

An abstract, vibrant illustration of a human face in profile, facing right. The face is composed of numerous overlapping, wavy, and streaked bands of color, including red, blue, yellow, green, and purple, creating a sense of movement and depth. The background is white.

**XXII PREMIS
30 D'OCTUBRE
SALOU
2024**

PASSIÓ PER LA CREATIVITAT

**LA CREATIVITAT ENS
ESTIMULA I ENS FA
VOLAR CAP A MONS
APASSIONANTS**

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Júlia Gómez Mesonero

Regidora de l'Àrea de Serveis Culturals i Educatius.

Una inspiració per al futur

Els Premis 30 d'Octubre esdevenen, cada any, una inspiració d'allò que podrà arribar a ser el futur dels estudiants de casa nostra, per la qual cosa els agraïm la seva implicació i il·lusió.

Els infants i el jovent ens ajuden a veure un horitzó ple de llum i esperança, ja que gràcies a la seva empena i les seves demandes treballem amb entusiasme, perquè tinguin totes les necessitats educatives cobertes i se sentin recolzats i valorats, en tots els seus projectes.

Els premis a la creativitat són una bona mostra del fet que puja una generació de persones amb talent i, per això, els volem transmetre tota la nostra energia positiva, el màxim suport i força per assolir els seus reptes creatius.



Pere Granados Carrillo
Alcalde de Salou

Reconeixement al talent i l'esforç

El reconeixement al talent, l'esforç i la constància de la nostra gent jove de Salou és quelcom que volem agrair, a través d'aquestes línies, amb motiu de la XXII edició dels Premis 30 d'Octubre.

El potencial artístic dels infants i els joves ens enorgulleix i demostra la gran tasca educativa que es realitza des dels centres del municipi, amb un col·lectiu de docents compromesos i preparats per educar, en valors i coneixements, els salouencs i les salouenques del futur.

Per això, des de l'Ajuntament de Salou, sempre serem al vostre costat perquè assoliu els millors èxits i tots els vostres somnis es puguin fer realitat.



PREMIS

FOTOGRAFIA

Premis fotografia

Reunits a Salou, a l'equipament municipal del Teatre Auditori Salou, a 20 de setembre 2024.

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

Presidenta: **Sra. Júlia Gómez Mesonero**
Regidora de l'Àrea de Serveis Culturals de l'Ajuntament de Salou

Jurat:

Sr. David López, creatiu d'audiovisuals
Sra. Elena López, creatiu d'audiovisuals
Sr. Francesc Torres, fotògraf professional

Secretari: **Sr. Marc Espasa Roca**

Acorden per unanimitat pronunciar-se pel veredictes següent:

Categoria D:

1r. premi a l'obra "Calma compartida", de l'autor **Dylan González Piñol**
2n. premi a l'obra "Diverty guay", de l'autora **Laia Barranco Capdevila**
3r. premi a l'obra "Nits d'estiu", de l'autora **Gina Morales Bernal**

Categoria E:

1r. premi a l'obra "Sandream", de l'autora **Aina Vallés Marcos**
2n. premi a l'obra "Llums i somnis", de l'autora **Irene Morillo Cano**
3r. premi a l'obra "Nit de llums", de l'autor **Pau Ibaceta Monné**

Categoria F:

1r. premi a l'obra "Perfil de muntanya", de l'autora **Jennifer Maneiro Rodríguez**
2n. premi a l'obra "Pescando ilusiones", de l'autora **Sara González Subías**
3r. premi a l'obra "Línia de vida", de l'autora **Silvia Balañá Estopà**



1r. Premi · Categoria D · A l'obra "Calma compartida"
Dylan González Piñol



2n.Premi · Categoria D · A l'obra "Diversity guay"
Laia Barranco Capdevila



3r. Premi · Categoria D · A l'obra "Nits d'estiu"
Gina Morales Bernal



1r. Premi · Categoria E · A l'obra "Sandream"
Aina Vallés Marcos



2n. Premi · Categoria E · A l'obra "Llums i somnis"
Irene Morillo Cano



3r. Premi · Categoria E · A l'obra "Nit de llums"
Pau Ibaceta Monné



1r. Premi · Categoria F · A l'obra "Perfil de muntanya"
Jennifer Maneiro Rodríguez



2n.Premi · Categoria F · A l'obra "Pescando ilusiones"
Sara González Subías



3r. Premi · Categoria F · A l'obra "Línia de vida"
Sílvia Balañá Estopà



PREMIS
ARTS
PLÀSTIQUES

Premis arts plàstiques

Reunits a Salou, a l'equipament municipal del Teatre Auditori de Salou, a 16 setembre de 2024.

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

Presidenta: **Sra. Júlia Gómez Mesonero**
Regidora de l'Àrea de Serveis Culturals de l'Ajuntament de Salou

Jurat:

Sra. Montserrat Martínez, especialista en arts plàstiques a l'Institut Jaume I
Sra. Eva Mar, artista visual
Sr. Llorenç Cervelló Mañas, pintor naturista
Sra. Myriam Arnold Llaó, artista local
Sra. Maria Teresa Castellanos de la Peña, dinamitzadora de l'Espai Infància de Salou
Sr. Antonio Cabello Álvarez, pintor i escultor

Secretari: **Marc Espasa Roca**

Acorden per unanimitat pronunciar-se pel veredicte següent:

Categoria A:

1r. premi a l'obra "Arbre d'hivern amb colors freds", de l'autor **Itzel Hernández Mayoral**
2n. premi a l'obra "Collage autoretrat", de l'autora **Lucía Aguilera Camacho**
3r. premi a l'obra "Les flors de Kandinsky", de l'autor **Enzo Jones Martín**

Categoria B:

1r. premi a l'obra "El rei de la selva", de l'autor **Eric Martín Marzo**
2n. premi a l'obra "El meu jo", de l'autora **Kamilla Dolhaia**
3r. premi a l'obra "L'arbre: Karla Gerard", de l'autora **Júlia Díaz Aubanell**

Categoria C:

1r. premi a l'obra "Arc de Sant Martí", de l'autora **Mónica Apanovich**
2n. premi a l'obra "Variety techniques", de l'autora **Noa Sabaté Vera**
3r. premi a l'obra "The frame", de l'autora **Mame Diarra Tine Rico**

Categoria D:

- 1r. premi a l'obra "Cry baby rip", de l'autor **Pedro Marcusson Garcia**
- 2n. premi a l'obra "Tassa de té amb imaginació", de l'autora **Èlia Rodríguez Arias**
- 3r. premi a l'obra "La persona", de l'autora **Ruiqing Lin**

Categoria E:

- 1r. premi a l'obra "Cabdell", de l'autor **Pau Jordan Sabaté**
- 2n. premi a l'obra "Un lloc segur", de l'autora **Julia Costas Xandri**
- 3r. premi a l'obra "Blau", de l'autora **Laila Boughos Pérez**

Categoria F:

- 1r. premi a l'obra "Fúcsia", de l'autora **Alina Zlakomanova**
 - 2n. premi a l'obra "Fràgil", de l'autora **Valentina Rembado Soro**
 - 3r. premi a l'obra "Encaixar", de l'autor **Matías Bolart García**
-



1r. Premi · Categoria A · A l'obra "Arbre d'hivern amb colors freds"
Itzel Hernández Mayoral



2n. Premi · Categoria A · A l'obra "Collage autoretrat"
Lucía Aguilera Camacho



3r. Premi · Categoria A · A l'obra "Les flors de Kandinsky"
Enzo Jones Martín



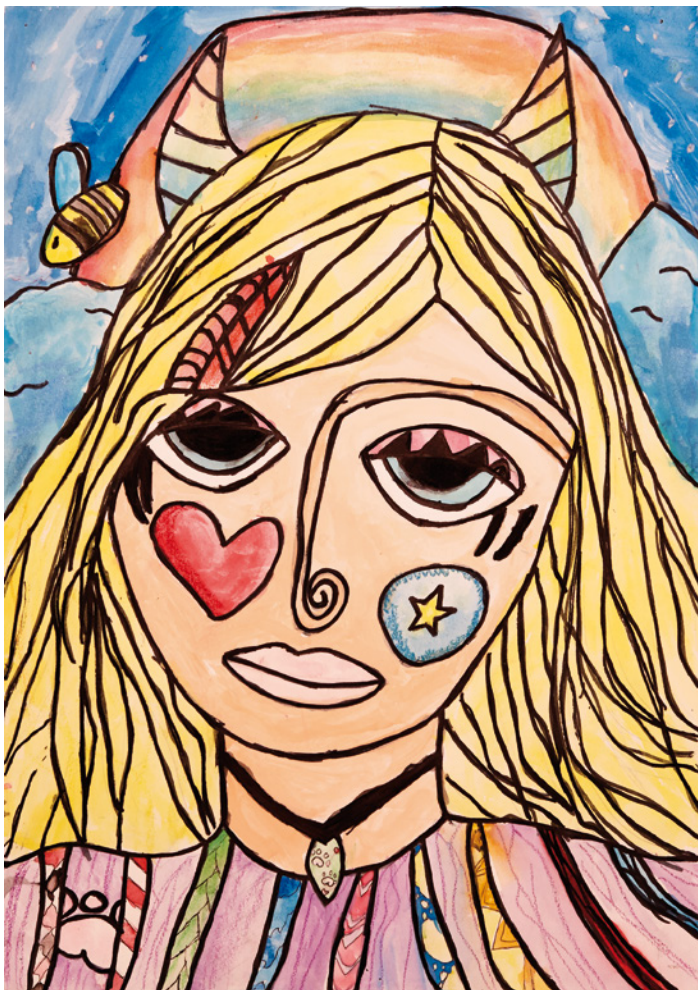
1r. Premi · Categoria B · A l'obra "El rei de la selva"
Eric Martín Marzo



2n. Premi · Categoria B · A l'obra "El meu jo"
Kamilla Dolhaia



3r. Premi · Categoria B · A l'obra "L'arbre: Karla Gerard"
Júlia Díaz Aubanell



1r. Premi · Categoria C · A l'obra "Arc de Sant Martí"
Mónica Apanovich



2n. Premi · Categoria C · A l'obra "Variety techniques"
Noa Sabaté Vera



3r.Premi · Categoria C · A l'obra "The frame"
Mame Diarra Tine Rico



1r. Premi · Categoria D · A l'obra "Cry baby rip"
Pedro Marcussen Garcia



2n. Premi · Categoria D · A l'obra "Tassa de té amb imaginació"
Èlia Rodríguez Arias



1r. Premi · Categoria E · A l'obra "Cabell"
Pau Jordan Sabaté



2n. Premi · Categoria E · A l'obra "Un lloc segur"
Julia Costas Xandri



3r. Premi · Categoria E · A l'obra "Blau"
Laila Boughos Pérez



1r.Premi · Categoria F · A l'obra "Fúcsia"
Alina Zlakomanova



2n. Premi · Categoria F · A l'obra "Fràgil"
Valentina Rembado Soro



3r. Premi · Categoria F · A l'obra "Encaixar"
Matías Bolart García



PREMIS AUDIOVISUALS

Premis audiovisuals

Reunits a Salou, a l'equipament municipal del Teatre Auditori Salou, a 20 de setembre 2024.

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

Presidenta: **Sra. Júlia Gómez Mesonero**
Regidora de l'Àrea de Serveis Culturals de l'Ajuntament de Salou

Jurat:

Sr. David López, creatiu d'audiovisuals
Sra. Elena López, creatiu d'audiovisuals
Sr. Francesc Torres, fotògraf professional

Secretari: **Sr. Marc Espasa Roca**

Acorden per unanimitat pronunciar-se pel veredictes següent:

Categoria E:

1r. premi a l'obra "Tan solo", de l'autor **Pau Ibaceta Monné**
2n. premi a l'obra "La platja", de l'autora **Joseily Milane Cruz**

Categoria F:

1r. premi a l'obra "Más allá de la danza", de l'autor **Nil Corral Solà**
2n. premi a l'obra "Sentir", de l'autora **Carla Bonfill Jubert**
3r. premi a l'obra "El buit 2", de l'autora **Silvia Balañá Estopà**



1r. Premi · Categoria E · A l'obra "Tan solo"
Pau Ibaceta Monné



2n. Premi · Categoria E · A l'obra "La platja"
Joseily Milane Cruz



1r. Premi · Categoria F · A l'obra "Más allá de la danza"
Nil Corral Solà



2n. Premi · Categoria F · A l'obra "Sentir"
Carla Bonfill Jubert



3r. Premi · Categoria F · A l'obra "El buit 2"
Sílvia Balañá Estopà



Des d'aquest codi QR podràs visualitzar els treballs premiats de l'apartat d'audiovisuals.



PREMIS
CREACIÓ
LITERÀRIA

Premis creació literària

Reunits a Salou, a l'equipament municipal del Teatre Auditori de Salou, a 23 setembre de 2024.

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

Presidenta: **Sra. Júlia Gómez Mesonero**

Regidora de l'Àrea de Serveis Culturals de l'Ajuntament de Salou

Jurat:

Sra. Maria Àngeles Fernández, mestra

Sra. Montserrat Rubinat, mestra

Sra. Carme Arévalo, mestra

Sra. Marisol Solano Làzaro, responsable del Servei de Normalització Lingüística de Salou

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

Sra. Inés Muñoz Suescun, professora de Llengua i Literatura a l'Institut Marta Mata

Sra. Bárbara Fernández Esteban, escriptora

Sra. Maria Mercedes Pozuelo Valera, escriptora

Sra. Teresa Clavé Fabra, tècnica de comunicació de l'Ajuntament de Salou

Sra. Ana Maria Nieto Aparicio, professora d'anglès i directora de l'Escola Oficial d'Idiomes

Sr. Alexis Beneito López, llicenciat en filologia anglesa i coordinador de la Martina Kids&Us Salou

Sra. Marta Paniagua, directora de l'Escola Innova.

Sra. Laura de Quintana Bosch, professora d'anglès i coordinadora del departament d'anglès de l'Escola Innova

Sra. Courtney Paige Simms, professora d'anglès de l'Escola Innova

Sra. Sarai Casas Costa, professora d'anglès de l'Escola Innova

Sra. Joana Ruiz Pagès, professora d'anglès de l'Escola Innova

Sra. Maria José Luna Victoria, professora d'anglès de l'Escola Innova

Secretari: **Sr. Marc Espasa Roca**

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

Categoria A:

1r. premi a l'obra "El conte de la Lia", de l'autor **Pablo Martín Gracia**

2n. premi a l'obra "L'ós Tom i la reina abella", de l'autor **Demid Chuvilin**

3r. premi a l'obra "El talp accidentat", de l'autora **Inés Castellví Gombau**

Categoria B:

- 1r. premi a l'obra "L'amistat", de l'autora **Teresa Hidalgo Paniagua**
- 2n. premi a l'obra "El meu viatge pels continents del món", de l'autora **Aïssa Bodian Pérez**
- 3r. premi a l'obra "El regalo más deseado", de l'autora **Laia Folch Prim**

Categoria C:

- 1r. premi a l'obra "La sang de la Terra", de l'autora **Miriam Alcubierre Sierra**
- 2n. premi a l'obra "La galeta i l'arc de Sant Martí", de l'autora **Ada Vallvé Magrinyà**
- 3r. premi a l'obra "La verdadera història de la Laika", de l'autora **Ona Espasa Borràs**

Categoria D:

- 1r. premi a l'obra "El escritor", de l'autora **Anna Padró Fikas**
- 2n. premi a l'obra "Espejos del alma", de l'autora **Lisety Cruz Pérez**
- 3r. premi a l'obra "Cadena", de l'autora **Martina Cantero Rodríguez**

Categoria E:

- 1r. premi a l'obra "A la espera de florecer", de l'autora **Ona Ribé Zygmantaitė**
- 2n. premi a l'obra "El darrer viatge del vell faroner", de l'autora **Hiba El Addouti Dadou**
- 3r. premi a l'obra "Llums de mitjanit", de l'autora **Mar Fernández Miró**
- Menció especial a l'obra "La libertad", de l'autor **Daniel Benítez Timofeeva**

Categoria F:

- 1r. premi a l'obra "El desvanecer", de l'autora **Consuelo Toro**
- 2n. premi a l'obra "El meu pitjor malson soc jo", de l'autora **Jordina Abelló Fähndrich**
- 3r. premi a l'obra "El gran día", de l'autora **Candela Martínez Checa**
- Menció especial a l'obra "Tia!", de l'autor **Matías Bolart García**

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

Categoria A:

- 1r. premi a l'obra "Why I want to travel the world", de l'autor **William de Novellis**
- 2n. premi a l'obra "Why I want to travel the world", de l'autora **Alba Santamaria Margalef**

Categoria B:

- 1r. premi a l'obra "Taylor's routine", de l'autora **Bonnie Elizabeth Piper**
- 2n. premi a l'obra "My mother's daily routine", de l'autora **Sheyla Taveras Grullón**
- 3r. premi a l'obra "Ninja Turtle", de l'autor **Emmanuel Martínez Calvo**

Categoria C:

- 1r. premi a l'obra "The romantic origin of eclipses", de l'autora **Emma Cambeiro Alonso**
- 2n. premi a l'obra "Wolf Dragon", de l'autor **Ivan Jaimot Carrasco**
- 3r. premi a l'obra "Mental trip", de l'autor **Cristian Jorge Suero**

Categoria D:

- 1r. premi a l'obra "Ranger", de l'autor **Jordi Alarcón Esteban**
- 2n. premi a l'obra "An unexpected mistake", de l'autora **Laia Jaffré Martínez**
- 3r. premi a l'obra "Greece's obsession", de l'autor **Joris Rubio Reunis**

Categoria E:

- 1r. premi a l'obra "Red velvet", de l'autora **Stanislava Lavrentyeva**
- 2n. premi a l'obra "White Camellia", de l'autora **Berta Aymat Portabella**
- 3r. premi a l'obra "A true love story", de l'autora **Natalia Alexandra Guarnizo Polanco**

Categoria F:

- 1r. premi a l'obra "Next patient", de l'autora **Arianna Povill Varela**
- 2n. premi a l'obra "Rise again", de l'autora **Julene Martínez Sevilla**
- 3r. premi a l'obra "The survival log", de l'autor **Daniil Tingaev Soloviev**

EL CONTE DE LA LIA

1r Premi categoria A Pablo Martín Gracia

Aquesta història va passar al 2015.

Hi havia una família que tenia una gossa que es diu Lia. Van marxar de vacances i van deixar a la Lia tancada a la terrassa sense aigua ni menjar. La gosseta no parava de bordar i bordar. Estava tan trista i desesperada que va fer un forat al terra i es va escapar. Anava sola pel carrer amb molta por. Una persona la va veure i la va portar a la protectora.

Un dia la meua mare estava mirant el Facebook i va veure una gosseta molt bonica en adopció. Li va agradar tant que la va adoptar. La meua mare estava embarassada de mi quan la Lia va arribar a la nostra família.

Quan vaig néixer el meu avi venia cada dia a l'hospital i agafava el meu gorret i quan arribava a casa li deixava al costat de la Lia perquè l'olorés i així quan jo arribés a casa no s'enfadaria amb mi.

Quan vaig sortir de l'hospital, la Lia ja em coneixia i ens vam fer els millors amics del món!.

Un dia vam anar de vacances a Cuenca i ella es va començar a trobar malament.

El meu avi la va agafar i es va morir als seus braços.

Va estar 13 anys amb nosaltres.

Em vaig posar molt trist.

Sempre la tindrè al meu cor i mai l'oblidaré.

Gràcies Lia per estar al meu costat durant 6 anys.

L'OS TOM I LA REINA ABELLA

2n Premi categoria A Demid Chuvilin

Hi havia una vegada un os anomenat Tom. Era molt valent i també era una miqueta xerraire i tranquil, però el que més li agradava era menjar. Per això era tan gran. També li agradava passejar i cantar. Vivia en el bosc amb altres animals. El bosc estava a prop d'una casa encantada, on vivia una bruixa.

Un dia va anar a casa de les seves abelles per agafar mel i s'hi va quedar atrapat. Després va venir la Reina Abella i li va picar. Li va fer molt de mal, tant que va estar plorant molt fort, fins i tot el va sentir la bruixa, que a més a més estava dormint. La bruixa, de l'espant, va caure del llit. Es va enfadar moltíssim i va cridar tan fort que el gat es va espantar i va saltar per la finestra.

Després el Tom va anar a la casa encantada i pel camí es va trobar una pedra molt bonica. Quan va arribar a la casa encantada, es va trobar a la bruixa; va posar una cara molt bonica i li va dir:

- Em pots donar una medicina per la picada d'abella?

Però, com que la bruixa estava tan enfadada, va dir que sí, però que no li donaria gratis. L'os li va donar la pedra que havia trobat i la va intercanviar per la medicina. La bruixa va olorar la pedra i va acceptar el canvi.

Ah! Us recordeu del gat que havia saltat per la finestra? Com que la casa tenia deu pisos, el gat va caure just en aquell moment al cap de la bruixa i l'os va riure molt. I van viure feliços per molts anys.

EL TALP ACCIDENTAT

3r Premi categoria A Inés Castellví Gombau

Hi havia una vegada, un talp que es deia Copito. Era de color marró, despistat, xerraire i golafre. Li agradava mirar la tele i vivia sota terra amb la seva família.

Un dia el Copito va sortir de casa a caminar com cada dia i, de sobte, va començar a ploure. Va caure una forta tempesta i una pedregada. Al Copito li va caure una pedra al cap i es va quedar inconscient, al mig de la carretera, durant dues hores. En aquell temps, van passar cotxes, camions, autobusos i caravanes. Tots havien d'esquivar-lo.

El conductor d'un cotxe, que anava despistat amb el mòbil fent una trucada, gairebé l'atropella. Sort que va poder frenar a temps. Llavors, va baixar del cotxe, el va agafar i el va portar al veterinari. Allà es va recuperar i feliç va poder marxar a casa seva. Catacric- catacrac, conte acabat.

L'AMISTAT

1r Premi categoria B Teresa Hidalgo Paniagua

Hi havia una vegada una família que era molt pobra. Aquella família estava formada per la mare, Emma; el pare, Isaac i el fill, Unai. A pesar de ser molt pobres s'ho passaven molt bé jugant a jocs de taula i explicant-se històries.

Els dies van anar passant i l'Unai es va fer gran. Com que ja tenia 18 anys, va poder començar a treballar. Estava tan content de poder ajudar la seva família... Poc a poc va començar a destacar en la seva feina i es va anar fent famós. Va començar a guanyar més diners, però no se'ls va gastar en coses innecessàries.

Ara l'Unai ajuda altres persones en situació de risc social. És un noi molt bo i generós.

Tant és així que ha creat una ONG per tal d'ajudar aquest tipus de persones.

Aquesta petita història ens ensenya que no importa d'on vinguem, el que és important és ser treballador i esforçar-nos al màxim de les nostres possibilitats per ser una mica millors cada dia. I també intentar ajudar les persones que més ho necessiten.

Quan vam arribar a l'any 2024, la societat semblava haver perdut part de la seva generositat i empatia. L'Unai no se sentia còmode amb aquesta realitat, perquè ell somiava amb un món ple de justícia i solidaritat. Malgrat això, continuava sent bo amb tothom, sempre disposat a oferir la seva ajuda i suport.

Un dia, una gran tristesa va colpejar la vida de l'Unai: els seus pares van morir en un accident de trànsit. La pèrdua va ser devastadora per a ell, deixant-lo sol i desolat. Els seus tiets es van fer càrrec d'ell, però la pena i el buit que sentia eren profunds.

Tot i així, l'Unai va decidir que no deixaria que el dolor el transformés en una persona amarga. Va continuar sent simpàtic i generós, recordant sempre les ensenyances dels seus pares. Deia que no volia pagar amb la gent que no havia fet res, així que va mirar endavant i no va parar de pensar que ho podia superar.

EL MEU VIATGE PELS CONTINENTS DEL MÓN

2n Premi categoria B Aïssa Bodian Pérez

Amb el suport dels seus tiets i amics, l'Unai va trobar la força per continuar amb la seva missió. Va dedicar encara més temps i energia a la seva ONG, ajudant cada cop més persones a trobar esperança i una nova oportunitat. A través de la seva feina, va conèixer moltes persones que, com ell, havien perdut éssers estimats, i va crear una comunitat de suport mutu.

A mesura que passaven els anys, l'Unai es va adonar que la seva tragèdia personal havia reforçat el seu compromís amb la generositat i l'empatia. Va entendre que, fins i tot en els moments més foscos, sempre hi ha una llum que ens pot guiar cap endavant. Va continuar treballant incansablement per fer del món un lloc millor, i la seva ONG va esdevenir una de les més respectades i efectives del país.

L'Unai va aprendre que la veritable força rau en la capacitat d'estimar i ajudar els altres, fins i tot quan la vida és difícil. Va demostrar que, amb determinació i coratge, és possible superar qualsevol obstacle i trobar la felicitat a través de l'amor i la solidaritat.

I vet aquí un gat, vet aquí un gos, aquest conte ja s'ha fos.

Hi havia una vegada una nena molt intel·ligent i atrevida que es deia Aida. Un dia va anar a la biblioteca del seu poble i, accidentalment, li va caure un llibre de més de mil pàgines just al damunt del cap.

Va començar a al·lucinar que estava en un avió de camí a l'Àfrica i que anava de safari a Guinea Bissau. Va veure lleons i lleones juntament amb els seus fills, micos nassuts saltant d'arbre en arbre, gorilles musculosos de color negre i girafes que feien més de 3 metres d'alçada. Després del safari van fer una festa africana amb menjar i moltes llums de colors, fins que va estar ben cansada i se'n va anar a dormir.

Quan es va aixecar, es va adonar que ja no estava a l'Àfrica, sinó que anava en un avió de camí a Europa. Va aterrar a França, va demanar un taxi per anar a pujar a la Torre Eiffel i veure-la amb les llums enceses, però no va poder perquè allà era tot molt car, no era com a l'Àfrica, que la van convidar a la festa. Va trobar un allotjament molt lleig i, de tan malament que ho va passar, va marxar cap a Amèrica.

Va aterrar a Canadà, on va trobar uns nens molt macos que la van convidar a casa seva a dormir a Quebec. Allà la van tractar molt bé. La van alimentar i li van deixar un llit molt tou i còmode. La van portar d'excursió i van poder veure dos ossos Grizzly i va menjar xarop d'auró. De sobte va ensopegar amb una roca i va caure accidentalment per un pou i mentre queia, anava pensant en aquelles persones que l'havien tractat tan bé i estava molt agraïda per tot el que van fer per ella.

Quan va arribar al final del pou, es va despertar al llit d'un hospital i la seva mare, que seia al costat, li va explicar que havia estat en coma i que gairebé es mor quan la van portar cap allí. També li va dir que havia estat molt preocupada, però que ara estava més tranquil·la perquè s'havia despertat.

EL REGALO MÁS DESEADO

3r Premi categoria B Laia Folch Prim

L'Aida va sortir corrents perquè volia anar als tres continents que li faltaven. Encara no havia visitat Àsia, Oceania i l'Antàrtida. Va tornar a la biblioteca per buscar el llibre que li havia caigut al damunt del cap; fins que per fi el va trobar. Se'l va llançar, però no li va fer res més que un gran bony al cap. Ho va intentar diverses vegades, però només li va fer molt de mal, fins que va caure a terra tota cansada i baldada.

Al final, es va rendir, però va decidir que, d'adulta voldria acabar el viatge que va començar quan era petita.

I catacric, catacrac, aquest conte ja s'ha acabat!

Eran las ocho de la mañana, en casa todo eran ruidos y prisas...Nos íbamos de vacaciones!! Lo que yo no sabía, era que aquellas vacaciones serían muy especiales para mí. Nos íbamos a Suiza. El avión salía al mediodía y no nos podíamos despistar. En Suiza vivían mis tíos y mis primos. Era la primera vez que los íbamos a visitar y ¡era muy emocionante!

Me habían contado que era un país muy bonito, con muchas montañas, lagos...y verde y sobre todo muy verde.

Mis padres, mi hermano y yo ya estábamos en el avión y, yo, sobre todo yo, estaba muy emocionada al ser la primera vez que volaba. Durante el viaje, yo no podía parar de mirar por la ventana, había muchas nubes blancas que parecían algodón, ¡era superchulo!

Al llegar, mis tíos y mi primo nos esperaban en el Aeropuerto. Estábamos todos muy contentos, ya que hacía mucho tiempo que no nos veíamos. Nos tenían preparados unos días fantásticos. Llegamos a su casa, comimos comida típica de allí y hablamos mucho.

Mi primo, tenía perritos y...Oh! Con la ilusión que me hacía a mí tener un perrito. Mi primo, mi hermano y yo nos pasamos toda la tarde jugando con ellos en el jardín.

Los días siguientes, no paramos y visitamos: Lagos, montañas, ciudades y cogimos trenes con unas vistas de película.

El día antes de regresar, yo cumplía doce años y, mis primos y mi familia, me tenían preparada una gran sorpresa. Cuando yo estaba soplando las velas, mi primo apareció con una caja muy grande de color rojo, con un lazo enorme.

Todos sabían lo que escondía la caja, menos yo... Me levanté muy rápido y abrí la caja. Allí había, un perrito que me parecía el más bonito del mundo.

A partir de ese día, éramos uno más en la familia. El sueño de mi vida se había hecho realidad.

Al llegar a casa, nuestra vida fue mucho más divertida con MAX, nuestro perrito suizo.

LA SANG DE LA TERRA

1r Premi categoria C Miriam Alcubierre Sierra

L'aigua salada del mar,
no sabem on pot arribar,
perquè sembla infinita,
i tot el món l'aprofita,
però quan hi ha sequera
tanca bé l'aigüera.

Al mar hi ha éssers vius,
als llacs i també als rius.
Aquesta aigua l'hem contaminat,
amb molts de plàstics llençats,
per això és important reciclar,
per al nostre món cuidar.

Hi ha diferents contenidors
el blau per a paper i cartró,
els plàstics es llencen al groc,
i el rebuig al color marró.
Si correctament tots ho fem,
la sang de la terra neta tindrem.

LA GALETA I L'ARC DE SANT MARTÍ

2n Premi categoria C Ada Vallvé Magrinyà

Hi havia una vegada en un bosc encantat on vivia una conilleta molt simpàtica, que es deia Galeta i que sabia que el bosc estava ple de tresors esperant a ser descoberts. Li encantava enfilarse als arbres més alts per descobrir castells i xafardejar entre els arbustos, i així trobar varettes màgiques. Llavors un dia la Galeta va descobrir el tresor més gran del món, eren uns cavallets màgics aprenent a volar. La conilleta no s'ho podia creure, era una imatge meravellosa, el vent acariciava els cabells dels cavallets al volar. A més, sortien espurnes de les seves cues, perquè volaven a tota velocitat.

La Galeta es va adonar que hi havia un cavallet que no volava, semblava estar molt trist.

-Estàs bé cavallet? no pots volar? -li va preguntar la conilleta. Ell va posar cara trista, aquella cara expressava com se sentia per no poder volar com la resta de cavallets.

Llavors la conilleta li va dir:

-Em dic Galeta, i tu?

-Jo em dic Arc de Sant Martí. Em pots ajudar?

Sense pensar-s'ho dues vegades la conilleta li va dir:

-Jo t'ajudaré, només hem d'aconseguir unes ales i que moquis la cua molt ràpid!

Així que van provar-ho de totes les formes possibles, tirant-se per un barranc, saltant i corrent molt ràpid, però no passava res.

-Em sembla que haurem d'utilitzar una mica de màgia - va dir la conilleta.

Va buscar a la seva caixa de tresors fins que va trobar la seva vareta màgica més potent i FIU, FIU..., la va agitar amb força i va demanar un desig sincer, però allò tampoc va funcionar. L'Arc de Sant Martí estava cada vegada més trist. Ja s'havia fet tard i la Galeta havia de tornar a casa seva. En el moment en què la conilleta va entrar a casa, els seus pares es van adonar que alguna cosa no anava bé, ni tan sols el seu sopar preferit la va fer somriure. Llavors la Galeta els va explicar el problema del seu amic, el cavallet.

-He intentat ajudar-lo, però la vareta màgica no ha funcionat, crec que està feta malbé - els va dir.

-No t'amoïnis, van dir els seus pares, junts l'arreglarem!
-Però com reparareu la vareta?- va preguntar la Galeta.
-Primer, anirem a veure el teu amic- va contestar la seva mare.
-Demà pensarem en totes les coses que agraden als cavallets - va dir el seu pare.

Al matí següent tots es van esforçar molt a pensar què li podria agradar al petit Arc de Sant Martí.

-Alguna cosa dolça - va proposar la Galeta.
-Una cosa divertida - va dir el seu pare.
-Ja ho tinc! I si li deixem tastar la nostra especialitat...
EL GELAT DE "TUTTIFRUTI!"
-Gran idea, mare! Quadra amb la seva personalitat - va dir la Galeta.

I abans que se'n anés a portar-li el gelat, els seus pares van dir les paraules màgiques per fer que el gelat fos el més bo del món. La conilleta estava desitjant animar el seu amic, per això va anar corrent el més ràpid que va poder, però corria tan ràpid que va ensopegar i el con de gelat va sortir disparat de les seves potetes, quin desastre! Llavors la Galeta va veure que a l'Arc de Sant Martí li agradava molt la seva nova banya! Casualment la neula en forma de con va caure enmig del front del seu amic, era deliciós! El cavallet va somriure i després es va posar a riure, li encantava la seva nova banya multicolor. Estava tan content que va sacsejar el seu suau pelatge i va moure la seva brillant cua tan ràpidament que va funcionar i va començar a volar. Va ser un dia inoblidable per la Galeta, des de llavors als cavallets màgics se'ls anomena unicorns, ja que ara tots tenen una banya en record del dia que la Galeta va ajudar el seu petit amic, el cavallet que no podia volar.

LA VERTADERA HISTÒRIA DE LA LAIKA

3r Premi categoria C Ona Espasa Borràs

Em dic Nàdia i visc a Rússia, concretament a Moscou. Vaig néixer en l'època en què els Estats Units i Rússia competien per veure quin coet s'enlairava més lluny cap a l'espai. Però abans de parlar d'això us vull explicar la meva història.

Vaig néixer en una família nombrosa, tenia cinc germans i els meus pares no tenien gaires diners. De petita, vaig anar a l'escola i estudiava molt i molt, però amb això no n'hi havia prou per ajudar els meus pares. Quan tenia deu anys, vaig trobar feina per les tardes en sortir de l'escola en un veterinari. Netejava gàbies, alimentava els animals, els cuidava... Allí va ser on va néixer la meva passió pels animals: m'hi portava molt bé i ens enteníem els uns als altres, per això tots m'estimaven tant, igual que jo a ells.

Uns anys més tard, vaig anar a la universitat i com que vaig estudiar moltíssim, em van donar l'oportunitat de treballar com a científica. Vaig entrar a la missió que volia enviar un coet a l'espai per primera vegada. El meu país i els Estats Units competien per veure qui construiria el millor coet i s'enlairaria més lluny cap a l'espai.

Tots els membres que formaven part de la missió, havien de buscar materials per construir la nau. Jo havia de buscar un animal perquè anés cap a l'espai i fos el passatger. Vaig recórrer un munt de llocs per Rússia per trobar l'animal ideal. Era una tasca difícil, ja que havia de trobar un animal que cabés en una nau, que fos fàcil de domesticar i que es portés bé; potser seria una mica complicat. Vaig buscar i buscar, havia de decidir quin animal podia agafar. Tenia varies idees: un gat, un conill, un mico... però finalment em vaig decidir i vaig agafar una gossa que vivia pels carrers de Moscou. Els meus companys del laboratori li van posar el nom de Laika. Era una gossa molt obedient, ja que feia tot el que li demanàvem. Era molt dolça, amigable, peluda i blanca com la neu.

Uns dies després, em vaig adonar que el coet que estàvem construint només estava programat per fer un sol trajecte: l'anada a l'espai. Això volia dir que la Laika es moriria ja que el coet no podia tornar a la Terra i no la tornaria a veure mai més. Només faltaven quatre dies perquè el coet s'enlairés, així que havia d'actuar amb rapidesa.

Quan vaig acabar de treballar aquell dia, vaig anar a veure el meu antic cap i li vaig preguntar si tenia alguna gossa molt malalta que li faltessin pocs dies per morir i me'n va entregar una.

Vaig mantenir aquesta gossa amagada fins el dia de l'enlairament, i quan va arribar el dia, perquè s'enlairés el coet vaig canviar la Laika per l'altra gossa que gairebé ja s'havia mort, quina llàstima. Ràpidament la vaig amagar en un lloc on no la veiés ningú fins que acabés la feina aquell últim dia, ja que havia decidit que la deixaria perquè no m'agradava el que feien amb els animals.

Finalment vam anar cap a casa, i de camí, li vaig pensar un altre nom, perquè aquell no li afavoria. Vaig posar-li el nom de Kaila, que és una barreja de les lletres que tenia el seu nom antic. Des d'aquell dia la Kaila i jo vam ser inseparables.

A partir de llavors vaig tornar a la meva feina i amb els diners que havia guanyat al laboratori vam comprar molts medicaments per a tots els animals abandonats de Moscou.

Vaig aprendre que no cal ser una gran científica o coneguda fent missions a l'espai sinó ser bona persona i ajudar a qui ho necessiti.

EL ESCRITOR

1r Premi categoria D Anna Padró Fikas

Todo empezó en Inglaterra. Era el año 1936, cuando un escritor llamado James Hutcherson estaba sentado en su salón, con una libreta vacía y montones de papeles arrugados por el suelo. - *No tengo ideas, no sé qué hacer, no puedo seguir en el paro, quizás tengo que buscar otro trabajo.* - se dijo a sí mismo. James no era un muy buen escritor, más bien, se le daba de pena. Pero era su sueño y no quería dejarlo.

Alguien llamó a la puerta. Era el casero y le pedía el alquiler. - *Solo tres días más, se lo suplico...* - dijo James. - *Está bien, pero como no pagues, te voy a echar de patitas a la calle.* - dijo el casero. - *Gracias, de verdad.* El casero suspiró y se fue.

James aún tenía algo de esperanza, así que fue a comprar una libreta nueva, ya que la que tenía estaba vacía. Encontró una tienda, que nunca había visto antes. La dueña era una señora vieja y extraña. En un estante muy alto, se encontraba la libreta perfecta para James y la compró con el poco dinero que le quedaba.

Emocionado, se fue directamente a su casa. De repente, tenía tantas ideas que parecía que le fuese a explotar la cabeza. Empezó a escribir y no paró en un buen rato.

Él era un escritor de novela negra. Es decir, de historias crueles y tristes. Escribía sobre asesinatos, guerras y demás. Lo que no sabía era que, esa libreta era especial. Todo lo que escribías, se hace realidad. Escribió sobre guerras, como la Guerra Civil de España. Días después, anunciaban sobre esta guerra civil. - *Será casualidad.* - pensó. También sobre asesinatos y, extrañamente, hubo uno en su ciudad. Qué casualidad, ¿no?

James era muy inocente, no pensaba que todo esto tenía que ver con la libreta. Se hacía más y más rico, ganaba montones de billetes, mientras el resto de la gente sufría de las desgracias que él escribía.

La gente también empezaba a sospechar de James y sus extrañas "predicciones", pero el escritor no le daba mucha importancia, ni sentía ningún tipo de incomodidad. Este seguía, y seguía, ganando dinero. No podía parar.

Se compró una mansión, su mansión soñada. Tenía todo lo que cualquier persona deseaba, gracias a la libreta, que tanto amaba, pero que tantos daños causaba.

Una noche, el escritor tuvo una idea brillante, que le haría ganar muchos más millones, de los que ya tenía. La idea trataba sobre un muñeco, bastante grande y con cara perturbadora. El escritor quería crear una historia de terror sobre un muñeco asesino, pero este muñeco asesinaba de forma peculiar y extraña. Mataba a la gente ahogándola y enrollándola con cinta adhesiva hasta matarla. - *Es extraña, pero me hará ganar mucho dinero.* - se dijo a sí mismo.

El escritor escribió que, una noche de tormenta, el muñeco entraba en una casa y mataba a una persona. El muñeco siempre conseguía matar a quien quisiera. James, pensando que ganaría mucho dinero en cuanto enseñara la idea al público, lo celebró fumando un rato y acompañando de una copa de vino hasta las tantas. Mientras disfrutaba del sonido del agua, que caía por la intensa tormenta. Más tarde, cansado, pero satisfecho, se fue a la cama.

Al día siguiente, el escritor estaba tendido en el suelo, enrollado con cinta adhesiva, que lo apretaba y cubría todo su cuerpo. Estaba muerto. Ahogado.

Escribió su propia e inevitable muerte.

ESPEJOS DEL ALMA

2n Premi categoria D

Lisety Cruz Pérez

En el silencio de la noche
susurra mi deseo,
un anhelo que atraviesa la distancia
y perdura en el tiempo.
Cada latido de mi corazón
lleva consigo una ternura sin par,
un eco de amor que se enreda
entre el amar y el extrañar.

En la distancia,
florece nuestro anhelo compartido,
como un jardín secreto
donde cada flor es un suspiro.
Cada momento lejos de ti
aviva aún más el deseo de amar,
y en esta ausencia se fortalece
nuestro lazo sin igual.

Que el silencio sea testigo
de nuestro amor que perdura,
que nuestras almas se encuentren
más allá de la distancia.
Que el deseo y la ternura
sean la brújula que nos guíe,
porque en este universo,
nuestro amor es único e inmenso.

CADENA

3r Premi categoria D

Martina Cantero Rodríguez

Estoy atada, y no sé a qué,
Estoy atada, y no sé por qué

Hay una cadena de acero rodeando mi sensible piel
Es invisible, nadie la puede ver
Voy caminando mientras me desgarras
Mientras destruye todo mi ser

Hay veces que ni yo la puedo ver
Se dice que del hoyo se sale
¿Pero y de la cadena qué?

Yo sigo arrastrándome, encadenada estoy
¿Esto cada día va mejor o peor?

Estoy atada, y no sé a qué
Estoy atada, y todavía ayuda no busqué.

AL LA ESPERA DE FLORECER

1r Premi categoria E

Ona Ribé Zygmaite

Una parte de mí se quedó en ese instante, en el que ella me dedicó esa última mirada. Un torbellino de emociones y pensamientos estuvieron acechando mi cerebro. Era como un avión capaz de dirigirme hacia la vida. Mas era demasiado tarde. Este ya se había alzado en el vuelo.

Un doloroso ardor en el pecho atormentaba mis noches, llenándolas de sollozos y lágrimas. Extrañaba las cargadas, las bromas, las noches de invierno a su lado, a ella. La reina de mi corazón se había marchado, y con ella se lo había llevado.

Ahora ya nada podría retroceder. Por un momento, sentí que el brillo de mis ojos se apagaba, en consonancia con mi felicidad. Pero quizás debía cuestionarme: ¿De verdad merece la pena dejar a esta a merced de los demás? ¿Por qué, cómo y en qué momento he dejado que mi cuerpo y alma se fundan en sus manos?

Sentía un fuerte ardor proveniente de mi garganta que apenas me dejaba respirar.

Ahora miles de recuerdos llenaban mi cabeza a todas horas. Había visualizado un futuro juntos. Uno en el que su ausencia no me martilleaba la conciencia. En el que podríamos estar juntos, mirándonos como si no hubiera nada más. Nada. Nadie. Solo ella y yo.

Con el tiempo concluí que la querría toda mi vida. Que a veces el querer o extrañar a alguien no se supera. Ni se olvida. Simplemente se aprende a estar sin esa persona. A reír sin esa persona. A encontrar felicidad sin esa persona. A vivir sin esa persona.

Es por eso por lo que decidí aceptar mis emociones y abrazarlas. Entendí que debía recorrer un largo camino de aceptación. Pero lo conseguiría.

Porque después de una tormenta, sale el sol.

Porque después de llover, las flores crecen y florecen.

Porque después interpreté que yo era una de ellas, a la espera de florecer.

EL DARRER VIATGE DEL VELL FARONER

2n Premi categoria E Hiba El Addouti Dadou

En un poble costaner, entre penya-segats que abraçaven l'oceà amb fervor, s'erigia la silueta majestuosa del far. Allí, en la solitud d'aquella construcció centenària, residia el vell faroner, un home que havia dedicat la seva vida a guiar els mariners perduts cap a la seguretat de la costa. Amb el pas dels anys, la vista del faroner s'havia apagat, però la seva ànima encara resplendia amb la llum del far, una llum que, malgrat no poder veure, sabia que abraçava cada raconet de la mar.

Una tarda plàcida, amb el sol començant a enfonsar-se darrere de l'horitzó, una petita barca va atracar a la vora del far. A bord, un jove mariner amb ulls plens d'esperança i una carta arrugada entre les seves mans. El vell faroner, percebent la presència, s'hi va apropar amb passos incerts, com si l'olor salada del mar li hagués dit que un nou visitant havia arribat.

— Benvingut, mariner. Què et porta a les aigües de la meua torre? —va preguntar amb una veu gruixuda però afable.

El jove, amb una veu suau i temerosa, va explicar la seva història. Era el fill d'un vell amic del faroner, ara al llit de malaltia, i portava amb si l'últim desig del seu pare: veure la llum del far abans de partir d'aquest món. Amb emoció, el vell faroner va prendre la carta entre les seves mans arrugades i un somriure entremaliat va il·luminar el seu rostre.

Sense dubtar, el vell faroner i el jove mariner van passar els següents dies preparant la barca per a l'últim viatge. Les velles històries del mar es van entrellaçar amb els records del faroner i els somriures del jove, i es va crear un lligam indissoluble entre dues generacions de navegants.

Finalment, el dia de la partida va arribar, amb el sol que pintava el mar amb colors de comiat. Amb el far com a guia, la barca va navegar cap a l'horitzó, amb el vell faroner i el jove mariner compartint rialles, cançons i mirades plenes de comprensió.

Mentre les ones batien contra la petita embarcació i la brisa marina acaronava les seves pells, el vell faroner va sentir un sentiment d'acompliment profund. Sabia que, malgrat la foscor de la seva ceguesa, havia aconseguit portar llum als cors dels qui l'envoltaven.

Quan la llum del far s'amagà a l'horitzó, el vell faroner va saber que havia complert el seu destí. Amb un últim alè de vida, va mirar el jove mariner als ulls i li va transmetre tot el seu coneixement i amor pel mar. Amb una abraçada sincera, el jove va acomiadar-se del seu amic i va sentir com el vent portava els somriures i les paraules de gratitud cap a l'infinit.

A la tornada al port, el vell faroner ja no hi era físicament, però la seva presència continuava guiant els cors dels navegants. El jove mariner, ara convertit en guardià de la torre del far, sabia que cada llum que encengués seria un record del seu vell amic, un far que il·luminava les tenebres de la solitud amb la força de l'amistat i el record. Així, la llegenda del vell faroner es va perpetuar, navegant en les aigües del temps com una estrella brillant en el firmament de la memòria marinera.

LLUMS DE MITJANIT

3r Premi categoria E Mar Fernández Miró

Ja no soc la noia que era, els dies es fan llargs i les tardes eternes perquè ara ja no ets al meu costat. Fa molt de temps que no t'escolto, que no et miro, que no et toco o que no et sento i això em fa sentir molt sola encara que la mare i en Pol estiguin aquí. Aquesta soledat em consumeix com una espelma blanca; aquesta ho fa tan a poc a poc que fins i tot hi ha dies en què puc notar el foc de l'espelma que em crema tot el cos. Aquesta sensació passa més sovint del que m'agradaria, ja que la tristesa d'haver-te perdut em martiritza fins al punt de no voler sortir de casa o no voler viure més. Sé que sona molt fort el que t'explico, però és la realitat.

Encara que pensi a no tornar a sortir de casa, això no és una opció viable perquè tot s'ha tornat molt més complicat ara que ja no hi ets. La mare es passa el dia tancada a l'habitació sense parar de plorar, a més ha deixat de treballar i els únics diners que entren a casa són els que porto jo. El Pol tampoc col·labora, ja que és tot el dia fora de casa, a les discoteques o al parc drogant-se amb els seus nous amics. De l'institut, no vol saber-ne res i jo intento que entri en raó, però és impossible.

Els meus dies són un infern perquè no tinc temps per fer-ho tot. Ara mateix tinc dues feines, una a les tardes i l'altra a les nits, ja que al matí faig el batxillerat tecnològic, a més de cuidar la casa. A més a més, fa mesos que no veig ni els avis ni les meves amigues, perquè per poder visitar-los hauria de disposar de més hores. També he rebutjat la plaça que m'han ofert al Royal Ballet, una de les escoles de ballet més grans de Catalunya, ja que no puc marxar de casa i deixar la mare i en Pol sols sense que ningú els ajudi. Sé que, si estiguessis aquí, l'opció de no anar a l'escola de ballet no hi seria, perquè tant tu com jo ens havíem esforçat al màxim per poder aconseguir aquesta plaça.

Encara et tinc molt present i recordo les caminades que fèiem pel poble aquelles nits que necessitàvem desconectar, m'encantava caminar pels carrers acompanyats de la lluna i dels llums de mitjanit, ja que era el moment

perfecte per poder parlar amb total llibertat de tot allò que ens preocupava. Tot i que, a vegades no vaig ser la millor filla, tu mai vas deixar-me de costat, sinó al contrari, m'ajudaves a fer que els dies a classe, les nits en què estudiava o els llargs entrenaments no m'apaguessin i que pogués tirar endavant amb tot allò que volgués obtenir, i això va ser gràcies a la teva motivació que m'ajudava a treure el millor de mi. A més d'haver estat el millor pare, també has estat un gran referent per a mi, no només com a persona sinó que també com a parella, és a dir, que sempre he vist dins teu la intenció de fer feliç la mare i la intenció que la flama que us unia als dos no s'apagués mai per molts problemes que passessin per la vostra vida. També veia que sempre estaves al seu costat i que eres molt detallista, per aquests motius vull que les meves futures relacions arribin al mateix punt on estava la vostra.

Però bé, ara que ja no hi ets, he de fer el possible per tornar a la "normalitat" i intentar que la mare surti de l'habitació, que en Pol vagi a l'escola i que, sobretot, jo torni a ser aquella noia que va desaparèixer el dia que tu vas marxar, i així poder acceptar la nova realitat. Per tant, encara que no estiguis amb nosaltres, sé que em continues acompanyant en aquest camí anomenat vida, i sé que cada nit que camini pel poble tu estaràs allí brillant tant com les llums de mitjanit.

LA LIBERTAD

Mención especial categoría E

Daniel Benítez Timofeeva

En el vasto cielo, libre y sin fin,
la libertad baila como el jazmín.
En cada soplo de brisa, en cada suspiro,
la libertad vive, sin límite ni tiro.

Como el ave en vuelo, sin cadena ni atadura,
la libertad es nuestra eterna aventura.
En el corazón del río que fluye,
la libertad canta, se expande y se construye.

En el abrir de los brazos, en el abrazo del sol,
la libertad se siente, nos llena de un ardor sin control.
Es el derecho de ser, de pensar y de amar,
la libertad nos guía, nos hace soñar.

En cada paso que damos, en cada palabra que decimos,
la libertad nos lleva lejos, nos hace sentir vivos.
Que en cada alma, en cada rincón del mundo,
la libertad florezca, como un sueño profundo.

EL DESVANECER

1ª Premi categoría F

Consuelo Toro

Sentada en el banco sentí como las primeras gotas de agua fría caían sobre mí. Miré al cielo, entendiendo que se le hizo demasiado pesada el agua como para mí la pena, y le envidié por poder castigar a todo el mundo por ello e inundar la tierra antes que el cielo, antes que a sí mismo. El egoísmo era liberador. Aunque yo no me lo permitía, y por eso me ahogaba.

El aire frío me acariciaba la piel, y cuando miré mis manos – huesudas y amoratadas – vi las suyas cogiéndomelas. Qué amable caricia entre toda esa tempestad. Nicolás. Susurré su nombre, y así como la brisa se llevó el sonido de entre mis labios, cuando levanté la vista también se le llevó a él. Una señora de cara arrugada y sonrisa forzada tiraba de mí, se me quería llevar. No. Negaba con la cabeza. Yo me iba a quedar. Suélteme, maldita. Aun así la vieja – cogiéndome del brazo sin delicadeza – me acompañó a una habitación. Beba y duérmase, Arlet. Eso fue lo que me dijo antes de cerrar la puerta, y oí las cadenas. No sabía dónde estaba, tampoco por qué sabía mi nombre. Me aterraban los espacios pequeños y en ese cuarto no había suficiente aire. Me acerqué a la ventana. Aunque estaba rota – no podía abrirla – permanecí de pie delante de ella, viendo como la lluvia se quedaba atrapada en el cristal y, a través de este, podía ver el banco. Nicolás ya no estaba. Se había marchado sin mí. Y la soledad me volvió a golpear sin piedad, haciéndome sentir tan viva que deseé no sentir nada en absoluto. Y continué mirando, ignorando las ropas mojadas que se habían enganchado a mi esmirriado cuerpo, haciendo ver que no temblaba de frío ni que me dolía la mandíbula de tiritar, no teniendo en cuenta las punzadas de las agujas de mis pies ni la sequedad de los ojos.

Di mil vueltas en la pequeña cama que estaba enganchada a la esquina. Las rígidas sábanas me irritaban los sentidos y empecé a rascarme hasta dejarme la piel rojiza. El lado izquierdo de mi cuerpo se había adormecido y me hizo variar mi peso hacia el derecho, y entre un parpadeo apareció Nicolás junto a mí, entre la noche y los rayos, en plena oscuridad, que no sabía si realmente estaba ahí conmigo. Sin poder contenerme, le acaricié sus rizos azabaches y empecé a llorar.

Me saltaban las lágrimas descontroladamente. Lo siento. Lo siento. Lo siento. Se me escapaba entre sollozos, aferrada a su cuerpo mientras el mío se sacudía sin parar. La culpa la tenía calada en los huesos como una enfermedad que me comía por dentro.

Al despertar, la poca luz de la mañana me hizo darme cuenta de que Nicolás ya no estaba. Se había marchado sin mí. Y en su lugar, abrazaba a una yerta almohada. Se me escapó un grito que me desgarró la garganta. Sentía que dentro de mí algo se incendiaba. Dentro de mí, el ardor me chamuscaba la caja torácica. Me retorció en dos, y me agarré el pecho después de que mis rodillas golpearan el suelo al caer de la cama. No sabía si tenía los ojos cerrados pero solo veía sombras que danzaban delante de mí, y entre ellas, a mi esposo. Nicolás. Susurré. No me oía. Volvía a gritar. Dios mío, se desvanecía. La realidad se volvió borrosa como un cristal empañado y el corazón me latía con una fuerza descomunal, amenazándome con letalidad. Nicolás. Un zumbido se apoderó de mi mente y las manos se me clavaron en la cabeza. Cuánto tormento. ¿Es que no había forma de salir de la mente? La puerta se abrió bruscamente y dos hombres se acercaron a mí. No. No. No. Les arañé los brazos y gruñía sin parar. Basta. Soltadme. Las lágrimas bloqueaban mi vista pero divisé a la vieja, la recordaba, que caminaba hacia donde yo yacía agarrada por los dos varones. Sentí un pinchazo en el hombro derecho y grité una última vez antes de desplomarme en el suelo. ¡Nicolás!

Miraba al vacío, tenía la vista perdida y no le prestaba atención a la mujer que estaba sentada en frente de mí. ¡No tienes perdón, niña! Eres una desquiciada. La señora gritaba y yo no estaba segura por qué. Aguanté, quieta, porque estaba convencida de que no me hablaba a mí. Mirame a la cara cuando te hablo, Arlet. Cuando escuché mi nombre fue cuando reaccioné por fin y mis ojos se fijaron en ella, desafiantes. Si no hubieses perdido la cabeza aquel día... niña estúpida. ¡Loca! ¡Estás loca! Sollozaba. ¡Cállese! ¡No sabe de lo que está hablando! Me empezaron a temblar las manos. Oh, pero lo sé, Arlet. Sé muy bien lo que hiciste.

¡Tú mataste a mi hijo! El pánico se apoderó de mí y la cabeza me palpitaba. Salté de mi silla. ¡No! ¡No fue mi culpa! ¡No lo recuerdo! Nicolás. Oh, por Dios. Nicolás. Volvieron los dos hombres y se acercaron a mí. Ves que tenía razón, Arlet. No estás en tus cabales. ¡Le quitaste la vida! Me gritó antes de que se me llevaran. No es cierto. No era cierto. No. No. No. Yo no lo hice. Nicolás durmió conmigo. Pero no ha vuelto. ¿Dónde estaba? ¡Nicolás! Sollozaba. Tenía las mejillas empapadas de lágrimas y el pecho no me daba más para respirar entre los gemidos. Los enfermeros me lanzaron de nuevo a mi jaula y me encerraron.

Encogida en la esquina de la habitación, llamaba a mi esposo con la poca voz que me quedaba. Me abrazaba las rodillas mientras esperaba. Pero no venía. Nunca volvió. Porque yo le había matado. Él estaba muerto. Yo no quería. No quería. Dios mío, fue con mi propia mano, mi puño, que cogí el cuchillo de la cocina y le degollé, como una salvaje, como un animal. Me empecé a rascar los dedos, las uñas me desgarraban la piel. ¿Por qué? ¿Por qué, Arlet? Ya no sabía qué hacer conmigo misma. Corrí hacia la puerta y la golpeé. Una vez. Dos veces. Tres veces. Y las que hicieron falta hasta que la enfermera abrió la rejilla que la atravesaba. Sáqueme de aquí, por favor. La vieja no reaccionó. Di un golpe más fuerte que resonó entre las paredes. Su cuerpo se sacudió ¡Déjeme salir! Pero nada. Basta. Beba y duérmase. Volvió a darme un vaso de plástico con unas pastillas dentro. Rompí al llanto y deslicé mi espalda contra la puerta cerrada. Entendí entonces que utilizaba la locura como una defensa contra el terror. Una defensa contra el dolor que sentía. La inmensa pena que me obstruía la mente.

Observé la medicación, aún con la vista nublada por las gotas de agua acumuladas en mis ojos. Recé y le pedí perdón a Dios, a todos los dioses posibles para que me perdonaran. Me tragué las pastillas.

Porque el pecado yo no consideraba que fuera su muerte, sino el placer y la paz que yo encontré en ella.

Y así, me dormí.

EL MEU PITJOR MALSON SOC JO

2n Premi categoria F

Jordina Abelló Fährdrich

En la nostra última consulta, el psicòleg m'havia dit que ja era hora de tenir la maleïda conversa que jo havia estat evitant. Jo no volia, però en el fons sabia que havia arribat el moment de parlar amb ella. Així doncs, en arribar a casa vaig seguir les indicacions del psicòleg per poder posar fi al meu pitjor malson, i el primer que vaig fer va ser respirar profundament abans d'obrir la porta, però quan vaig agafar el pany vaig veure que el pols em tremolava. No estava preparada i la qüestió era si mai ho estaria. Si no ho feia ara, no ho faria mai. Vaig obrir la porta lentament sense mirar-la i vaig anar a buscar una cadira per seure davant seu.

El psicòleg m'havia explicat que necessitava despendre'm d'ella per tornar a ser feliç. Després de repassar mentalment tots els seus consells vaig aixecar la mirada. Ella ja m'estava mirant fixament, com sempre. Tenia una mirada freda, plena de rancor, d'odi. Em feia tanta por la seva expressió, les dues sabíem perfectament que ella tenia un fort poder sobre mi. Em vaig proposar no apartar-ne la mirada, aquell dia posaria fi al seu control sobre la meua vida. Però, mentre la mirava fixament em va córrer una esgarrifança per tot el cos i vaig recordar totes les vegades que les seves paraules m'havien deixat destrossada. Era molt conscient que ella era el meu pitjor malson, la persona que em descoratjava, que em creava inseguretats, que em recordava constantment el meu poc valor. Em coneixia tan bé que això ho aprofitava per tocar els meus punts febles. No sabia com començar a parlar. Ella em va veure dubtar i va somriure amb malícia. Aquell somriure que altres cops m'havia fet plorar, en aquell moment em va fer enfurismar. Va ser el que va fer que m'acabés de decidir a fer-la fora de la meua vida.

—Avui s'acaba —vaig dir decidida.

Ella va esclatar a riure, com si el que jo havia dit fos algun tipus de broma.

—No riguis! —vaig cridar, molt enfadada.

—No sé qui et penses que ets, penses que tens dret a fer-me fora i no podràs —em va respondre mentre encara reia.

Jo estava tensa, farta de la seva burla i molt cansada, però vaig intentar calmar-me abans de tornar a parlar.

—Espero que hakis gaudit de tot el que m'has fet patir perquè això s'ha acabat.

—Qui t'ho ha dit això? El teu psicòleg? Patètic, com tu.

—Ja n'hi ha prou! Fa anys que em treus la felicitat. Ja no tinc confiança en mi mateixa, tinc mil inseguretats i tot per culpa teva.

—T'equivoques. Tot el que jo dic és el que tu realment penses de tu mateixa. Jo només ho verbalitzo. Tu mateixa ets qui pensa que ets una inútil, que no vals res.

—No és veritat! Tu has fet que jo ho pensi, però jo no era així.

—En el fons ho eres, i ho saps.

—No entenc com pots ser tan cruel. Qui t'ha fet tant de mal perquè gaudeixis de fer-me'n a mi?

—De veritat vols saber-ho?

—Sí.

—Doncs, tu.

Em vaig quedar en silenci després d'aquella resposta. Com podia atrevir-se a acusar-me quan ella era la causant de tots els meus mals i no jo els d'ella. Davant del meu silenci, ella va seguir.

—Ets tu qui va fer que jo hagués de ser així. Va ser la teua decisió.

—De què em parles? —vaig preguntar, molt confusa i començant a enfadar-me altre cop.

—Tu vas ser qui em va fer tornar en qui soc, tu vas començar a dubtar de tu mateixa i vas deixar la porta de la teua vida ben oberta perquè jo hi entrés. Tu vas permetre-ho, si tu haguessis volgut, mai hauria estat aquí, mai hauria influenciat la teua vida ni la teua visió de tu mateixa. Tu mateixa vas causar la teua desgràcia.

—Com t'atreveixes a culpar-me?

—Tu ets qui fa mal a tot el que et rodeja, no jo. No ho vols veure però som iguals. Has de començar a obrir els ulls i veure com ets realment. Tu ets el mal de la teua vida, saboteges la teua felicitat i t'excuses culpant-me a mi. No som diferents, ets exactament com jo i el pitjor és que n'ets conscient.

EL GRAN DÍA

3r Premi categoria F Candela Martínez Checa

La sang em bullia, com sempre ella argumentava en contra meva i destruïa la poca confiança que tenia. Altre cop aixafava les meves esperances de desfer-me d'ella. Estava molt enfadada, les seves paraules em cansaven emocionalment, estava exhausta. Però avui no guanyaria, la meva ment era més forta que altres cops. No sabia com contestar, m'havia deixat sense paraules. Però el fet que ens comparés va fer que la meva paciència s'acabés. Vaig mirar a terra uns quants segons, intentant calmar la meva fúria. En tornar a mirar-la vaig veure el seu somriure triomfant. En aquell moment creia que havia guanyat, que altre cop qui en sortia malferida era jo. Però, no. No em vaig poder aguantar i em vaig aixecar per donar-li un cop de puny. Quan l'hi vaig donar, es va sentir un soroll fort i em vaig fer mal a la mà. En mirar-me-la vaig veure sang, molta sang. Vaig dirigir la mirada als meus peus i el terra era ple de vidres trencats. Confusa, vaig mirar recte, però vaig veure-hi un mirall trencat i entre els vidres trencats encara es veia el seu somriure. Potser sí que érem iguals, però altre cop era jo qui en sortia malparada.

Era el gran día. Todo el mundo estaba sentado e impaciente en las grandes sillas de madera blanca, cuyo respaldo tenía decoraciones florales que hacían de la ceremonia y el recinto un lugar precioso con la sencillez de los detalles. No obstante, lo que más destacaba en aquel hermoso lugar era el gran jardín con vistas espectaculares a la ciudad. Se creaba así un maravilloso contraste entre lo único y lo ordinario; el solitario y fresco campo ante una gran y bulliciosa civilización. Ninguna novia tendría una boda tan espectacular como esta, jamás.

Una vez empecé a recorrer el amplio pasillo, lo último en lo que pensé fue en el lugar y las preciosas decoraciones de la ceremonia. Mis pensamientos fueron totalmente consumidos por el hermoso novio de ojos verdes, que esperaba impaciente a que su prometida llegara hasta él. Esos bonitos ojos se iluminaron al verme y yo, correspondiendo a su emoción, sonrei ligeramente, fijándome en cierta inseguridad que él mostraba. En ese momento exacto comprendí lo que su tímida mirada trataba de decirme. Yo, más que nadie, sabía que él no quería estar allí. Su pequeña sonrisa me cegó a la vez que me confundió. Sentí un ligero ardor en el estómago, pero seguí con mi deber. Él fue, es y siempre será el hombre de mi vida y, por su puesto, mi hombre ideal.

A medida que avanzaba por el pasillo, me invadieron algunas imágenes de nuestra infancia, recordándome así la razón por la que yo estaba allí. Nuestro amor siempre fue pasional, aunque estuvo marcado por algunos altibajos. El primer te quiero vino justo después de nuestra primera pelea y el último, el día en que decidió enseñarme ese precioso anillo de oro blanco. El mismo anillo que utilizó para jurar su amor eterno. Ese anillo que nunca me dio.

Evitaba su mirada, encontré el lugar que me tocaba en aquella hermosa ceremonia. Una vez sentada, como si el destino quisiera, los violines empezaron a sonar y comprendí que yo debía renunciar a nuestro amor. Una hermosa mujer de tez pálida y cabellera rubia se asomó al final

del pasillo, vestía un hermoso vestido blanco digno de una revista de alta costura y sacado de un cuento de hadas. Él, rápidamente, corrigió su postura y fijó en ella su aún dudosa mirada, como siempre había hecho, por mucho que yo me negara a aceptarlo.

En el fondo siempre pensé que anularía este estúpido compromiso. Él sabía que me hería y él sabía que ella no correspondía a su amor como lo hacía yo. La situación empeoraba por momentos. Todos los invitados conocían nuestro pasado y, como yo, sabían que él me seguía queriendo. El amor cambia, pero nunca se extingue. Él mismo me lo dijo. Sin embargo, aquí está, esperando impaciente en el altar a la mujer que supuestamente es el amor de su vida. Mujer que podría haber sido yo.

Nuestra relación fue intensa y conocida por todos los presentes a esa boda. Todos en el pueblo habían apoyado nuestra relación. No obstante, cuando rompimos el compromiso, yo cargué con toda la culpa. Nuestros amigos se pusieron de su parte, cuando ni siquiera había partes enfrentadas en nuestra ruptura. Nosotros también llegamos a estar comprometidos durante un largo tiempo, hasta que él decidió dejarme para poder explorar una nueva vida, sin mirar atrás, en la gran ciudad. Una ciudad enorme en la que creyó encontrar una vida ideal con una mujer ideal.

Tan solo llevábamos diez minutos de ceremonia, cuando escuché los primeros comentarios sobre mí. Trataba de ignorarlos, pero me costaba evitar oír las voces penetrantes que opinaban que ella podría ser yo. Las voces sin rostro a mis espaldas repetían lo mismo de siempre: yo podría haber sido una novia y mujer perfecta sino estuviera tan rota y fastidiada de la cabeza. Esos ignorantes no sabían que esas eran las mismas voces, los estúpidos rumores, que me llevaban a estar loca, según ellos.

Cuando tuve el valor para mirar al altar, lo vi, a él. Por primera vez en años pude leer sus pensamientos con claridad. Él, definitivamente, tampoco quería estar allí. A lo largo de la ceremonia, buscaba mi mirada. No me iría a ningún lugar sin él porque, a mi pesar, todavía le amaba, por mucho que lo intentara negar.

En un momento de lucidez, pensé en la idea de oponerme a su matrimonio. Cuando llegase el momento lo haría. Él no quiere estar aquí, no después de todo lo que hemos pasado, él necesita tiempo y espacio, no casarse repentinamente con la primera que encuentra por no saber diferenciar entre atracción y amor verdadero.

Una vez llegara el momento, me pondría de pie y levantaría la voz. Yo nunca he sido el tipo de persona que se opondría a una feliz unión, pero sí a una injusticia.

Me miró. Fue entonces cuando entendí que ese podría ser mi gran momento y nuestra última oportunidad. Fue entonces cuando el encargado de officiar la boda pronunció las palabras: «Si alguien tiene algo que objetar a esta unión, que hable ahora o calle para siempre». Las voces que oía en mi cabeza seguían impulsándome a reclamar justicia, pero yo callé.

TIA!

Menció especial categoria F Matías Bolart Garcia

- Tia! Tia! Tia!
—Què? Què? Què?
—Que s'ha tornat a girar.
—De debò, t'estàs començant a obsessionar. El millor que pots fer és deixar-ho estar.
—Però és que quina cara! Això és abús visio-sexual!
—Però quines bajanades dius, tia?
—Doncs que jo no li he donat cap permís perquè em miri d'aquesta manera. I, mira tu, no para de fer-ho un cop i un altre.
—Tia, sembla que a qui li agrada és a tu. Si saps que et mira és perquè estàs tota l'estona observant-lo.
—Però què dius? Per no adonar-se que... Ei! Ho has vist, oi? Ho ha tornat a fer.
—D'acord, d'acord. Això no t'ho puc negar, però deu ser perquè tu no deixes de fer el mateix.
—Ai, pesada! Doncs si tu no ho vols veure, és el teu problema.

Només he volgut mirar-la un altre cop i resulta que l'altra es torna a girar. Això ha fet que giri la mirada neguitosament. Com deu sospitar! Però és tan bonica la seva amiga. Ara, de sobte, no em puc imaginar un futur sense ella. La necessito i ella també ho hauria de fer. Segur que ja li deu haver dit quants cops m'he girat a mirar-la. O no? Potser hauria de veure si n'estan parlant...

Ara m'estava mirant ella! Quina barra! Després el boig seré jo. Amb aquells ulls esbatanats fixos al meu rostre. No hi ha cap mena de dubte que s'estava fixant en mi. Potser això m'ajuda a fer que li ho comenti a la seva amiga...

- I què vols fer? Demanar la comanda i marxar?
—Però què dius? Si una cosa he après en aquesta vida és que cal viure-la, que només és un cop.
—O sigui que en realitat sí que vols...
—I ara! L'únic que vull són experiències. Però això no vol dir que vulgui res amb ell.
—Ets impressionant. I no sé si en un molt bon sentit.
—Tia! Tia! Tia! Un altre cop!
—De debò que estic molt confusa ara mateix.
—Mira que n'ets de pesada, com ell, que no deixa de mirar-me.

Potser el que hauria de fer és apropar-me a parlar-hi. Podria ser un bon mètode per establir una relació. Potser la podria convidar al cinema. I després tenir tres fills. I un gat. Viuríem en una casa amb piscina. Però no d'aquelles petites, no, una gran amb jacuzzi. Podríem tenir un cavall en lloc d'un gat. Però aleshores necessitariem un mas i no una caseta. De fet, el meu somni mai ha estat a tenir un cavall. Crec que un gat ja m'estava bé. O un gos. Ros, com el cabell daurat de la meva estimada... Ai! He badat i ja m'he quedat fix mirant-la. Mira que en soc, d'estúpid...

- Tia, si t'has de posar així, jo marxo.
—No, no. Juro que no el torno a mirar. Si vol alguna cosa ha de ser ell qui es giri a parlar. I com que jo no vull res amb ell...
—Per fi comences a tocar de peus a terra. M'estaves començant a espantar.

Conclusió: tindrem una granota i viurem en un far. Quines ganes que comenci tot... Si aquesta dona no li comenta res, la millor opció potser serà que vagi a parlar amb ella jo mateix. Però com començo? Bon dia, com us dieu? I m'assec al costat d'ella. I intento que la que em mira marxi. Massa simple i habitual. Com esteu? Què dius, Roc, concentra't! Voleu que us convidi a uns cafès? No, que m'emporto un cop de puny. Us puc convidar a casa meva? Estem en un bar, home, no diguis bestieses! Vols sexe, nena? Massa directe i col·loquial, potser. He de pensar quelcom més culte. Vols fornicar? No! Això encara és directe.

- Fa estona que no es gira...
—Què?
—Porta mirant un got com un minut sencer.
—Però tu què vols que faci, que et miri o no?
—No! O sí. Bé, no ho sé. Però que ho faci.
—Mira, tia. M'has dit que deixaries de fixar-te en ell. Així que, sentint-ho molt... Tia, tia, tia!
—Què? Què? Què?
—Has vist quina dona acaba d'entrar per la porta?
—Sí. Qui és?
—No en tinc ni idea.

— ...

— ...

— Tia, la rareta soc jo?

— Calla! És preciosa! Mai havia vist una dona més maca.

— Bé, però tu no marxaves?

— Shht! Gracioseta...

Vols ficar-te al llit amb mi? Calla, home, calla! Vull dir, pensa. O sigui, no pensis, que només en trauràs maldecaps. Ai! S'ha aixecat de la taula. Marxa? No si us plau. Vaja. S'ha assegut de nou. Ara estan tornant a parlar quan semblava que marxava. No entenc res. Què li ha fet canviar d'opinió? Deu haver estat culpa meva? He fet res malament? O bé?

— Ah!

Algú m'ha tocat l'esquena. Digues que he cridat als meus pensaments.

— Ei! Roc.

— Quin ensurt m'has donat, tia.

— Perdó, perdó. Ha, ha, ha.

— Què fas aquí?

— Doncs res, que he sortit de treballar, d'aquí, al costat, i he entrat al cafè a prendre quelcom.

— Aixeca't i ves-hi a parlar.

— Seria molt directe?

— Sí.

— Tia!

— Ha, ha, ha. Perdó, perdó.

— (Les dues alhora:) Ei! Estan els dos junts! Es coneixen!

— Deixa de copiar-me, tia, que jo ho he dit abans.

— ...

— Ehm. Vaig a demanar un croissant. En vols algun?

— No, no.

— D'acord, ara torno.

Després la boja seré jo, eh? Tia, t'estàs començant a obsessionar. Tia, sembla que a qui li agrada és a tu. Tia, si t'has de posar així, jo marxo. Però com es posa per una dona de cabells marrons, nas allargat i... Una piga?

— Ha, ha, ha!

Què fas! No riguis en veu alta. Ara semblo una boja.

— I per què vens a aquest cafè si en tens un molt més a prop?

— ... A veure... Et puc dir una cosa de tu a tu?

— Sorprèn-me.

— Has vist l'home de la barra?

— Aquell? Sí.

— Doncs és un dels meus clients i...

— No em diguis que...

— Shht. Vam passar una estona molt romàntica. I, finalment, em va dir que treballava en aquest bar. Per si algun dia m'hi volia apropar.

— Ui, ui, ui. Com m'agraden les històries d'amor. Te'n puc explicar jo una?

— A veure.

— Veus aquelles dues... Vaja, una ha marxat. Doncs aquella dona que està sola a la taula d'allà.

— Un moment... A veure, assenyala una mica discretament... D'acord, sí, ja la veig.

— Doncs m'ha semblat molt maca, creus que tinc possibilitats?

— Tu? Si el darrer cop que vas lligar vas començar dient: «Vols un cafè amb llet? O en vols un al meu llit?».

— Tia! Si no soc bo, no ho soc.

S'està apropant a demanar la que m'ha agradat des que ha arribat. Això pot afectar la meva reputació, però per intentar-ho, no passa res. Suposo. O sí que passa? Ai! Què faig? Que s'apropra! D'acord! Tu digues que...

— Un croissant. Si us plau.

— Què?

— Un croissant... Si us plau.

— Un croissant?

— Sí... Es troba bé? Que no en queden?

— És clar que en queden! No digui bajanades, senyoreta! Ara mateix li'n porto un!

— D'acord, gràcies.

Què estic fent? Em tremolen els llavis i les mans. No sé si ho aconseguiré. Quins ulls més grans i blaus que té. Em provoca amb la mirada. Només queda un croissant, potser li puc fer broma amb això. O massa directe? Ja l'he agafat. M'hi estic apropant. Últim moment per decidir.

—Has tingut croissant, només en quedava un sort.
—Què?
—Que aquest únic és croissant, com tu. Gràcies! Vull dir, perdó!
—Què? Ha, ha, ha. No t'amoïnis. No he entès res, però gràcies. Aquí tens els diners.
Beneit. Ha marxat així. Com m'agrada.

—Mira la noieta aquesta.
—Quina?
—La que està parlant amb qui t'agrada a la barra.
—Ah, sí. Ja la veig. Qui és?
—Saps que t'he dit que hi havia dues noies a aquella taula, però que ara una ja no hi era? Doncs és ella. Ella s'adonava cada cop que mirava a la seva amiga.
—Pfft, deus haver semblat un assetjador si te l'estaves mirant tant.
—És la meva manera de lligar, ho sento.
—No, si a qui li ho hauries de dir és a ella.
—Vols que m'hi apropi a dir-li?
—No aconseguiràs a ningú mai... Mira la noia! Marxa amb un croissant. És el moment d'apropar-me al cambrer.

Vaig caminant amb el croissant i sento la mirada d'aquell home clavada sobre meu. Aquella mirada d'ulls marrons brillants... Tia, no em diguis que potser sí que m'agrada. Jo criticant-lo i ara m'ha arribat al cor sense fer res. No pot ser. Dec estar cansada.

—Tia.
—Sí?
—Crec que m'agrada.
—Qui?
—L'home que no em para de mirar.
—És broma, no?
—Què?
—Tant has tardat a adonar-te'n? Digues-li-ho, dona, digues-li-ho.
—Què dius, boja! Si ni tan sols sé si jo li agrado!
—Tia, que porteu des que heu arribat al bar mirant-vos. Si no li agrades, aleshores et té a la seva llista de persones a qui matar.
—Tia! S'apropen a l'home de la barra! Marxen!

—Què dius? És el nostre darrer intent. Ens hi apropem a provar-ho.
—Aix, quina vergonya...
—Vinga! Anem-hi!

Ei, que la noia s'ha aixecat. Potser ara sí que demanarà el compte!
—Espera!
—Què vols?
—Vaig amb tu a la barra.
—Com vulguis.

Ai! Que s'apropa la noia un altre cop! Ara sí que he d'actuar de pressa. Vinga va, li puc oferir quelcom com...

—(Els cinc alhora:) Vols que et convidi a un cafè?



PREMIS
CREACIÓ
LITERÀRIA
-ANGLÈS-

WHY I WANT TO TRAVEL THE WORLD

1r Premi categoria A William de Novellis

The Scout Association (Association)
Gilwell Park Chingford
London, E4 7QW
UK

5th June 2024

Dear Mr. Grylls and Miss Explore,

I'm writing this letter to you because I want to travel around the world.

I want to travel around the world because I want to see other countries like Belgium, America, and Italy. I want to try new foods. I also want to travel to learn new languages and help others to speak them.

I want to travel around the world because I want to see more animals. When I am older, I want to be a vet and help animals.

I want to travel around the world because I want to go to the jungle one day and learn how to survive there, just like Bear Grylls.

I want to travel around the world because it seems like it will be very exciting. I especially want to go to China to see a panda, because I have only seen one once.

I think you should choose me because I want to be like Bear Grylls when I am older, and I believe it will be exciting!

Yours sincerely,
Blue.

WHY I WANT TO TRAVEL THE WORLD

2n Premi categoria A Alba Santamaria Margalef

The Scout Association (Association)
Gilwell Park Chingford
London, E4 7QW
UK

5th June 2024

Dear Bear Grylls and Miss Explorer,

I would like to win the competition because I want to travel around the world.

I would like to visit different places so I can learn new languages. I would also like to help people who don't have money by teaching them things like numbers, languages, and other useful skills.

I would like to go to Japan because I would like to try different foods. I would also like to make new friends and help people who are in need.

I deserve to go because I work hard—not just me, but my friends as well.

Yours sincerely,
Purple.

TAYLOR'S ROUTINE

1r Premi categoria B Bonnie Elizabeth Piper

My name is Taylor Swift. I always wake up at 7:00 in the morning. First, I sing and get dressed. Then, I brush my hair and put on my shoes. Next, I have breakfast and brush my teeth. At 10:00, I go to my Eras Tour.

After that, I finish warming up, take my lunch break, and go back to do my show. At around 6:00 p.m., I go back home and rest. In the evening, I usually go shopping, and I go to the beach with my cat. Then, I work on my new album and create new songs. At 10:00 p.m., I eat dinner and go to bed.

MY MOTHER'S DAILY ROUTINE

2n Premi categoria B Sheyla Taveras Grullón

My name is Francina. I always wake up at 5:00 in the morning.

First, I eat some food and I speak loudly. Then, I go to the bathroom. Next, I have my breakfast and I go wake up Sheyla and Dylan.

After that, I go to the beach and I take my lunch break for eating my lunch. I do some sport and I go back home and take a rest. In the afternoon, I usually study with Sheyla and I complain about Sheyla.

Then, I cook dinner and I leave home to do some sport. At 1:00 am I take the phone to Sheyla and I go to bed.

NINJA TURTLE

3r Premi categoria B

Emmanuel Martínez Calvo

My name is Kylian Mbappé. I always wake up at nine o'clock in the morning. First, I go to the gym and talk to Bellingham. Then, I go to the Santiago Bernabéu. Next, I have breakfast and do my football training. At eleven o'clock, I practice shots with Courtois.

After that, I go to my mansion and take my lunch break. Then, I go back to training. At around 1:45, I go back home and rest. In the afternoon, I usually go to the cinema and talk to my friends. Then, I go to my mansion and go back to the gym. At 7:30 p.m., I eat a pizza and go to bed.

THE ROMANTIC ORIGIN OF ECLIPSES

1r Premi categoria C

Emma Cambeiro Alonso

She worked at night, illuminating. She stayed in the same place, though almost invisible.

He shone majestically during the day, as long as the annoying clouds didn't get in his way.

They saw each other for a few minutes at every sunrise or sunset. She sighed with love for him, needing him always to show her whitish appearance. But he ignored her, always focused on showing his golden smile.

Their visible faces are called Sun and Moon, and their costumes, Night and Day. He always remained whole, while she was shy and changeable, depending on her phase and mood.

People call her Crescent Moon when her mood and appearance increased, Full Moon—which, as you may know, is self-explanatory—Waning Crescent when she shrank as if ashamed, and New Moon when she didn't want anyone to see her.

They were literally opposites; he gave light and warmth to everyone, while she was the one to draw the dark curtain.

And like that, the days, months, and years passed by, longing for a hug between the two.

They saw each other almost every day, except when the moody Sir Storm appeared with his wife, the Rain.

Until one day, the attraction between the two became so strong that they managed to align themselves in such a way that they seemed to be embracing in front of everyone.

They slowly got closer to each other until they melted into a loving hug, appearing as one. Then, they slowly began to separate, as if they didn't want to let each other go...

No one knows who moved first that very first time, but now, every once in a while, one of them decides to align, seeking that embrace.

Humans, who don't understand the love of the celestial bodies, called the Moon's sadness and her moods "Phases," and the hug of the two, "Eclipse." It can be lunar or solar, depending on who seeks the embrace.

And now, the Sun and the Moon are happy forever, knowing that sooner or later, they will hug again, if only for a few minutes.

By the Moon

WOLF DRAGON

2n Premi categoria C
Ivan Jaimot Carrasco

We need to live to have a life.
In life, we need to enjoy time,
By living with joy and not crime.
We need to enjoy the afterlife.

Enjoying life means living a good life,
Without problems or complications in life.
Even though there are lots of obstacles,
You need to enjoy jumping them.

Life includes love, happiness, and sadness,
There can be fear or madness.
But we need to enjoy it because
Time flies by and we can't pause.

We can have lots of friendships,
But we can't afford relationships.
Because we are always busy fighting,
But we should enjoy time loving.

Sometimes in life we are sad,
But we know we should be glad,
And be happy with everything we have,
And most of all, we must LAUGH.

MENTAL TRIP

3r Premi categoria C
Cristian Jorge Suero

This story may contain strong things that may affect sensitive readers.

Chapter 1: The Beginning of the Nightmare

Once upon a time, there was a boy named Emilio, a boy who dreamed of being an actor. His classmates thought it was a good idea, but a group of boys named Samuel, Darío, Alex, and Omar thought it was stupid since Emilio didn't do everything perfectly and made some mistakes.

Emilio was rehearsing for his school's first performance, which would be in a week. He was very excited and focused at the same time, but he didn't expect what would happen.

- "Hey guys, come and see!"
- "What's up, Omar? You're not calling us for any of your other nonsense, right?"
- "No, Darío. Look, Emilio is rehearsing."
- "What's up with that?"
- "Haven't you noticed? We can play a joke on him."
- "Well, let's have some fun!"
- "That's the way to talk!"

The bullies grabbed several soccer balls and silently threw them at Emilio, hitting his face. Samuel and the others started laughing at him, and from that day on, they bullied him. He couldn't do anything because they always bothered him in places where there were almost no people, and if he said a word, they would do much worse to him. Emilio was so traumatized that he always looked serious; he only had fun at the parties organized by his school.

School eventually ended, and high school was about to start — a much feared place at his school. Not only did the studies become more difficult, but there were also many cases of bullying, and Emilio didn't want the same story to repeat itself.

Emilio was very nervous, as the next day would be his first day of high school, and he didn't know what to do. Before he got anxious, he decided to go to sleep, but he didn't know what would happen to him the following day.

The next morning, Emilio got ready and stepped into high school for the first time.

- "Wow, I didn't think it would be so big!"
- "What, are you new?" asked a boy who was passing by.
- "Yes, is there something wrong?"
- "Yes, look at that group. They are in their third year of ESO. You're in the wrong building."

That boy was chatting with a group of other guys. Emilio started listening to them with a lot of intrigue and interest.

- "Guys, did you see the news yesterday?"
- "What news do you bring us today, Daniel?"
- "Listen! A second-year ESO student had to leave the high school!"
- "Daniel, that's not interesting at all," said the boy who had talked to Emilio earlier.
- "Let me finish, Oliver!"
- "All right, continue with the news."
- "He's been taken to a psychiatric hospital."
- "But why did they take him?" asked another one of them with an astonished face.
- "Michael, do you really want to know what happened to the boy? So stop interrupting me! His name was Pedro, and he tried to jump off the fourth floor," he added.
- "Wait, is Pedro okay?"
- "Physically, he's fine, but mentally, he's not. He feels suffocated by life itself."
- "I hope his situation improves," whispered Oliver with concern.

Emilio was so stunned and scared that he didn't move a muscle. Oliver, the boy who had exchanged a few words with him earlier, realized that Emilio had overheard their conversation. With a serious face, he remarked:

- "You see, here there is only pure despair and sadness. High school is like student hell!"
- "Is it true about Pedro?"
- "What do you think? Daniel wouldn't joke about that kind of thing!" he said as he walked away.
- "Wait, we haven't even introduced ourselves!"
- "There's no time for introductions now. I'll probably see you during break time."

After a long speech by the principal and the teachers, everyone went to their classes. Everything seemed fine—the exercises were easy, and the teachers weren't strict—but Emilio would soon discover the true nature of high school during the break.

When break arrived, Emilio doubted what the mysterious boy had told him, but when he left the classroom, he found a boy being mistreated by another, stronger one.

- "Hey, you! Stop! He hasn't done anything wrong to you!" pleaded Emilio with determination.
- "Who do you think you are to interrupt my fun? And how did you find this place?"
- "I was just going to the cafeteria."
- "Well, unfortunately, now you're not going anywhere!" he yelled at him.

The boy started beating Emilio up terribly, and he couldn't say anything. The story hadn't changed at all. Break time ended, and Emilio never made it to the cafeteria.

After classes, Emilio met up with Oliver, the older student he had spoken to earlier.

- "Hey!"
- "Oh, you again. Why didn't you come to the cafeteria?"
- "A tall, skinny boy beat me up," stated Emilio with shame.
- "Oh no, I'm sure it was Troy. He's the biggest bully in school. Do you know what trouble you've gotten yourself into? I think he'll make your life impossible. We can't be

friends anymore.”

- “Wait! But you haven’t even told me your name!”
- “I don’t want him to beat me up too. By the way, my name is Oliver, from the second year of ESO. Now that you know, I’m leaving. Goodbye.”

Emilio no longer had any friends. He didn’t want anyone to get close to him; he was afraid of everybody, so he locked himself in his room every time he came home from school.

One day, while he was alone in his bedroom, out of nowhere, he heard a mysterious and spooky voice:

- “Emilio, come and play with us,” said the eerie voice.
- “Who are you, and what do you want to play?”
- “That doesn’t matter. What matters is that you’re going to the other world!”
- “No, I don’t want to! I don’t want to, no...!”

At that moment, Emilio suddenly fainted. His parents, who were going to bring him dinner, found him lying unconscious on his bed. They were paralyzed and terrified by what had happened; there was no blood, and no one else in the room. They couldn’t understand what had happened to him, and they were so scared that they rushed him to the hospital, straight to the emergency room.

Chapter 2: The Anthropophobia

From Emilio’s point of view...

- “Hey, where am I?”
- “Hello, welcome to your consciousness!”
- “Who are you?”
- “I’m your brain’s amygdale. My name is Tê Bào.”
- “What a strange name.”
- “Hey, I heard that! Well, it doesn’t matter. We have to go now!”
- “But why?”

Suddenly, he heard an evil voice saying: “You think you’ll escape destiny.”

- “Oh no, it’s him! He’s going to send you straight to the ‘afterlife!’” exclaimed Tê Bào.
- “What, not again!”
- “Then, let me do my job!” insisted Tê Bào.

The mysterious evil shadow sent a shockwave at them, causing them to fall into the depths of Emilio’s consciousness so they wouldn’t interfere with his plan.

- “Tê Bào, look, there are some stairs in the distance.”
- “Emilio, those stairs are not what they seem.”
- “So, what are they?”
- “You’ll have to face your four problems.”
- “Yeah man, I’ve already been through a tremendous beating, and now I have to face giant beings?”
- “Of course you do!” confirmed Tê Bào.
- “Look, I’m staying here. There’s no way I can defeat them!”
- “No way, you’re going to go into the labyrinth that’s in front of us, you’re going to get to the end, and you’re going to defeat that monster! Or do you want to die?”
- “Well, okay. I’ll do it just because otherwise, you’re going to bother me all day!” said Emilio.

The two of them started to cross the labyrinth, but Emilio took the wrong path and ran into a girl, but with a gloomy look.

- “Hi Emilio, how are you? Let me guess, alone with no friends or anyone who loves you, right?”
- “But why are you telling me that?”
- “Because it’s the truth. You’ll always be alone and without any loved one.”
- “No! You don’t control my life, so shut up!”

Suddenly, the girl was possessed and laughed grimly.

- “It seems I underestimated you. I hope our battle is as interesting as this conversation.”

The girl suddenly disappeared, and Tê Bào found the exit. Emilio followed him, and they came out into a kind of square. There was a throne, and on it, there was a very strange creature. It had a cape, but at the same time, it was its body.

- "Hello Emilio, I've been waiting for you. Ready to die?" asked the creature, laughing out loud.
- "Who does this guy think he is?" asked Emilio to Tê Bào in surprise.
- "That disrespect is unforgivable. Get ready, I'll make him suffer!"
- "He is Mr. Anthrope. Emilio, be careful!" warned Tê Bào.

The mysterious being took out a baton and pointed it at Emilio. From the baton came lots of shadows like the ones in the labyrinth, and they surrounded him.

- "What's going on?" asked Emilio, looking at the black shadows.
- "You're useless."
- "You're better off dead."
- "Nobody loves you."
- "What do you exist for?"

The shadows kept saying pessimistic things to him, and one of them started bringing a knife to his neck, but Emilio ignored everything that was happening around him.

- "Hey, we're going to take your life. You should beg for mercy!"
- "What good is it going to do? I'm going to die anyway!" asserted Emilio.
- "Wait, are you ignoring us?"

Emilio didn't answer them, and the shadows became desperate. They told Mr. Anthrope:

- "Sir, we can't do anything else."
- "What do you mean you can't do anything!?" Anthrope said angrily.

The shadows returned to the staff, and Emilio began to smile.

- "Ha, ha, ha! Did you think those shadows were going to do something?"
- "It's impossible..." Anthrope answered in disbelief.
- "Oh, it seems ignorance affects you. Or is it because the whole society really isn't like that?"
- "No, it can't be."
- "I hit the target, didn't I?" said Emilio proudly. He added, "I can't believe it, but I won the battle!"

At that moment, Anthrope disappeared, and Emilio saw a giant desert in the distance.

Chapter 3: The Schizophrenia

- "Tê Bào, there's a desert over there."
- "You don't learn anything, do you?" said Tê Bào, disappointed in his companion.
- "What do you mean?"
- "It's another test, but this one is really dangerous."
- "Seriously, another test?"
- "Unfortunately, yes. This would be the second part of these tests."
- "Oh my god, when am I going to get out of here?"
- "Stop complaining. We're going to cross this desert together!"
- "Well, if you say so... Let's go!" Emilio finally agreed.

Tê Bào and Emilio began walking through the vast desert, but Tê Bào started feeling sick. He was very thirsty and could no longer move forward. Suddenly, Emilio was left speechless as Tê Bào disappeared out of nowhere.

- "Tê Bào, take this seriously. We're on a mission. We're not playing hide and seek."
- "Hello, Emilio!" said a sinister voice all of a sudden.
- "Who are you?"
- "Seriously? You don't remember me?" added the terrifying voice.

That mysterious voice turned out to be a clown. But, of course, it couldn't be a normal clown. It had to be a killer clown, because nothing can be normal in Emilio's mind.

- "Wow, a killer clown. I didn't expect that," Emilio exclaimed sarcastically.
- "Oh, Emilio, Emilio, Emilio, that annoying kid I want to kill..."
- "Yeah man, in your dreams, you cheap clown!"
- "What did you say to me? Repeat that if you dare!"
- "Cheap clown, why do you ask?"
- "You're an idiot. Die already!"

Suddenly, Tê Bào appeared again. He jumped higher than normal, as he moved with small jumps, and gave Emilio a strong headbutt, stopping his hallucination.

- "Ouch, that hurts! Wait, where am I?"
- "Oh, I see you've stopped being silly."
- "What nonsense... Are you telling me that I'm stupid?"
- "No, you were hallucinating."
- "Wait, where's the desert?"
- "It never existed. It was just a hallucination. We've always been on this platform."

- "Why didn't you warn me!?"
- "Unfortunately, I also fell into the trap. A being gave me some very strange dust, I woke up in a desert, and then I woke up here."
- "I'm sure the one behind all this is at the end of those stairs."
- "Well, what are we waiting for, Emilio? Let's go!"

Emilio and T Bào went up the stairs and found another throne, but this time it wasn't black like Anthrope's; it was very colorful. Instantly, a strange and colorful being appeared in front of them.

- "Hello, welcome to your worst nightmare!"
- "Oh, why do all my problems have to be so conceited?" wondered Emilio.
- "You insolent, stupid boy, get ready to die!"
- "Me? You look like you're the one who's going to die... Look at yourself! You're more malnourished than someone who hasn't eaten in three years."
- "You'll be..." he said angrily, "Get ready to die!" repeated the colorful being furiously.
- "Yes, man. Mr. Malnourished, if you can't kill a mosquito, how are you going to kill me?"
- "My name is Quizo, stupid!" he shouted at Emilio.

At that moment, Quizo became so angry that he shot the same hallucinogenic powder from his hands, but stronger this time.

- "Emilio, be careful, don't breathe that powder!" begged Tê Bào.
- "Ha, ha, ha, it's too late. He's fallen under my hallucinogenic power!"
- "Oh no! Not again! Quizo, you're going to pay for that!" exclaimed Tê Bào.

Tê Bào started attacking Quizo with strong headbutts, but Quizo wasn't affected. Meanwhile, Emilio kept saying things like the monsters weren't hurting him, that they were forcing him to play Russian roulette, and if he refused, they would kill him. If that wasn't enough, even if he survived the game, they would still make him say goodbye to the world.

- "Ha, do you think those headbutts are going to do something to me?"
- "No, but I know someone who will do something to you."
- "Of course. Are you sure my powders haven't affected you?"
- "Of course not. Emilio, nothing is real!"

Fortunately, at that moment, Emilio stopped hallucinating and quickly came up with a plan.

- "Impossible, how did he get away?" Quizo asked, stupefied.
- "Because he heard me!" answered Tê Bào proudly.
- "Tê Bào, come here, I have an idea," Emilio whispered.

- "What did you come up with?"
- "Jump as high as you can. While I headbutt him, I'll push him, and then you'll crush him."
- "Okay, here I go!" exclaimed Emilio without hesitation.

Everything went well. Tê Bào crushed Quizo so hard that he ran out of strength.

- "You'll pay for this, you idiots..."

At that moment, Quizo vanished, and a very strange path with floating images appeared before them.

Chapter 4: The Depression

- "And what's with that strange path?"
- "I don't know, Emilio, but what I'm sure of is that we're reaching the final stretch."

As Emilio walked down the road, he noticed the images around him. Each one depicted tragic moments from his life, and suddenly, while looking at them, he felt a heavy sadness settle in.

- "Tê Bào, I'm going to that building."
- "Okay, fine," Tê Bào replied.

Emilio began climbing up to the attic of the building. When he reached the top, a dark impulse took over, and he tried to jump off. But just before he could, Tê Bào quickly jumped after him and headbutted him backward, stopping Emilio from committing suicide.

- "Emilio, what the hell were you trying to do!?"
- "I don't know... I saw those images, and I just felt like I had to jump."
- "Those images are probably part of the power of your third problem."
- "Well, what are we waiting for?"

Tê Bào led the way down the stairs and found a back door. Together, they exited into another square, where they saw yet another throne—this one dark blue—and sitting on it was a strange figure, resembling an elf with human-like skin and a cape.

- "Hello, Emilio. My name is Epre. Sit with me, I'd like to talk."
- "Tê Bào, this elf seems... off," Emilio whispered.
- "Well, go ahead and talk to him," said Tê Bào with confidence.

Emilio sat down next to Epre, and they began to converse.

- "Don't you think death would be the easiest way to find happiness?" Epre asked.
- "No, not really. How could you be happy if you don't even exist?" replied Emilio. Then he added,
- "And don't try to involve me in your twisted logic. You're useless. All you do is push people toward suicide!"
- "Oh, okay, I see. I'm useless then," the elf responded, his tone almost resigned.

At that moment, Epre suddenly pulled out a knife and stabbed himself, vanishing into thin air. Emilio and Tê Bào were left stunned by what had just happened.

- "He killed himself!" Emilio gasped.
- "Well, Emilio, we've found what we're looking for. He's the one behind all of this—the strange shadow. We're finally going to see his true face."

They ascended a set of stairs until they reached a sort of bubble, a barrier of sorts, that blocked their path, preventing them from moving forward.

Chapter 5: Are You the Problem?

- "Tê Bào, headbutt that bubble!" demanded Emilio.
- "Okay, okay..." Tê Bào replied.

Tê Bào had to headbutt the bubble ten times before it finally shattered, and they found themselves at the top.

- "No, no, no! How did you break my bubble?" asked the shadow in disbelief.
- "Just headbutts!" Tê Bào exclaimed, wincing from the pain.
- "You're about to uncover the truth of everything..." added the ghostly shadow.
- "Well, at least show your face!" pleaded Emilio.

When the mysterious figure removed its cloak, Emilio stood speechless:

- "Wait, is that... me?"
- "Yes and no. I am your thoughts in human form. My name is Pensa."
- "I see it, but I can't believe it! Why do you want me to disappear from the world?"
- "The world is garbage. Don't you think that if we died, we'd be better off?"
- "Everything you're saying is pure nonsense!" Emilio retorted in disgust.
- "Oh, so that's how you feel? Get ready, because I won't let my plan fail!"

Pensa, the embodiment of Emilio's negative thoughts, began to attack from all directions, trying to push Emilio back into the depths of his own mind. But before Pensa could succeed, Tê Bào headbutted him, stopping the assault.

The attacks grew more intense, with Pensa launching shockwaves wildly. Emilio, however, suddenly had an idea.

- "Wait, Tê Bào."

- "What's going on?"

- "This place... it's my mind, right?"

- "Yes, why do you ask?"

- "In that case, I want a purification baton to appear!"

- "Wait, what did you just say?" asked Pensa, clearly perplexed. He didn't understand what Emilio was talking about. But Emilio knew exactly what he wanted: a baton capable of purifying ghosts and negative thoughts.

- "What is that?" Pensa asked, his voice now trembling with fear.

- "This is what's going to end you! I'm finally going to beat you!" declared Emilio.

Without hesitation, Emilio struck Pensa with the purification baton. Pensa immediately grew weak.

- "What have you done to me?"

- "It's simple: Emilio has purified you," Tê Bào explained.

- "Tê Bào, Emilio, you'll pay for this!" Pensa shouted as he began to fade away.

- "We've done it! We've defeated my four problems!" Emilio cheered. "Tê Bào, let's have a celebratory headbutt!"

Everything went dark, and Tê Bào disappeared. Emilio felt a sudden rush of fear, but then, just as suddenly, he woke up in a hospital bed.

- "Emilio!"

- "Mom? Dad? Is that you?"

- "Of course! Who else would it be?" his mother exclaimed, relief washing over her.

- "Wait, I'm in a hospital?"

- "Yes, the doctor told us you collapsed and fainted," explained his father.

- "Oh, I see..." Emilio said as a doctor entered the room. The doctor introduced himself:

- "Hello, I'm Dr. Felipe, a specialist in psychology."

- "Hi, Dr. Felipe," Emilio greeted, sounding a bit disheartened.

Seeing how troubled Emilio was, Dr. Felipe tried to reassure him. He explained that Emilio had suffered a massive anxiety attack and that they would work with him to rebuild his self-esteem and help him recover from the troubles he had been facing. Over time, Emilio came to understand that not everyone in society was out to harm or mock him. He learned not to give excessive importance to negative thoughts, to avoid hallucinations by not stressing too much, and to believe in himself.

Years of therapy passed, and Emilio's struggles gradually disappeared. Today, he's a successful, well-known actor and lives happily ever after.

The End

RANGER

1r Premi categoria D
Jordi Alarcón Esteban

1996, Manhattan.

In the world there are two types of animals: normal animals, like wolves, and then the terrible werewolves. The werewolf is a mythical animal which eats people and can infect other humans to transform them into one.

But humans didn't know of their existence. The only person that knew of them was Pol, a ranger, and his wife, Marta. They lived protecting humanity from werewolves, which normally inhabited forests, so Pol's mission was to kill any who left them.

As a ranger, werewolves would attack him constantly. One day, Pol went to investigate the forest, and he discovered that werewolves had great world power. When he called for reinforcements, nobody answered. Then, five werewolves appeared and said: "You can join us, or die here. If you join us, we will control the world."

Pol had no choice but to accept.

Now Pol was a werewolf, and he was invited into their ancient tree, an underground refuge which was older than the Sun. There, he discovered an incredible truth: werewolves had been on Earth before humans. Actually, humans weren't even native to the planet: they had come from the stars tens of thousands of years ago, and had forced werewolves to take refuge in forests. But soon after that, werewolves had discovered that humans could be transformed into werewolves, and a war had begun.

Pol cried, as he had once been a human, but now felt the pain of werewolves too, and had discovered that human history was a lie! So, he decided he would help werewolves reclaim their home from those evil humans who only conquered planets and killed other species.

AN UNEXPECTED MISTAKE

2n Premi categoria D
Laia Jaffré Martínez

An Unexpected Mistake

My legs started to fail me: I was running without a destination, but I couldn't stop or the boy who was chasing me would catch me. Then I heard a voice of a girl: "Hey Silver! Come here, I'm going to help you." Finally, someone who speaks my language!

She was on a motorbike; I couldn't see her face because a helmet covered it. The only thing I could see was her blond hair coming out under the helmet. She was holding a second helmet with her arm and she threw it to me. I caught it and I put it on my head. I wasn't thinking what I was doing, but I had no better solution. The only thing I could do was trust that blond girl I didn't know.

You might be thinking "what I was doing running away from a boy I didn't know with a girl who I also didn't know in a city that, yes, I also didn't know?"

It had all started with a perfect planned trip. I had everything organized: the airline tickets, the hotel, the places I would visit, the restaurants were I would eat... It all went well until I got to my destination: Rome, Italy. I was in the airport waiting for my suitcase but the last ones were coming out and I couldn't see mine.

I started to get very nervous. I always need to have it all go to plan and this wasn't in my plans, so I decided to ask for my suitcase at the information desk.

"Excuse me, I didn't find my suitcase in the conveyor belt." I said as well as I could to the girl on the other side of the counter.

"Don't worry, what's your name?" She said while trying to reassure me.

"I'm Alan Clark Bailey. I'm 21 years old, this is the first time I've flown alone and it is not going as expected." I said, hardly breathing.

"Okay, Alan. Don't worry, we are going to find your suitcase. Sit down over there for a minute and I'm going to see what happened."

"Okay..."

She disappeared behind a door, and after 30 minutes she returned with an older man. She didn't show a happy face, so I knew instantly that she wasn't going to give me any good news.

"Hi Alan, I'm Mr. Collins. I'm really sorry, but your suitcase stayed in London." Said the man, with a very serious face.

I think horror showed on my face because he quickly added:

"But don't worry, it's going to arrive tomorrow, so you can return and get it back. I'm really sorry for the inconveniences, but this happens sometimes.

I had no words, so I stayed there watching how the man and the girl went back into the room.

I had a mixture of emotions inside me: I was angry, scared, sad, nervous... All at the same time. I stayed at the airport during at least 40 minutes thinking what was I supposed to do without all the things in my suitcase.

I finally went to my hotel. Fortunately, I had all my documents, my phone and five euros in my small backpack. I checked in and after a nap in my hotel room, I decided to take a walk: I really needed some fresh air and time to think. After a while, I realized it had been a long time since I last had something to eat or drink.

I suddenly I found myself in a typical Irish pub. I was so engrossed tasting my refreshing beer that I didn't notice that a big picture of my face was on the television screen of the pub. Then my eyes jumped up to the headline saying: "Dangerous robber escaped from prison."

What the hell!? Why are they saying I'm a robber?! That's the only thing I could think of before running away with fear. I was so overwhelmed with what had just happened that I didn't hear the footsteps walking behind me. But when I finally noticed them, I realized it was someone from the pub who had recognized me and followed me.

And now here I am. With this blondie who calls me "Silver". After a long ride, I eventually understand what's happening: Do you know that thing people say about everyone having a double somewhere in the world? Well, it must be true, as that man is identical to me. The bad thing? My "twin" is a criminal, and I'm believed to be him. And I'm sure this girl is his accomplice. I guess the best thing to do right now is not letting her know who I really am.

We've just arrived in a dusty hostel by the airport.

"I bought the flight tickets as you asked me. Our flight is the first one tomorrow morning." Says the blondie. Then she stares at me and she adds:

"You look different... Oh, I see! You shaved your face to avoid being recognized, that's a great idea. But you should also put on this cap and glasses tomorrow.

I nod my head and I take the accessories.

"I'm exhausted, let's sleep a bit." I tell her in order to be alone and think.

It's 6 a.m. and here we are: dressed up at the airport. Only now my biggest issue isn't my luggage but the crazy situation I'm in. In spite of our disguise, we can't pass the security control and they find out our passports are fake. My hands are handcuffed.

"I'm not Silver! My name is Alan Clark, I can prove that!"

"What are you talking about?" The policeman doesn't believe me.

"Open my backpack, I have my documents there."

"They are also fake, you aren't going to fool us."

I have to find a way to demonstrate it. Oh! I can see the girl I spoke to yesterday about my suitcase problem.

"I was here yesterday and I spoke to that girl, she can tell you so! Silver yesterday was still in prison."

The policeman listens to me and the girl confirms that I was here yesterday. Someone is talking through the walkie-talkie of the policeman.

"We have caught the prisoner. Silver is on his way to prison again."

GREECE'S OBSESSION

3r Premi categoria D

Joris Rubio Reunis

Finally, I am released and the girl I met yesterday gives me my suitcase. Now I can relax at last: today will really be the very first day of my holidays... I hope!

In Ancient Greece, everyone, and I mean everyone, followed their home tradition: becoming a soldier. Everyone was trained to be a soldier and, in the process, they increased their strength, height and greatness. But not everyone succeeded. Those who didn't were called "the chickens"; they were the ones that hadn't been able to increase their strength or height, they were "a disappointment" for everyone, like Tom. Tom was one of the chickens and everyone was disappointed when he didn't succeed, but he did something to change it.

When he came home from school one day, there was a man waiting for him who told him that, if he wanted to be a soldier, he would need to confront Ares in person (the god of war) in Mount Olympus to earn his blessing. He agreed, but didn't know how to get there. The man told him that, in order to get there, he would need to climb and swim and walk and run, so he set out to the adventure.

It was very difficult to get there. It took him five whole years to get there but when he did, he found nothing, absolutely nothing. It was like a desert. Suddenly, he heard noises: faint sounds of footsteps that became louder and louder. And there he was, Ares, the god of war, to whom he explained everything. The god then decided to help by training him.

Five more years went by, until one day Ares declared: "You are now the best soldier in Greece", although Tom still had to confront him. However, all the violence and wounds he had to suffer made him decide to put a stop to his obsession of becoming a soldier, especially when he saw Ares' champion wounded on the floor after he had stabbed him with his sword. He felt the need to help the wounded champion because he realised that he didn't want to be a soldier like everyone wanted him to be. He wanted the opposite: to save people. This is how he became the first man to work as a physician, and created the Hippocratic Oath so that everyone who joined him would never hurt anybody ever again: they would dedicate their lives to save those of others, because, while some glorified sending souls to the underworld, they would instead help them hold onto life.

RED VELVET

1r categoria E

Stanislava Lavrentyeva

How long has it been since I've seen my family? What about my friends? My colleagues? My children? I don't even remember some of their faces, nor their voices or names. I have been locked up here for about... What? A year? A month? A week? Maybe even a day or an hour... Heck! I've lost the course of time by now already.

The one thing I do know, is that I remember very clearly the day all of this happened. It was March, the first of March, the day of my birthday. My children, Carol and Mark were baking a cake. It was supposed to be a surprise, but they obviously weren't very good at hiding it. Coming up to me with questions about my favourite flavour of frosting and stuff like that. That reminds me again, that they were only children. Little innocent children. My little sweet babies. Oh right! I'm driving myself away from the point! Where was I? Ah! Yes...

They were in the kitchen, preparing my surprise, when my husband came home. It was still early, and he wasn't supposed to be home for at least around 3 hours or so, but for some reason, he came early. Of course I was happy though! The love of my life, came home early for my birthday! I was expecting a bouquet of flowers, or a gift card from some make-up brand I liked, but instead of that, the thing he pulled from behind his back wasn't as 'pleasant' as I expected.

He told me to hold my hands up, and stay in place. Although I could have called the police through my Amazon Alexa, or shouted for help so that the neighbors could have come, I didn't. I just sat there, like a coward on the couch, while he walked into the kitchen. Gun pointing right in front of him. I don't really remember what Carol and Mark said to him. I was in pure shock and fear. It was as if my brain shut my eyes and ears. Like he was pretending that everything was going great. That my children were still in the kitchen, preparing me a red velvet cake. My favourite flavour... But unfortunately, nothing was fine. Everything was going awfully, and my children, they... they...

As fast as it all started, it all ended. He came out of the kitchen, and I thought it was my turn, but he didn't do it. He handed me over the gun, gave me a kiss on the forehead, and said "Happy birthday darling! I hope that this present is worth it", and just walked out the door, as if nothing happened. I sat on the couch for a few more minutes. As if I was trying to comprehend what had just happened, when suddenly, I came back to my senses. I ran to see them. To make sure that they were okay, but it was clear as water that they weren't okay. I thought that maybe I could have saved them, but... I don't think that somebody who was shot in the head multiple times can just be easily "resurrected". With the gun that my beloved gifted me still in my hands, I hugged them. I hugged them very, very tight to my chest. I think I even fell asleep like that. But when I woke up, I was already here.

She lifted her head to look at me. It was as if she was searching for comfort in my eyes. Or something else. Something else that I just couldn't give her.

"Are you sure that all of that really did happen? I mean... Do you have any evidence? Or anything that could help you with the case?"

"I mean... That's all I have!", the woman sounded desperate. "Aren't my sufferings enough?"

"Ma'am... If you don't have any evidence that your husband came home by that time, I'm afraid I can't do anything. Because your husband was found dead in a car accident the moment he left for work. As I assume, you remember that, right?"

"Oh yes... I know! But... I also know what I saw!"

"Well ma'am... It seems that your time is over. But I've got one last thing to ask you."

WHITE CAMELLIA

2n Premi categoria E

Berta Aymat Portabella

I glanced at the woman. Her face was all wet from all the liquids that were falling from it. I wanted to help her so badly! I really did! But my job was my job. And I knew that there was only one thing I could offer her then.

“What is your favourite food? Or maybe I should ask you... What would you like your last meal to be, ma'am?”

The woman looked at me. Suddenly, a soft smile appeared on her lips.

“Red velvet. I want a piece of a red velvet cake. I never got to try the one my children were making for me, so I hope that makes up for it.”

Happiness is a complicated term. In fact, every emotion is complicated in itself. Emotions are cryptic and overwhelming; some so full, some others so empty.

The girl who lived by the river was said to be a ghost of a person. She often walked in the lonely forest, hoping to find a path to happiness. She walked every day, lost in her thoughts, through the deep forest, hoping that, at the end of the long path, happiness would welcome her with open arms.

One day, her feet led her into a dark cave. Surrounded by rocks, at the deepest point, a treasure awaited her. Intrigued, the girl opened the chest to find what she searched so long for. Inside the chest, there was a small and delicate white flower; so perfect, so beautiful. She picked it up and ran home in a rush.

At home, she entered the room she feared the most, knelt next to the bed, and held her mother's hand. Her hand felt cold, her skin was pale, and her eyes seemed dull. As she felt her daughter's touch, she looked at the little girl with tired eyes, her disease was beating her. Then, the girl placed the delicate flower in her mother's hand. When the ill woman saw it, her eyes shone. They shone as they hadn't in a long time, like when she took care of her garden, when she could stand up. The woman looked at her daughter and her lips curved upwards, smiling, finally smiling. At that moment, the girl's chest flooded with emotion and heavy tears rolled down her cheeks. She cried and smiled with pure happiness, holding her mother's hand tightly. There, mother and daughter felt alive again.

Emotions can be strange, hard to understand, but happiness is one of the most fulfilling feelings you can ever experience, for simple reasons such as a flower or a smile.

A TRUE LOVE STORY

3r Premi categoria E

Natalia Alexandra Guarnizo Polanco

To my mother, a pure and authentic mummy bear

This story starts in a beautiful and rainy forest, where in the silent night, one mum bear was trying to give birth to her second bear cub. Her first cub wasn't a cub any more, and he left the forest years ago. Finally, thanks to her love and passion for her cub about to come, a little bear cub came to the world on the 5th of February. It was a girl, and the life of her mother would never be the same from then on.

The childhood of the little cub was full of joy and happiness. To her, the most important bear in the family was her dad, even though it was a strong united pack of bears. She adored the time she spent with her mother and brother. But nothing could reach the level of happiness that she felt when she was with her daddy.

Every day after mummy goes to work, they visit amazing regions of the forest together, and learn so much about the flora there. The daughter was amazed about all the things she learned with her dad, and she really hoped her times with him lasted forever. But one overwhelming day, in the middle of a storm, full of emotional and physical thunder and lightning, she realized that her dad was gone. She was eight.

She searched for him desperately between the trees. Under the rocks. Near the river. But he was really gone.

Her mum explained to her that he hadn't really disappeared. He was still in everyone's heart. But the little bear wasn't very convinced about that.

She knew that her mummy must have been affected because of the tragic moment that all the family were going through. But nothing stopped her from caring for her daughter with all the love she was able to give. When the cub was sad, her mum gave her a huge bear hug, only as a mummy

bear knows. When she felt lonely, her mum spent hours and hours with her, sometimes explaining stories, sometimes just stroking her arm silently. Little by little, the heart of the daughter was a bit fuller of love, and a little less empty.

And now, every day after work when her mum gives her a huge hug, she realizes that she had the strongest and most incredible bear in the forest always by her side and there to protect her, all those years. She realized that maybe her dad was important in her life, but he wasn't everything, because she has her mum. And if she chose to love rather than suffer, she'll do the same, because of her. Because she decided she wanted to be exactly like her mother. Because life didn't end when she was eight.

NEXT PATIENT

1r Premi categoria F Arianna Povill Varela

"Patient number 346, you can come inside," says an individual without even looking into the eyes of those waiting for their turn. They open the white door widely without checking if the patient is coming behind and emotionlessly write down the patient's number on the device and read the information on the patient from the archive. There is no diagnosis yet, so they connect the new machine and silently leave the room.

An automaton-like and empty voice coming from it starts talking.

"Welcome, patient."

"He..." patient 346 tries to answer before being interrupted.

"How do you feel? Is something going wrong with your life lately to make you come here?"

"I've been quite good, but maybe there are times when I feel alone and kind of stressed. Work has been rough recently; I have no time, and I've been having some strange episodes where... Well, I guess it might be normal, like anyone who lives by themselves and works all day and..."

"Is there something that worries you or disturbs you especially?" replies the machine, cutting the patient off.

"I don't know... Maybe work has been stressing me a little bit, but people tell me not to take it too seriously because... maybe they are right," the patient says while trying to hold back the urge to start crying. "Well, now that I think about it, there might actually be something..."

"It is OK; things will work out for you, life is great, and your job must not be your only occupation," replies the machine as it cuts off the patient again.

"But..." the patient mumbles.

"Keep that in mind. I will see you in two months to monitor your progress. In the meantime, please use this medical prescription to collect drug pack #23155B. Thank you, patient 346, for your visit. You are on the right track to recovery!"

The patient leaves the room holding back their emotions, trying not to break down. They get on the bus and make their way back home while suicidal thoughts race through their mind.

The staff member goes back into the room, resets the machine, and looks for the results on the diagnosis of the last patient: "Slight stress caused by work. Medication prescribed."

Not "urgent."

He calls for the next patient as before.

"Patient 347, you can come in."

The machine goes through its lines once more.

"Welcome, patient."

"Good mo..." patient 347 tries to answer before being interrupted.

"How do you feel? Is something going wrong with your life lately to make you come here?"

RISE AGAIN

2n Premi categoria F Julene Martínez Sevilla

Have you ever wondered what would happen if we had an extraordinary device capable of showing individuals moments of joy in their future lives? In this way, we would be able to create a world where everyone could know exactly how to be happy, and sadness, anxiety, and depression wouldn't exist.

Addison Nick was a teenager who lived in the second technological revolution. The world was full of artificial intelligence, and the lives of human beings were based on technology. Every day, there was a new device created to improve humans' lives. Life was easy. Cars drove for you, robots cleaned up, walked your dog... every responsibility or task you could imagine was done by a robot.

Addison found her life boring. She didn't have to do much more than wake up and let the day go by. She felt that she was missing something. One day, she was watching TV and saw an ad for a device that was able to show individuals moments of joy in their future lives called Lila. She didn't think twice and bought it online. The next month, everyone Addison knew had a Lila at home. Excited by the prospect of reaching that happiness, people became reliant on Lila and forgot about thinking of the present. Lila was the one who showed Addison when and how to get to moments of pure joy, which was what Addison thought she was missing.

Suddenly, all the devices created in the last decades suffered an issue that made them stop working. No one knew what was happening or how to fix it. Lila had been so successful that everyone was focused on the future the robot showed them, which wasn't real; it was only hopes. If everyone was thinking about an idealized future and leaving behind their own present, then there was no one in charge of the devices. Because all technology stopped working, people had to learn to live without it, and even if it might

sound like a frustrating problem, after a couple of days, life slowed down again, and the whole planet rediscovered the beauty of simple, everyday moments. After years, people learned how to cook and drive. And little by little, devices started working again. People like Addison learned that if they only thought about their future, then they were forgetting their own past; that is, they were forgetting themselves. The creator of Lila realized the damage he had done with his device, so he apologized and decided to write a book and start giving talks to make the population aware of the importance of the present. Addison contacted him, and they ended up working together; Addison loved the idea of spreading awareness about what she had just realized.

Finally, technology recovered. But this time there was a generation of people who had grown up without technology, and they had realized that true happiness is not found in the future but in learning to appreciate and enjoy the present. Also, that humans are much more than robots who can do all the tasks we teach them to do. In the end, people found the balance between technology and reality, and a renewed generation rose again.

THE SURVIVAL LOG

3r Premi categoria F Daniil Tingaev Soloviev

For whomever this is destined to, I'm Nicole, a survivor of a team that crashed onto a foreign and alien world, and this is my survival log, which will be used for the next who knows how many days as a way of keeping track and a way to preserve our mark on this world in case of our demise on this alien planet.

I'm the leader of a small team. I'm Nicole, a combat medic, and I also specialize in Socials and Art, even though I doubt the last one will be of any use. I command Fred and Thea, Fred being the heavy-duty man of the team, good at Construction, Mining, and the melee and hand-to-hand aspect of combat. Finally, we have Thea; she's the cook and a plant scientist, also good with both guns and knives.

As we all crash-land onto this unknown world, we suffer from sickness caused by our crypto sleep caskets, which helped us survive but are now making us vomit and feel very weak. Either way, we regroup and check what's left of the crash landing site. After examining our findings, we discovered the following: our pet Yorkshire dog named Apolo, 30 kits of medicine, 800 small bars of silver, a rifle, a revolver, a vest, a helmet, a knife, 30 technical components, 50 sets of survival meals, and a bunch of metal scattered around us. Oh yeah, and a harp for some reason.

After the not-so-bad discovery of the items, we got to work trying not to die. We spotted a rectangular ruin of some ancient building, which looks to be made from some kind of sandstone, and realizing it's our best bet, we decided to stay there for the time being. Carefully examining the place, we started rebuilding it while also bringing the found items back to our new home.

While we finalized bringing everything back, Fred finished the table and chairs while also working on patching up the walls. Yet, as night approached, we were all forced to sleep with some broken walls, still perfect for something our size to get in. For some protection, we lit a campfire and took turns guarding the group. As the morning came, we were

happy we survived the first night. Yet, as Thea came to me, she told me about the big monster she saw while standing guard. It looked like a bear, or more like a sloth, but mega big, so she gave it the appropriate name, Megasloth. Luckily, she found out it was pretty peaceful, even though she's not one hundred percent sure if it's incapable of violence. So she advised us to try and stay away from it. As Fred woke up some time later, he immediately got to work finishing the walls and roof, finally giving us a somewhat safe space to call our new home.

Since everyone was working, I also tried to be helpful, so I went hunting for something small. Wandering out a bit, I saw what looked like a rabbit, just with more fur. I aimed the rifle I grabbed and pointed it at the animal. I shot and missed, quickly loaded another bullet, took aim again, and shot. Yet, I missed again, and again, and again, until it ran away into some bushes. I guess I needed more practice—unlucky. But, as I was doubting my shooting abilities, I saw what looked like a caravan of natives. I alerted the team, and we set out in the direction of the caravan, hoping it could help guide us to a communications tower or some kind of city with a government, so Earth could rescue us. But, of course, we didn't know their intentions, so we got our guns ready.

As we approached, they greeted us in this weird language, a bit similar to what we have on Earth but still quite strange. As we responded in English, they looked a bit weirded out, but we were even more weirded out when their leader pulled out what looked like a translator and spoke perfect English. I guess the language issue was solved. I really thought these guys were a tribe or something, but it appears they're more technologically advanced than us, which I further confirmed by looking at the inventory that he was offering. We found out he was a weapons dealer, and we checked out all his hammers, spears, guns, and apparel. We also learned that he and everyone else accept silver as payment, which also turns out to be the most important currency in these lands. We decided to decline trading anything and instead asked him for information about any cities or government.

He responded by stating that on this planet, there's only anarchy—no government, no police, no out-of-world communications, only small groups of people trying to survive and gain control. And so we were left disappointed, realizing that only our willpower would get us out of here. After all, we still have knowledge of most of the tech we used, but we have to research everything again to make sure we don't mess anything up, and hopefully, we'll make it off this rock. For now, we just have to follow the same goal as everyone else: survival.

Ever since hearing about the state of this planet, I can see that the morale of the team dropped a notch. We all now realize we have to work even harder to have even a small chance to get out, and as we sleep, we all wish for only one thing: to return.

In the morning, with new determination, seeing that the base is quite well-built as it is, I send Fred to mine some steel ore I found yesterday. Spending the whole day mining and transporting the steel back, we return exhausted, and that's when we see a single tribal trader passing through. This time we decide not to interact and instead prepare some defenses in case they come aggressively next time. Setting up a couple of small barriers, we decide to call it a day and go to sleep.

As the morning comes, we see that the tribesman actually left us a small gift, but disaster struck. Fred complained about some lung problems today, and from my medical experience, I determined that he had developed asthma, which will hinder his helpfulness. Even worse, while Thea was outside, she spotted a clearly rabid rabbit behaving aggressively and decided to take it down before it hurt anyone. We headed out and went to ambush it. As it approached, I took a shot but missed it by an inch! Fred charged at it with a knife and managed to injure it, but the damn rabbit jumped on me and started scratching me. At that moment, Thea came and finished it with the revolver. Extremely frightened, we returned to base to patch the wounds and were disturbed by the big dangers this world could possess.

Spending the whole day recovering from our injuries, we didn't do much, so as we lay on the ground, we decided that for the next day, we're going to build a kitchen and some beds to sleep on.

With new determination and a new day on the horizon, we got up and got to work, Fred doing the kitchen, and we gathered wood and string to make the beds. Nearby, we found a small abandoned structure, which Fred just finished turning into a kitchen, and we finally finished the beds, which we immediately tried out! As we were laying down, we heard a few explosions. Grabbing our guns, we got up, and Fred shouted that small pods had crashed down.

Examining the crash site, we found some clothing, which we decided to keep, as well as metal chunks from the drop pods that could be utilized for steel.

With the kitchen finished, we needed a place to store the food, so we put up a wall in the kitchen and made a small shelf to put the food on. But keeping the food frozen became an issue, so to progress further, we decided to enter the electricity age. We built a very basic windmill, which generated enough electricity to power a basic air-freezing apparatus, which Fred had experience making. With this new milestone completed, we went to bed, satisfied with the progress.

However, seeing that the quantity of food kits we gathered was getting smaller, we decided to vary the diet we would be eating soon by planting some rice-like plants we found to be edible. As a precaution, we also gathered some berries, which we still have to make sure are totally edible. Still, we went on with finding and planting this rice.

After this long day of sowing and planting, we happily went to bed, but that was cut short when we heard a massive explosion rumble the ground. Quickly going out to check what it was, we saw some sort of shuttle crashed near the small mountain wall. Grabbing our guns, we rushed to see

the aftermath. Approaching the crash, we spotted three well-dressed men on the ground, blood all around, and the horrific state of the ship. Quickly thinking, we decided to help them out and started dragging their injured bodies into our base. Quickly tending to the first one, I managed to stop the bleeding. Moving to the next one, I also patched the multiple injuries he had. Looking for the third one, Thea informed me that the injuries were too severe and there was nothing we could do. Exhausted from tending the wounds and devastated from seeing the horrific crash, I went to bed, Fred and Thea taking turns standing guard. In the morning, we checked the crash site while Thea stayed to watch the unconscious victims, who were blacked out from the shock. Fred spotted another body that we hadn't seen in the dark. While Fred explored the crashed ship, I dug two graves and buried the two we couldn't save.

Returning to the base, disappointed about the bloody events, we see a man running, a man in what looks like royal clothing, and behind him a rabbit. Is he really scared of a rabbit? I think to myself, but looking carefully I see it's one of those aggressive ones, and so I shout to Thea and run to save the man. Ready our guns, we start shooting the rabbit. I, again, somehow miss, even though I'm supposed to be the weapons specialist. Gratefully, Thea once again saves the day and finishes the rabbit before it kills anyone. Escorting the royal to safety, we ask him about who he is. Surprised, he turns on the translator and responds that he's a royal baron of the Empire of Gene, which dominates the planet, and that he's thankful for saving him, stating that his guards were ambushed, but he managed to escape and is now waiting for a shuttle to pick him up. Remembering our experience with shuttles, we advised him to be careful as a shuttle crashed not long ago.

Watching the royal shuttle arrive, he thanked us once again and said that he had a gift, which we would soon receive for saving him. Following this great event, one of the crash survivors woke up, who started speaking Earth English, which really surprised us. He introduced himself as Ralph and stated that he was in a similar situation as us, also crash landing

onto this planet, but he managed to survive the crash and, with his crew, prospered by trading with others. He was on a flight to a ceremony after being promoted in the empire, but his shuttle got hit by an enemy and crashed. Thanking us for saving him and his crewmate, he decided to join forces with us and, since we had the same goal, work together to escape this planet. But he also stated that the same enemy that shot him down might be coming back for him, so he first advised building up some defenses.

Some days later, we finished preparing the defenses and upgrading the base in general. It's now day 9 since our crash landing, and Ralph's crewmate woke up, introducing herself as Mere, and after hearing the plan, decided to stay as well. And so altogether, we worked on improving the base. The day after, the royal we saved came back and proposed a rank in the empire. Discussing it with Ralph, who had experience with the Empire, I decided to agree, and so the royal called up the ceremony staff and a red-clothed wizard—looked more like a magician—and next to him, a couple of soldiers with very high-tech looking weapons and armor, which amazed me. Afterward, we began the ceremony, and he bestowed me with the lowest rank, still better than nothing.

After the ceremony ended, I asked the royal about the empire's astronomical capabilities, in other words, how far away they were from space travel. He responded by saying that there isn't much priority in researching ways to reach space; instead, they mastered propulsion technology, allowing them to build shuttles for transportation. Still, the empire had the capabilities to fly to space in a big ship. And with that, he added that it was time to part ways for now, and he gave me a communicator to contact the Empire in case of emergencies. Thanking him for the gift, he boarded the shuttle with the rest of the ceremony staff

As his shuttle lifted off, a sudden explosion shook me off my feet, as well as the rest of my crew. Someone hit the shuttle!

I shouted, and the small craft came crashing to the ground, exploding in a small fireball. As we were shaking off our shocked expressions, I saw a small plume of smoke from a hill not far from us, definitely where the shot came from. Shouting to my team, we ran to the shuttle. Upon arriving at the shuttle site, Thea and I kept watch in case the enemies attacked, while Fred, Ralph, and Mere helped the survivors, including the royal. While helping, the guards rose up and started opening fire on the enemies. We watched in shock as these blue bolts of energy shot out of their futuristic guns, hearing nothing else besides the electric-like sound of the guns firing and the sound of fire from the shuttle. That's right, the shuttle! I thought to myself and came back from my shocked state to continue helping the survivors. I quickly opened the medical kit I had grabbed and started tending to the royal once again. As the sounds of incoming enemy gunfire increased, so did the number of guards, as they rose up heroically to protect the royals.

The shots continued to decrease, finally dying down, concluding this firefight. We had achieved a victory, not without casualties, though. I noticed poor Fred had been hit in the leg, so I patched up his wounds and tasked Thea with bringing him to base to recover, ordering the others to do the same for the injured guards.

While tending to the injured, the royal came up to me, thanking me once again for saving his life—twice at this point—and for saving his men as well, adding that he owed me a favor for all the services my squad and I had provided. I quickly replied if there was any way we could return to our home planet, explaining our backstories and the crash landing situation. With a smile, he responded that there was a way and that he was willing to provide us with a prototype ship that the empire was developing, once again saying that it was a well-deserved reward for serving the empire. The next day he escorted us to the ship, instructing us about how the ship worked and how it operated, and then sending us on our way. Thanking him once again for a way off-world, we finally departed back to Earth, promising him that we would stay in

contact in case either side had any issues in the future. And so, we launched. We were so happy we could finally make it back home, and now, looking back at the first paragraphs I wrote in this survival log, I couldn't be happier about how it all turned out—crashing onto a hostile and alien planet with no prior information about it, surviving through it, making alliances, fighting together, and now finally making it out of there alive.

I will use this log to write a report to the Earth High Command and might as well publish a book about it. I can't pass up this opportunity. Anyway, I'm getting ahead of myself; I just need to sit back and enjoy the ride, staying happy that I made it out with my buddies.



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