Secret Crime Association), my biggest enemy!'- cried Emmet. 'He's the one who shot me! That's why I'm not dead. They shot me with their new drug. A drug that is supposed to kill your brain.... But then, how am I not dead?' - asked Emmet 'We will have to do some research!'- replied Jake (Emmet's grandfather)

He was now in a little boy's body, so he had to act like one. He went to primary school. After school he would solve crimes.

One afternoon he found out that Mr. Nory, the local librarian, had gone missing. It was very late, so he decided to go explore the library the next day. After

school Emmet and his friends went to the library. They searched the first floor, and found nothing. Then searched the second floor. They decided to split up in two groups: one would stay in the second floor, look for clues and make sure no one came in; and Emmet and two other friends went to the third floor.

They went to the elevator; they pressed the button to go to the third floor. The doors weren't closing. Suddenly an alarm started going off. The elevator started saying that it was too heavy to go up. The three friends were so confused. The maximum weight was two hundred kilograms. Between the three of them they obviously weighed less than two hundred kilograms. Emmet decided to go to the attic, where he could check the elevator system. Suddenly, he saw that the top of the elevator was covered with paper bags. He put gloves on and started removing all the paper bags. It was obvious that some paper bags could not weigh that much - there had to be something heavy under that pile. After digging for a while, a hand appeared then a leg, then a body and lastly a face. It was Mr Nory. It seemed he had been strangled with a thick rope. He was pale, his eyes were open and dry, and his mouth was covered in blood. There was a strange smell in the room, it kind of smelled like bread. He returned downstairs to meet with the rest. He briefly explained what he had found because they had to leave. It was late and they didn't want to get caught. The next day during break time they all sat down to chat. Emmet could not stop thinking about that weird bread smell, so he brought it up. After a few minutes he realised that all those paper bags had the same shape and the same size. They were long and thin, like those bags were they put the baguettes in. Emmet started thinking that this might have something to do with the new baker...

To be continued.

I'M THE ONLY ONE

3r Premi GRUP D · Aina Roig Vilamajó

Am I the only one?

Suddenly my eyes were blind, I couldn't see anything I went pass some obstacles and when I saw the light I went directly there.

When I went out I saw a lot of faces looking at me as if I was an alien, I didn't know why they were looking at me in that awful way.

My mom took a photo of me and when he showed to my father I saw myself there inside

the camera, a little girl all brown; brown eyes, brown hair, dark skin I looked around me and all of them, all my family members were white, they were all extremely white, like snow.

They next days I was in the hospital and there were a lot of doctors visiting me because

of my body colour, I heard that they were talking about a "Forbidden Town" but I didn't pay a lot of attention in that words because they were too difficult for me to understand ...

After a month we went home, it was a beautiful house, with the largest curtains I had ever seen, it was not too difficult to overcome that memory... At the back of the house there was a big backyard with a lot of trees and flowers or that it's what they explained to me, because they told me that I could never go to the backyard because if V went into the trees I would get lost. But in my mind all those trees and flowers seemed beautiful to me and I wanted to go there.

One day when I was twelve years old, I came back from school and I was sitting in front of my spotless bedroom window, I was listening to the birds singing, they were so hilarious signing, it was as if they were in a concert of Justin Biber. I got out of my bed and went down to listen to the birds in the garden, but

when I was in the there, they were not around me, but I was still listening them I followed their songs dancing with my eyes closed, but suddenly I crushed with something...

When I opened my eyes I was in front of the backyard, all the flowers and trees were gorgeous, I looked up, back and sideways, there was nobody around me so I started walking inside that stunning place. I walked and walked while the birds where signing, after walking for three hours I saw a meadow with a lot of flowers and when I was just going that way through the green trees I heard my name, "Anne, Anne, Anne Brown!"

Someone was shouting, when they said "Brown" I knew they were looking for me because

I was the only brown person in all Lost Town, I carne back to the town I went running to my room and when they said my name again I said "yes?" as if I hadn't gone anywhere...

That night I couldn't sleep, I was thinking about that gorgeous meadow with the yellow flowers... And I stared thinking if behind those yellow flowers there was another town, another town with habitants like me!, and if that was the town the doctors were talking about the days I was in the hospital when I was younger, but I quickly stopped thinking that because it was a foolishness...

The next day when I was walking to school I heard some people talking about a Forbidden Town and at the same time they were looking at me. When I was in class I couldn't stop thinking about what that white people were talking about.

When I carne back home I was so confused about my past, I started thinking if I was a real alien, or if

I had been kidnapped by white people, so I went to the backyard and I started walking until I saw the meadow with those beautiful flowers when I was in front of them I was too nervous about what could happen to me, but I said to myself that I needed to be brave and walk through the flowers. When I arrived at the other side of the meadow I breathed and I saw something like a little wooden door, I went directly there, but was a little awful of what could happen to me. I opened the door and I went in, suddenly: boom! bam! bum!

There were some sort of shadow or something which was very dark in front of me, this shadows looked at me from my head down to my feet, and one of them shouted "It's from us, be calm and don't argue with her" I was so confused in that moment that I stumbled and fell.

When I woke up I saw a lot of faces looking at me but when I looked at them they were like me!, they were brown, I couldn't believed it.

I was very well received; they gave me food, water and some new clothes. I started asking

them who they were and why they were like me. They told me that years ago the Lost Town and the Forbidden Town were one town, but one day the white ones started arguing with the brown ones, the Lost Town habitants told the Forbidden Town habitants that they would be slaves and as the brown people didn't want that to happen so they had to move to another place.

In that moment I felt so sorry for the brown ones, not only because they were like me, but

also because they had been treated badly.

That night I went back to the Lost Town and I explained everything to my mum to know if all of this story was true and why I was brown if my parents

were white. My mum told me that the whole story was true and I was brown because my biological father was brown too. I asked her why she had never told it to me, she told me that it was illegal to tell this to the children.

I felt very sorry for all the other children that had been lied to, but as I discovered the truth

I wanted to be with my brown family but I also wanted to live with my white one. I didn't know what to do so I went to the president of Lost Town and asked him what would happen if both towns joined together again, he told me that it was possible to do this but brown people would start arguing with white people because white people had thrown brown ones out of their town.

Then I was beginning to understand what was happening, I went through the pretty meadows again with the birds singing and I asked if Brown people would argue with white ones if they lived together again, they told me they wouldn't argue because they had forgiven white people, but they would only live with them again if Lost Town habitants promised to not throw brown people out of the town again. The white people promised that and the everybody lived together again.

I was very satisfied of what I had made and that both towns could be together again and not arguing with each other, but the most important part was that I finally knew who I was and that I was not the only one.

NO PAIN NO GAIN

Menció ex aequo GRUP D · Basile Day

One cold Saturday morning in a suburb of Paris a young boy called Teddy Betsen was playing a rugby match for his team. Teddy Betsen was born in Paris however his father is from Guadeloupe and his mother is from Alsace, Teddy is a tiny bit smaller than his friends and teammates but that doesn't stop him from trying, he has medium sized dreadlocks and is passionate about rugby. Teddy's team was losing 27-19; Teddy is a winger so he is the main try scorer. It was the last minute and his team desperately needed a try and they needed to convert it, Teddy grabbed the ball and ran as fast as a flash to the try line, he left players for dead on the floor as he scored, everyone went crazy, Teddy converted the kick and they ended up winning 27-28.

Little did Teddy know that there was a scout watching him, the scout was called Phillipe Saint-Andre, Saint-Andre was a former coach for the French national team, but then he moved on as scout for Stade Toulonnais. After the match he asked Teddy's trainer to bring Teddy and his father over, they came over and Phillipe Saint-Andre asked them if Teddy would like to come to the Toulon rugby academy, one of the best rugby academies in Europe. Teddy's father was so overwhelmed that he almost fainted, Teddy was so happy. A few days later paperwork later Teddy started at the academy. Teddy stayed in the academy's residence which was like a 10 star hotel to him, it had all the things he had imagined, it had a swimming pool, a good quality restaurant, a high standard spa which was also public but costed a lot of money to go to, a gym which the professionals train in, basically it was rugby heaven. At the desk at reception they gave him the keys to his room, above the printer there was a picture of rugby.

Player called Ma'a Nonu, Nonu was one of his favourite players and as he stared at the picture he dreamt about playing with him in a stadium with fans, the receptionist was tapping Teddy on the shoulder but Teddy didn't turn around as he was daydreaming, the receptionist stared at the photo as well and he said, "You know, one day you could reach that level, even international level, how about playing for France?" Teddy responded quietly "That's a long way isn't

it? But if I tried hard I think I could even make it into the history books". They both chuckled. The receptionist replied seeming a bit sad saying "Listen, I know you're very young but the advice I'm going to tell you now must stick into your head, NO PAIN NO GAIN, don't give up, I made mistakes by giving up and I never quite made it as a professional, it's rough out there but you have to brave the storm, if you want to sing La Marseillaise in the Stade de France, you have to keep moving forward and don't stop or turn back" The receptionist went to get a coffee at the coffee machine while Teddy stood there for a few seconds, he then went to his room and unpacked his bag. The words the receptionist told him felt like somebody stuck those words in his head with cement, he just couldn't stop thinking about it.

In the afternoon that day he had his first training session with the team, he had already met his teammates at lunch and they were very friendly to him. He was expecting a slow initial training but they started by doing shuttle runs. He was tired very quickly as he wasn't used to this method of training even though he was very rapid and had a lot of stamina his body couldn't take it. He saw his teammates take it like a piece of cake so he tried to not look tired no to look out of place, but he still had NO PAIN NO GAIN stuck in his head and he made a promise to himself that he would follow this motto all the way until he stops playing rugby. As training went by and they were doing different drills it came to the training match at the end. They had to play against the under 16's in the academy. They were much bigger and stronger. Teddy started on the bench but then came on near the end of the match, surprisingly the score was still 0-0, Teddy knew he had to be the game changer to get recognition. He got the ball straight away but he was tackled very hard to the ground, he got straight back up he ran past the front line then the winger then the fullback and he scored in style doing the splash try. All his teammates were shocked and the under 16's were as well. Teddy converted the kick and the rest was history.

A BIG SURPRISE!

Menció ex aequo GRUP D · Claudia Poppy McGrath Nobbs

One day, I came home from school and I had no homework so I decided to go on google maps. I always see my brother on there so I thought I would give it a go. I sat down on the office chair; I opened a new tab and searched google maps.

A big globe came upon my screen. I clicked on a random place with my eyes closed, I opened them and I saw that the country was Greenland. It looked a bit deserted so I zoomed in a bit more but it didn't look like a very interesting country. I moved the mouse a bit to the right and another piece of land came across. This one looked a bit more interesting. I zoomed out a bit and I saw it was Iceland. It truly looked amazing! From that day on, almost every spare minute I have, I spend it on google maps, looking for some cooler places in the world. When I grow up, I want to travel around the world.

One day, I was sitting at school in Math's class when suddenly the secretary walked in and said my name. Then she tells me to get my things and go outside to wait for my parents. I sat outside when I saw my brother came out. I was a bit worried just in case anything had happened to someone or something. But my brother said that there was nothing to worry about; he said it was just a big surprise! Then I saw my dad's car and we got in. I turned around and I saw suitcases. Were we going to the airport?!

Finally, my brother said "Okay, I can't wait, I'm telling her! So yes, we are going somewhere a few hours away, I actually think it's one of the first countries you felt in love with when you started loving google maps so much. It's also up to north and... Oh! And it's freezing! Can you guess?" I couldn't believe it... it was Iceland! I just knew it! Iceland! - I said very loudly. And they all started laughing.

When we got on the plane, I sat next to my brother

which was sitting next to the window. The flight was about five hours. When we got there, it was freezing, so cold, I couldn't believe it! The next morning, we got up and hired a car from a car rental nearby and we also bought a map. We knew the most popular thing to do in Iceland was the golden circle. We also spent the last two days in Reykjavik. It is the capital of Iceland and it's full of colourful houses. It's a lovely city and it was so different to any other cities I had ever been to.

Iceland was amazing, by far the best holiday ever and the fact that it was a big surprise was very fun. It's an amazing way to start my travelling dream.



THE MIRROR GIRL

1r Premi GRUP E · Jordi Salvadó Díaz

I woke up to a knocking on glass. At first, I thought it was the window until I heard it came from the mirror. I walked towards it and what I saw and heard horrified me.

Blood, corpses, screams of terror and a young girl in a white dress laying on the floor surrounded by them. She was holding what it seemed to be a Teddy on her hands.

I washed my face with cold water and looked at the mirror again, the young girl's dress was now completely red... Her lids went up and I jumped back, her eyes were completely black.

I sat on the floor trying to think what, where and who was that.

I couldn't sleep at night so I decided to call my friend George and he came expeditiously to my house and I hugged him strongly. A calm feeling invaded my body. By the way I am Elisabeth and I will explain you how my life became a horror story.

So it all started when I was 10, the day I started school, after summer, I came back, I looked at myself in the mirror and I didn't see me, I saw my sister who had died when I was 8. I called my parents but when they came in the room my dead sister had vanished from the mirror.

My psychologist told me that it could have been a spontaneous psychotic chapter that will not happen again and the reason why it had happened was because of her recent death, but she wasn't right... 22 years later I keep having the same problem but this time will be different I thought, I wanted to find that girl and help her and as I couldn't do it alone I went with my friend George.

First I searched on the internet where the house was located. It was not far from my house so the same

night I saw her in the mirror and went on her search. We went down to the garage and took the car. I told George to drive because I was too nervous to do it. It was cold outside and the heat wasn't working. I felt like something was going wrong. We kept driving for half an hour and we saw the house. It was built on a hill surrounded by bats, black clouds; a horrendous place.

We walked towards it side by side and at the time we reached the front door. It began to open and making a noise like the ones in horror movies.

We were inside and there was nothing but stairs going down so we went for it. Stair after stair we reached the floor. There was nothing, no girl, no corpses... An suddenly the door smashed hard. It was closed and there was no way we could go out.

A bright and very shiny light appeared in the center of the room. After a few seconds my eyes could adapt to the light and I saw the shadow of the young girl. She was wearing the exact same red dress and had her Teddy on her hands.

We were in absolute silence and she started screaming. I started crying and shouting but no one could hear us. We were going to die. She walked and stopped just in front of us. She opened her mouth and a monster came out of it.

Suddenly I was in the front door again but I could fly. I could go through walls. I was a ghost! Now I am writing this story to warn you about the danger of looking at the mirror... Be careful because I don't want to spend my whole life alone...

MR. BLACK

2n Premi GRUP E · Gunnar Montseny Gens

14th May 2017

"My name is Bill, I'm 14 years old and I would like to explain an incredible story. It all started long ago, in fact, I don't even remember when. Although it might seem strange, some nights a ghost visits me. I call him Mr. Black. He comes when I'm sleeping and he always leaves a proof to tell me that he eventually came that night. I will give you some examples; When I have to wake up early, and I set my alarm clock, Mr. Black comes during the night and he turns it off, and in consequence I arrive late at school... Sometimes he moves things, like the shoes, the clothes and he rarely leaves an opened book on the table, or draws something in my notebook, He also likes to play with the lights; if one day, for example, I go to sleep with the lights switched on, when I wake up they are switched off.

I have to recognize that initially I was scared, but now I consider Mr. Black a member of the family. As you might imagine when I explain these stories to my parents, or my sister, they tell me that I have a lot of imagination and that ghosts don't exist. However, I'm sure that you believe my story even though it might seem very strange.

My parents always ask me; how does Mr. Black look like? Why don't you invite him to have dinner with us? And really, I have never seen him, although I know for sure that he comes sometimes. Mr. Black is very silent, he never makes noise, and that's why I have never woken up to see him, although I would like to.

I remember that some weeks ago I designed a perfect plan to see him:

I haven't told you, but when Mr. Black is hungry, he looks for food in the fridge or in the pantry, and he ends up eating my breakfast. As a result, I leaved a small part of an apple cake on the dining room

table, with a note that said "Cake for Mr. Black", and I convinced my parents to activate the home alarm system, and I thought that we could have a chance to finally see him.

The next day, the cake was still there, but I found a note in my room with a strange and bad handwriting that said " I don't like apples" - in reality, I don't like apples either - it was impossible for me to know what he liked and what he disliked in that moment. At the end, that alarm didn't ring and nobody woke up and nobody saw Mr. Black.

Then, I realized that the alarm sensors don't detect ghosts, but I found out that the alarm had also been disconnected...

Now, I'm about to go to sleep, I am writing my personal diary and I have a surprise for my ghost. My parents just bought me a video camera today, and, I am going to switch it on now and I am going to record my room all the night. Tomorrow morning I will finally know Mr.Black."

When Bill will wake up in the morning, he will see that Mr. Black switched off the video camera in midnight, and that Mr. Black is very similar to him; he wears the same pyjama, the same hairstyle, same size... in fact, they are identical. And then, Bill will discover that he is a sleepwalker.

DEFINITELY NOT A NORMAL DAY

3r Premi GRUP E • Tomás Kammüller Pont

So it all started as all other work days started, dressing up in a rush, leaving the kids late to school, and then hurrying up to work. I'm just an average 40 year old mum, just normal as any other mother. I work in a bank and I'm stressed everyday as every mum.

So at work we are all suppose to be there half an hour before opening the bank's doors. It just started as every other day, but when I came in, it was 8:30am. Yes, I was on time, although when coming in I remembered I had seen a white van outside, it just took my attention for a second but I didn't give it much importance, because I was in a hurry not to arrive late to work. So at 9am I was all ready for any customer who'd come. The security guard, Juan, is the one who unlocks all doors every morning at 9 o'clock, so as usual that's what he did. So he went and unlocked the first one which normally stays open and suddenly... a loud noise made all of us look at the door because he had been shot. He was dead, bleeding on the floor.

We were all in shock, we didn't know how to react, the only idea I had in my mind was pushing the anti-theft button which I almost had forgotten it was there. I just pushed the button and 2 minutes later the SWAT team appeared. But in those two minutes too much things had happened.

Four pairs of criminals approached to us and just aimed the gun at us and threatened us.

They told us to put our hands up in the air, while another pair was closing the door. They would just point the gun at us while grabbing us and putting us all together in a corner so they'd have us all controlled. But what they didn't know, was that the most important directors of the bank were still in the building, nobody knows where in the building

do they work. The anti-theft button is intended to alert the police, and to make the most important people in the bank abandon their offices and escape through their secret passages. They have a secret entrance, which is totally camouflaged with a restaurant's backdoor.

The craziest and unexpected thing happened too. The criminals offered us the possibility of having 2 minutes to call our families or our loved or whoever we wanted to just tell them that we were taken as a hostage and that we were fine. I've never heard this happening in any kind of criminal activity. So that's what we all did. We were all anxious to leave but the criminals were quite distracted in looking for what they wanted. A pair of them was just keeping an eye on us, another pair was communicating and negotiating with the police and the other two pairs were looking for the goods they needed.

The obvious thing which the criminals achieved was money, but while being there I was thinking what could they be looking for, that was so special. Then I just started thinking and thinking, and some things came up to my mind, some small weird details I had overheard during the last month. Some strange phone calls with no response, some computers didn't work well lately, the security guard's appearance was unusual, he looked very tired, stressed, acted strange and talked weird. It all resulted they had been spying on us for months and they were planning on stealing a very expensive machine which was located in an incredibly wealthy man's safe.

Afterwards, I understood that the criminals negotiated with the police commandants that they would release half of us if the police exchanged a quarter of a million dollars. So they did, and I unluckily was fortunate and had to stay. After an hour the criminals reunited

all together and escaped somehow through the undergrounds. But not for much time.

We were then able to call the police and ask them to rescue us, because all doors were locked and nobody had keys. We successfully left and declared as witnesses to the police officers and then safely went back home where I could be reunited with all my family. During dinner we watched the news on the TV which we rarely do, and suddenly some breaking news came across and announced that 4 criminals had been arrested but unlike the other four had escaped.

LIGHT OVER DARKNESS

Menció d'honor GRUP E · Daniel John Evans Andrews

I want to live as the wind does, free and unrestricted. To listen to its voice offers a taste of that freedom and that is all I wish to have. To jump and feel its force beat down trying to push me forwards, that's the freedom I desire to have. To be able to elect my future, to follow the destiny I write for myself. That's freedom, and that's what I aspire to have. But ever since I was a child all I have ever known is darkness.

There were rumors about a time when light reigned over my world, showering everyone with its power and spreading life across the land. All sounds like a fairytale to me, but that never stopped me. My entire life has been based around this made up story, and I'm starting to give up hope. My name is Alex, and this is my story, the story of how I found the light to free myself from my darkness.

I've never found my place, I naturally don't fit in and the rest could obviously see that. But no one ever tried to do anything about it, my life has been a combination of solidarity and the constant thought of a world that would be better without my presence. I admit I have thought about taking a trip to death's door, but I obviously never took the step, as is to be expected from someone weak like me. For years these dark thoughts consumed me from the inside out, an endless cycle of torturous feelings attached to me like heavy steel chains nailed down to the ground. I never believed good could come to someone like me, boy, was I wrong.

Ninth grade began like any other year; my shadow continued being my best and only friend. The problem isn't that I don't try to make friends, socially I'm considered to have friends, but no one truly knows who I am. I've tried to tell people, but every person I've ever told has ended up running away from me, leaving me to feel like some sort of monster. As the days passed I felt like I couldn't sink any lower. I came

to the conclusion that the supposed "light" I was looking for, couldn't be found. I was going to be a prisoner of my thoughts for the rest of my life.

The first school term felt like an identical copy of the rest, nothing and no one had changed. I started the term feeling nothing new, and ended it feeling like I had accomplished nothing of use. I went into the second term ready to live another couple of months as a lie. And so, as you do after coming back from a school break, you tell your

Class what you did during the holiday. As always I told the class how "great" it was, making me feel trapped notable to tell the truth. During my explanation I noticed something, there was a new student in my class but I didn't think much of her and continued with the my explanation.

A couple hours passed and it was time for lunch. I usually sit alone for this period, I guess nobody likes to sit with me since I'm not very interesting. But then something very strange happened, the new girl approached me and asked (quite confidently) if she could sit with me, I wanted to be left alone at the time but for some reason I said yes. As soon as she sat down she started talking to me, and the first thing she asked was: Is something wrong?

I had never met this girl before but she was talking to me as if I was a friend. I was surprised at how open she was, but I've learnt from my mistakes and know, that if I open myself up to her she would just push me away. And all though I don't know her I don't want her to see me for who I am, she shouldn't have to bare that weight on her shoulders for however long she will be at school. So I just told her that I was fine, but by the look on her face, I could tell she didn't believe me.

All though I was quite ignorant and a bit rude then, that didn't stop her from sitting with me every day for lunch. I don't know why she did it, but it did make me feel, something. She usually just sat down and started talking about whatever popped into her head, expressing herself as she saw fit. I was a bit jealous seeing as I could never do that.

A week passed since she first sat with me. She continued to sit with me the following weeks, I missed being alone, it was the time when I could really focus and remember what and who I am, and gave me the chance to grab onto the little hope I had left. But I have to admit, since she's started talking to me at lunch, those thoughts are less present within me, and I don't really miss them.

It didn't take long for Emma to become friends with the rest of the class, wish I could be as charismatic and friendly as her, she has such a way with people. After becoming integrated, she stopped coming to talk to me during lunch time, it wasn't a surprise since I knew that a girl like her would get tired of talking to an insensitive brick wall. Wasn't soon after that my old thoughts came flooding back into my head like a repressed memory. The worst thing is, I actually thought we were friends.

I led myself to believe that I had a chance to wonder into the light side of life. Obviously I was wrong, the last few days have been a constant reminder of what my destiny is, and I'm stuck unable to make my own. I only wish someone will miss me, though for that to happen she has to be someone to remember me, but the only thing people will remember is the trail of misery and destruction I've left behind me.

Every hour that passes I can feel my dreams being ripped apart and thrown into the wind to never be put back together. I never believed these old thoughts

would come climbing back so quickly. But my time alone has also brought a feeling I hadn't felt in a long time. An old forgotten feeling, from a time when light dominated my life. Every heart beat felt weak, but when I thought about Emma it pushed my body to keep moving, a fiery feeling building up in my chest. I had only ever felt this once, love is the word that filled my head.

I hadn't felt such powerful emotions in such a long time... but I knew the truth. Love is a powerful feeling, and knowing that I must hide it to save myself from the heart break is another way to slowly kill me. I know she looks at me, but I also know she doesn't see me. I'm running away from myself, I can't see who I once was, the hope I once had is further and further away. I've started pondering and thinking if I should take that trip I was talking about, it would make everything so much easier.

Once the second term finished I felt empty inside, I just couldn't deal with everything that happened inside my head during those months. From losing a friend to the heart ache of loving her and knowing that I'm unlovable. I wish I could show her how I feel and tell her who I am. This might sound selfish but I don't want to go through that, I was living afraid of the truth for so long, I actually believed I was protecting myself, but God was I wrong...

I spent the third term observing my surroundings hoping that I could remember every single detail. Every little piece of darkness that had been branded into my head kept reminding me of who I am. At one point in the third term Emma approached me, my heart started beating quicker and quicker, I had been trying to forget her but it seems like I can't get away. All she asked was: "Is something wrong?" My body was telling me to tell her to release myself and become free from my own chains. But I told her I was good, I was so stupid I could have changed

everything right there and then. I know now I put myself in that position. I was on my own now.

Once school ended I no longer had anything to keep me distracted. To try and forget that year 1 attempted to forget everything but when I did", one name kept appearing in my head, Emma. She destroyed me from the inside, but I don't blame her for what I felt, it was my own twisted mind playing games with me. I couldn't escape, I just couldn't deal being trapped in my own physiological prison.

On the 24th of July was the day I finally gave up, I couldn't deal with my life. The only thing that was keeping me alive was what Emma made me feel, but I'd finally come to terms with what my destiny was. I wasn't going to stand another minute of this torturous living, I felt like a should of thanked Emma for showing me what a should of done a long time ago.

I started wandering through the streets of my town, going back to each location that was connected to one of my memories that made me the man I am. It was clear to me after that, that me staying in this world was just causing a disturbance. An insignificant spec of dust just waiting to be taken away.

I went up to a hill just outside my town, I wanted to see were the monster people called "Aiex" was born. And so I got to the top and stepped onto the ledge, took my last breath and I felt like I was ready to let everything go. As I let myself fall forwards I could feel my heart start racing faster and faster once my body was tilted forwards I felt my heart completely stop and then... darkness.

But... then I heard a voice, I recognized it. I could still feel my heart beating, I started to open my eyes and in front of me I saw a blurry figure, slightly blinded by the light I couldn't quite work out who it was. As

WHAT I FOUND OUT... A STORY OF DISCOVERY

1r Premi GRUP F · Lara Marcela Veiga Evans

my eyes started to focus I laid my eyes upon the most beautiful girl I've ever seen, I actually asked if I was in heaven, she thought it was funny and she gave me the most beautiful smile. As I refocused I started to look around and I noticed that I was still on the hill, lying right on the edge in her arms. As looked at her she started crying, and through herself in my arms.

As we backed away from the edge she explained what happened, and told me how she saw me well I was walking around town and she knew something wasn't right, and when she saw me go up to the hill she came to see if I was okay or if I needed some company. At that moment I realized what I almost did, I never thought Emma cared about me, first

time I was happy that I was wrong. She went on to tell me that no matter what happens she would be there for me, through bad and good times she would stand by me. I didn't understand why, we only knew each other for a couple of months and only exchanged a few words, but it didn't take long for me to notice that she felt what I did. I couldn't express my feelings but I think at that moment she realized that my feelings for her where just as strong.

Emma and I spent the rest of the day talking, I told her each of my dark secrets, and through it all she was still there, sitting next to me looking at me with those beautiful brown eyes. At the end of the day I finally felt complete, I found that light that used to be in my world. Emma became the light over my darkness, and I wouldn't take back a single second of my pain because without it, I would never of found her and I wouldn't be the man I am today if it wasn't because of it.

My name is Alex and this is the story of how love saved my life and showed me that good can be found even in the worst of times. Don't be scared, people care and will listen, don't make the same mistake I almost made.

I had a happy life. Well, I say "happy", but in fact it was a very ordinary life. I was consumed by routine. I was living in London and was working as a lawyer at the time. The job was well paid, I was close to my friends and family and I had a nice home. But I always felt like something was missing. I knew that there was more to life out there.

I felt like I hadn't completely found myself and the true person I was. So I decided to go on a spontaneous holiday to Thailand. I don't know why, but I thought it was the best thing I could do at the time.

I left it all behind and decided to stay in a bungalow next to the beach. My plan was to stay there for two weeks, but after spending every day at the beach for a week, I got bored. I thought it would be a good idea to go exploring so I started to walk away from the beach and ended up in a forest. I found a small lake there and decided to get in it.

As I started to get in the water I felt like my problems were drifting away. I was so relaxed. And I was completely alone.

Then, when it was time to get out, I put my foot on a rock that I used as a step. It was very slippery and I lost balance, so I fell off and hit my head. I lost consciousness, and next thing I know I was inside some kind of hut, surrounded by people who looked like hippies.

I didn't feel afraid; I knew that they were trustworthy people because they had saved me. They could have left me to drown after I hit my head, but they didn't.

I spent a whole week living with these people. They were the most carefree and happy people I had ever met. They all lived together in huts made by hand and they would hunt and scavenge for food themselves.

They would build a bonfire every night and they all sit around it together and sing. Like one big happy family.

They were so welcoming and genuine. It was such a special place. It made me think to myself, "Where have I been all these years?"

The place where they lived was hidden and they wanted it to remain that way. They told me I could stay there and that they would teach me how to survive and live like them, but with one condition: I could never tell anybody about their secret.

Not all of them came from Thailand - there were also people from other countries staying there who once were lost tourists, like me. And that place helped them to find themselves.

I stayed in Thailand for a long time. Almost a year. I lost contact with my family and obviously forgot about my job.

But I felt like I'd had enough. I felt as if the lesson I had set myself up to learn when I went on that trip almost a year ago had finally been learnt. But most of all, I felt like I needed to go home and see all the people who once were close to me.

That experience changed me as a person. I gave up my job and turned my whole life around. I became a world traveller. And I never said 'no' to the opportunities that could give me a chance to see and discover new things - things that were out of the ordinary.

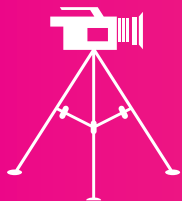
Thanks to those people, people who were truly inspiring to me, I started to look at my life from a different perspective.

I always knew that I was meant to live life to the fullest and go on as many adventures as possible

and witness the pain and beauty of the world with my own eyes.

I believe that this was my destiny.





**ESCANEJA ELS SEGÜENTS CODIS PER ACCEDIR ALS
TREBALLS GUANYADORS DE L'APARTAT D'AUDIOVISUAL
EN LA SEVA INTEGRITAT EN FORMAT DIGITAL**



1r Premi GRUP E:
" Ìl Concerto Final "
Víctor Torrents Castellanos



2n Premi GRUP E
" Una sonrisa "
Alba Fernández Miranda



1r Premi GRUP F
" Feminicidis "
Paula Donoso Solís



2n Premi GRUP F
" ¿Y si nunca...? "
Aroa Redondo Ruiz

XVI
PREMIS
30 d'Octubre
2017



Ajuntament de Salou