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Institut Montserrat Roig (SAB)

# Concurs literari de Sant Jordi

*2021*

Categoria C: Batxillerat



## L'amor és com és

**2n premi de poesia en llengua catalana**  
*Nadia Guerrero Mateo (2n Batxillerat C)*

L'amor és un sentiment,  
que percebem al cor i a la ment.  
De vegades arrasa per on passa,  
I d'altres ens traspassa.  
Molta gent no sap com sentir-se,  
Si deixar-se emportar o cohibir-se.  
Però el millor és gaudir-ho mentre duri,  
sense que ningú ens aturi.  
És fàcil desitjar-ho,  
però de vegades difícil tenir-ho.  
Tothom somniem amb un amor etern,  
però de vegades l'amor més fugaç,  
serà el que mai oblidaràs.

## Eu

**1r premi de poesia en llengua catalana**  
*Rosa M. Conde Mateos (1r Batxillerat C)*

Eu,  
només  
és un mal  
dia, deia, no és  
una mala vida, deia,  
sóc el teu germà, m'has  
de fer cas, has d'aguantar, deia,  
i jo li feia cas, ell era el meu germà,  
fins que un dia, ja no va estar, les  
seves paraules es van esfumar  
va ser ell qui no va aguantar  
i ja no tinc raons per estar  
he aguantat bastant  
fins ara germà  
ens trobem  
allà al  
cel

## Foc de pales

**1r premi de poesia recitada en llengua catalana**  
*Luisana Morante Basurto (1r Batxillerat C)*

## L'escala fosca del desig

**2n premi de poesia recitada en llengua catalana**  
*Ángela Cañizares Rico (1r Batxillerat C)*

## Mi adicción artística

**1r premi de poesia en llengua castellana**  
*Ángela Cañizares Rico (1r Batxillerat C)*

Escribir para mí es una obsesión,  
mi dulce y peculiar adicción.

Intento luchar contra ello,  
pero es demasiado fuerte,  
y demasiado bello.

Los versos se crean delante de mi espejo,  
porque a pesar de que lo intento,  
no contemplo mi reflejo.

Las líneas de palabras salen de mi cabeza,  
sin orden, sin sentido, sin delicadeza,  
son como un fuerte tornado,  
que a su paso lo deja todo destrozado.

Ahora contra el arte ya no boxeo,  
solo fluyo atraída por su poder,  
y por eso me dejo vencer.

Escribir para mí es una obsesión,  
mi dulce y peculiar adicción.

## Paseos entre montañas

**2n premi de poesia en llengua castellana**  
*Gorka Pedrosa Alcaide (1r Batxillerat A)*

Esa luz tan suave y delicada.

Ese olor húmedo del suelo que se esparce entre las ramas y los tallos.

Esas pequeñas gotas del rocío matinal que descansan encima de las hojas de un haya.

Esa niebla densa que acaricia las cumbres de las montañas.

Esa melodía pintoresca y agradable de los pájaros.

Esas raíces duras y ancladas al suelo, llenas de un manto de musgo verde.

Esa casa de piedra rodeada de frondosos árboles centenarios.

Los gigantes del bosque, imponentes, firmes como un faro en un mar solitario.

La magia de un bosque encantado es única.

## My freedom call

**1r premi de poesia en llengua anglesa**

*Ángela Cañizares Rico (1r Batxillerat C)*

There's a world behind those walls,  
a world I will never see,  
because of their angry calls,  
because they fear for me.

They are the ones in charge,  
but they are afraid to live.  
I am the daughter with the mark,  
and I'm the one that will be free.

They still have time,  
to repair these wounds.  
Either way,  
I will keep seeing the moon.  
But no matter what,  
I know this life's mine.

## The ducks

**2n premi de poesia en llengua anglesa**

*Rosa M. Conde Mateos (1r Batxillerat C)*

Look at the river,  
there are some beings,  
as beautiful as silver.

Look at their paws,  
they seem soft,  
they have no claws.

Look at their wings,  
it should be,  
the plumage of kings.

Look at their beak,  
they are orange,  
with that they speak.

They are fucking precious,  
i can't hug them,  
that makes me feel anxious.

Yes! I speak of the ducks,  
if they had a price,  
would cost a lot of bucks.

## If we were characters in a novel about love

Ir premi de poesia en llengua anglesa

*Andrea Ruiz Luque (2n Batxillerat C)*

What if we were characters in a novel about  
love  
but the author cut me off.  
All the right words that I wrote  
couldn't fix our love.  
Your tear makes hard to be mad,  
it's not your fault that I'm so f\*cking sad.  
In the meantime,  
let's take advantage of the time:  
Let's go on an adventure  
Just you and me.  
No brothers and sisters.  
No other ladies or misters.  
Just you and me.  
We can sleep under the stars,  
admire the mountains from afar  
and leave the matter far.

But when tomorrow starts without me  
please try to understand  
that an angel came, called my name and  
took me by the hand.  
One day will come  
where you don't worry if I'm not  
So when tomorrow starts without me don't  
think we're far apart,  
For every time you think of me, I'll be right  
here, in your heart.  
If we were characters in a novel about love  
but the author cut me off  
nothing would happen,  
one of us in heaven  
and our story would be in a book,  
forever to be able to take a look.

## Fancy Girl

2n premi de poesia en llengua anglesa

*José Ángel Conde Mateos (2n Batxillerat C)*

Roses are red,  
violets are blue,  
I like your face,  
you love mine too.  
When I play minecraft with you,  
I'm so freaking happy,  
we have so much to do,  
so fuck me and call me papi.  
We should travel together,  
to a country like Peru,  
if you rather Japan for the weather,  
we could go and eat bamboo.  
For you I would catch the flu,  
or maybe even corona.  
You may not have a clue,  
but you look like madonna.  
From you I want a baby,  
and maybe even two,

it may sound so crazy,  
but we should practice dude.  
Your smell comes from a shampoo,  
so I will buy a whole shipload,  
I will sniff it like it was glue,  
for all day until I lay on the road.  
I might sound like I'm obsessed,  
and that's actually true,  
but your whole body is blessed,  
and my desires are taboo.  
You're an example of Mary Sue,  
maybe you're just my sweet mania,  
if you were fake I wouldn't knew,  
maybe I have schizophrenia.  
Roses are red,  
violets are blue,  
i like ur face,  
u love mine too.

## Himne del caminant

Ir premi (ex aequo) de prosa en llengua catalana

*Alina Rodríguez Jul (2n Batxillerat A)*

Les fulles es mouen en un abril que porta olor a comiat. En la més profunda obscuritat una petita llum encesa permet observar el moviment de les diminutes onades que corren pels carrers de la ciutat més apagada. Alguns diuen que si persegüim aquestes masses d'aigua podem arribar a l'oceà.

Ella, com el més indubtable enigma, camina amb solemnitat sense que les gotes puguin travessar el teixit de les robes que la vesteixen. A on es dirigeix? Potser no ho endevinarem mai, però és el misteri l'única cosa que ens pot interessar d'aquesta basta figura.

Alguna vegada has caminat sense cap rumb pels carrers de la ciutat en un dia de pluja? Has sentit l'olor a humitat que inquietava els teus cabells? Has compostat una dolça poesia mentre caminaves al ritme d'una música llunyana? En dies com aquests, de camí al no res, el passat m'empeny a recordar.

Veig cireres ingènues, lavanda, una tarda d'estiu sota un sol imponent, boles de fenc, el vol d'una àguila... L'evocació d'un primer amor oblidat. Té un cert to poètic la reminiscència obtinguda.

Totes aquestes composicions suraran a la ment sense poder ser recordades, seran fruits del present viscut, de l'ànima present.

Com qualsevol altre dia, després d'un recorregut nocturn, tinc els cabells alterats, les cames fatigades i l'esperit buit.

Potser no hi ha res més revitalitzant que caminar sense rumb.

# Llengües? Bah!

1r premi (ex aequo) de prosa en llengua catalana

*Emma Villarejo Patiño (2n Batxillerat C)*

La llengua (oh! Tan preciosa la llengua!) ha quedat reduïda a una interjecció, un element ric però tan poc valorat... El món es torna boig!

Si, completament trastocat. I ho dic amb la mateixa seguretat que aquells que afirmen que la llengua, estudiar llengües o qualsevol cosa que hi tingui relació és una pèrdua de temps. Amb la mateixa seguretat, però amb més seny, és clar.

La llengua no és només un element que facilita la comunicació, però encara que fos així l'argument de la seva inutilitat no tindria ni cap ni peus. Si les paraules ens ofereixen l'oportunitat d'expressar idees, sentiments i sensacions, per què les tenim en tan baixa estima?

No tinc resposta.

Tanmateix la situació és encara pitjor, perquè la llengua, torno a repetir, no serveix únicament per comunicar. La valorem tan poc que no reconeixem tot allò que pot oferir. Es tracta d'un element que posa en ordre els nostres pensaments i els dona forma, que ens ajuda a construir-nos a nosaltres i al món que ens envolta. És un component de la nostra identitat, tant personal com cultural. A més, constitueix un factor destacat per desenvolupar la creativitat dels éssers humans. Que importants han estat Shakespeare, Cervantes o Mercè Rodoreda!

Què ens passa llavors?

Passa que tenim un greu problema de prioritats. Sense les llengües no s'arribaria enlloc, hauríem de començar a veure les coses amb el valor que tenen. Què faria un científic si no pogués llegir les teories d'altres o sense poder escriure les seves pròpies?

Per això sí que tinc resposta: RES!

## Per un dia més

2n premi de prosa en llengua catalana

*Elba Murillo Martínez (2n Batxillerat B)*

El Parkinson és una malaltia progressiva de sistema nerviós que afecta el moviment. Habitualment sorgeix a les persones adultes, però jo vaig ser l'excepció, al principi els metges pensaven que era un tic, quan em van fer proves es van adonar que no era això, després van pensar que era un tumor al cervell, aquelles setmanes sí que vaig passar por, però em van confirmar, després de moltes més proves, que era Parkinson. Des de que em van diagnosticar han passat set anys, i actualment amb vint-i-cinc anys puc dir que mai t'acostumes a una cosa com aquesta.

Visc al centre de Barcelona, on m'agradava viure sola, no tenia cap compromís amb ningú, feia el que volia, amb qui volia i ningú em podia dir res, ja en tenia prou amb patir amb la meua malaltia per aguantar tenir compromís amb algú. M'agradava molt l'art, però sobretot la fotografia i la pintura, era mestra a una escola de bressols, quan estic amb els nens és com si desaparegués la malaltia, encara puc dir això perquè no la tinc molt desenvolupat, els metges ja em van dir que aniria augmentat, però és una cosa que no penso molt, m'agrada viure el moment.

Era 14 de desembre, un dels hiverns més freds dels últims anys, anava a veure una de les exposicions de fotografia més importants del moment sobre el feminisme, era de la fotògrafa Hannah Wilke. A l'arribar em vaig quedar impressionada amb tot el que podien transmetre les seves fotografies. Estava tan concentrada contemplant les fotografies que no em vaig donar compte que un noi m'estava parlant feia una bona estona, vaig notar la seva presència quan ja s'anava movent cap a l'altra banda de l'exposició. Un altre noi es va acostar on jo estava abans que tornes a desconnectar amb les imatges, em va començar a demanar disculpes pel comportament del seu amic, i vam començar a parlar sobre les obres, que era el que més ens agradava d'elles i com podien arribar a fer sentir tot el que ens feien sentir, va ser molt agradable. Sortint de l'exposició em va dir si volia anar a prendre alguna cosa, vaig dubtar, però va dir una cosa que va captivar la meua atenció:

- La mà - em va dir

Li vaig mirar sorpresa, no m'esperava que es fixés, i li vaig preguntar com s'havia adonat, em va explicar que la seva mare va patir Parkinson, ell al costat del seu pare eren els que la tenien cura. Era la primera persona que coneixia que tingués a una persona amb la meua malaltia, llavors li vaig dir el meu nom, Júlia, al que ell em va respondre Guillem, i sense donar-li més voltes ens van anar a sopar els dos. Vam tindre una vetllada molt interessant, jo li vaig explicar com va ser tindre Parkinson prematur, i ell em va explicar la seva experiència, ell va insistir molt en el fet que em volia ensenyar un lloc que segur que m'agradaria i jo sorpresa de mi mateixa vaig dir que sí, mai feia aquestes coses de quedar amb un noi dues vegades, ho veia com una perduda de temps, però ell tenia tantes coses a explicar-me, que per un dia més que estigui amb ell no passaria res.



Des d'aquell dia vam començar a conèixer més, el lloc especial que em volia porta va ser una tenda de càmeres antigues, on ens vam comprar la nostra primera càmera. Vam fer molt viatges, ja que sabíem que havíem d'aprofitar el temps al màxim, perquè algun dia això no ho podríem fer. Ell va estar al meu costat mentre la malaltia creixia, no va tindre por de quedar-se amb mi. Es va vindre a viure a la meva casa, encara que jo era una mica reticent a fer-ho, però en el moment que vaig comprendre que no s'aniria del meu costat va ser el canvi més gran de la meva vida.

Avui dia la meva vida està molt més limitada, he hagut de deixar el meu treball, però m'he adaptat a la meva nova vida, ara em dedico a fer xerrades a la joventut i donar més visibilitat a aquesta malaltia. Guillem sempre m'acompanya i em dóna suport, ell també explica com és viure el Parkinson des de fora.

Cinc anys després encara continuem anant a les exposicions de fotografies que tantes coses bones ens ha aportat a tots dos.

## Mirall trencat

**1r premi de booktrailer en llengua catalana**

*Jennifer Peñalber González (2n Batxillerat C)*

# Vacíos

Ir premi de prosa en llengua castellana

*Emma Villarejo Patiño (2n Batxillerat C)*

Los rayos de sol iluminan de manera cálida la habitación de Diego. El despertador empieza a sonar y, mientras abre los ojos perezosamente, se estira hasta el otro extremo de la cama para apagarlo. Se pregunta, adormilado, porque nunca lo cambia a su mesita y le invade una sensación abrumadora: se siente pequeño en la cama y echa de menos un abrazo suave.

Se levanta como cada mañana, con lentitud y tranquilidad (al fin y al cabo la jubilación le permite dejar atrás el ajetreo cotidiano), y camina hacia la cocina. Prepara su taza de café habitual, pero presiona la opción equivocada en la cafetera y, más tarde, añade azúcar a la bebida. ¡Él siempre toma uno solo: negro y bien amargo!

No está siendo un buen día y apenas lleva media hora despierto. Diego tiene la sensación de que todo ello es una ocurrencia normal, instalada en su rutina.

Se lava los dientes con rapidez y esmero, todavía le queda el sabor dulce del café. “¡Si ya está hecho no voy a tirarlo!”, se había dicho el hombre a sí mismo. Cuando coloca el cepillo de dientes observa uno azul a su lado. “No recuerdo haber comprado uno de repuesto”, menciona para sus adentros.

Sale a la calle a pasear. Por el camino varias personas le saludan sonrientes y él asiente con su cabeza por educación. Observa también los puestos del mercadillo, acaricia algún que otro perro y se detiene a respirar aromas vagamente conocidos (el perfume de una mujer, las tortitas de la cafetería que hace esquina, incluso el olor de los jazmines que crecen a su alrededor).

Parece que el día mejora. Vuelve a casa después de un tiempo y pasa el resto de horas sentado frente a la televisión. Bueno, no enfrente, extrañamente su butaca preferida no es el centro de la sala. Ese sofá, sí, ese sofá, lo es. El sofá donde Diego no recuerda haberse sentado nunca.

El tiempo pasa monótono, Diego siente que falta una chispa. Cuando se acuesta entiende por qué. En la mesita, justo al lado del despertador, observa una fotografía. Son él y su esposa, que viste un vestido azul y le sonrío de manera dulce. Son él y su esposa, que viste... Son él y su esposa... Son él y ¿Quién? El sueño lo lleva a la inconsciencia mientras lamenta su enfermedad y olvidar las cosas más importantes.

## reminiscencias

**2n premi de prosa en llengua castellana**

*Alina Rodríguez Jul (2n Batxillerat A)*

El viento soplaba fuerte, los árboles se movían. Las chicas avanzaban a paso rápido y los chicos esperaban sentados en los bancos. O ellas llegaban tarde o ellos querían ser tan puntuales que venían antes de tiempo.

En aquellos días, el amor nos parecía más fácil de lo que es ahora, me recibías con un ramo de flores que habías comprado una hora antes o me dabas tu abrigo si hacía frío. Ahora, simplemente releo tus cartas, como si en ellas fuese a encontrar algo que antes no podía hallar, puede que una nueva visión, una pizca de picardía, una juventud que ambos ya no conservamos o recuerdos que reaparecen del olvido.

Pero no hay nada, todo se ha desvanecido sin rastro como si, por arte de magia, nunca hubiesen existido, haciéndome preguntarme si es cuestión de tiempo que tú también desaparezcas. Y ahí me encuentro con una nada absoluta, esperando que el tiempo borre los resquicios de tu ya innecesaria presencia.

¿Cuál fue tu excusa? Dijiste que ahora somos diferentes, que la vida nos ha transformado, que ya no podemos ser aquellos que éramos, que nos convenía disfrutar de esos días, ser jóvenes todo el tiempo que hubiese sido posible.

¿Cuál fue mi excusa? Nuestro amor era existente, no apasionado, ni confuso o misterioso. Existente, frío y común.

En una primavera con olor a despedida, tus cartas ya son cenizas de un fuego apagado, tu recuerdo se confunde entre mis sueños y ese amor que compartimos forma parte de un pasado ya lejano.

Me preguntan cuál fue la causa de nuestro adiós, yo respondo: Si el amor no tiene razón de ser, tampoco tiene razón por la cual desaparecer.

## Amor eterno

**1r premi de poesia recitada en llengua castellana**

*Hafsa El Hachmi Farhaoui (1r Batxillerat B)*

## Are we alone?

1r premi de prosa en llengua anglesa

*Sara Houbban Ayaou (1r Batxillerat C)*

I open my eyes. I haven't intention of getting up but I have to do it. I get up with enormous tiredness running through my body. I put on my slippers and I open the blinds. Light rays enter but they weren't very intense, unfortunately it rained a lot. We could say that my mood was accompanied by time. I go down to the kitchen to see if anyone was there. When I arrived, I discovered that none of my parents. How strange! Now, how every day, I dedicate myself to preparing to go to high school.

I go out. The rain had stopped for a while so now I'm walking to the high school. But how strange! I walk the streets but I don't see any adults, only immature and unconscious teenagers. But I don't think that I need to give it importance. After walking for about five minutes, I pick up Laura. Laura is my best friend. She is always late!

After a few minutes she finally leaves, and now we offer the little time we have left to walk very fast to arrive soon:

- ME: Come on! Can't you walk faster?
- LAURA: Yes, yes already. Tell me, did you study for today's exam? Because I don't so much.
- ME: Yes, well... a little. Do you know what happened to me when I woke up? I started looking for my parents but they weren't home. And when I was walking to your house, I didn't find any adults on the street.
- LAURA: This already scares me because my parents weren't there.
- ME: No, don't worry. Surely it will be a coincidence.
- LAURA: I hope so...
- ME: Come on! Walk faster!

When we run to get there on time, my mind thinks if all this was a coincidence or not. We have finally arrived! Before we come in high school, we hear a lot of noise. We come in and see how all our schoolmates were discussing with a worried face. To find out what's going on, let's ask our friend Joe:

ME: Pol what's going on?

JOE: We are all very worried!

LAURA: Why?

JOE: Did you see your parents today?

ME: No, neither Laura.

JOE: We are so nervous because none of us have found our parents. Neither the teachers.

LAURA: How? Aren't there any adults in the town?

ME: But sure ... I don't know, they'll be out of town or something ...

JOE: No! The problem is this, that we can't get out of the city to find out.

LAURA: Why?

JOE: Yes, some classmates have gone to the outskirts of the city on motorbikes, but the whole city is surrounded by very high walls!

ME: Are you kidding?

JOE: No!

We have a lot of questions: Where will they be? What is happening? When did these walls appear? Is this a dream? The only thing we know is that we are alone and we don't know what to do...

# The Blackhood's murder

**2n premi de prosa en llengua anglesa**

*Sandra Espinosa Cozar (1r Batxillerat B)*

April 28 of 2020, 2 am. The owner of the Blackhood mansion, John Wallace, was found dead. The maid was the person who discovered the body and called the police. Half an hour later detective Kate arrived at the mansion with his partner Rick. When the inspectors entered the room they saw everything clean and organized. It was a very weird sight in a case of murder so Kate asked the maid if someone had cleaned the room but the maid denied it. Rick approached the dead body and examined it. There were no signs of stabbing or strangulation but he had a weird smell. Then he saw a tray with crumbs and a cup of tea. He grabbed the cup and the tray and put it in an evidence bag.

Meanwhile detective Kate was interrogating the maid, Cecil. She was very nervous and her voice was trembling. She explained to Kate that John was having problems sleeping and ordered her to prepare some tea. She did what he told her and gave him the tea with cookies then she left. When she entered again he was staying still. She called him many times but he didn't respond so she thought he was sleeping but when she went to wake him he wasn't breathing.

"Okay" said Kate, "Does anyone else live here apart from you?"

"There is the butler Mark, his new wife Ellen, the cooker Alan and the gardener Gareth" responded Cecil.

Cecil told detective Kate that she called them when she found the body and now they were in the mansion. The detectives went into the kitchen and they found Alan cooking something. Kate and Rick looked at the boy. He was very young and he didn't look like a murder at all. When the detectives questioned him about where he was that day he said he was celebrating the birthday of his mother and that he was having a sleepover in his friend's house later. Finally the detective asked him why he was cooking and he replied that it was his own way to calm him down.

The detectives left the kitchen and went to the garden hoping to talk with Gareth but they surprisingly found Ellen and Mark arguing. Ellen was a beautiful woman with red hair and a dominating aura. She didn't seem very sad knowing that her husband was dead. Mark was different though. He was a middle aged man with a suit and he had red eyes as if he had been crying moments before.

"You killed him! I'm sure! You just wanted his money!" yelled Mark.

"Bullshit! It wasn't me! And I don't want to be judged by someone like you! You simple butler!" Ellen saw the detectives and ran out of the garden in a huff. Mark noticed the presence of detective Kate and apologized.

"She's a horrible person. His last wife was better but he didn't listen to me when I said to him not to divorced because she couldn't have a child. John only married Ellen because she was young and he wanted an heir but she was always asking him to buy luxurious clothes and expensive cars. A week ago my master froze her bank accounts and she was furious. I'm sure she killed him to inherit his money."

Kate found his history very interesting and continued interrogating him.

Rick followed Ellen and tried to stop her.

“That old man! He’s obviously lying. I didn’t murder him. I still needed him. And Mark, that butler was dating the maid Cecil when John prohibited love between partners! In addition, I was in a theatre watching an opera that day.”

Rick noted everything in a notebook and reunited with Kate in front of the gardener’s room. Gareth opened the door and the detectives entered. The room was very messy and hot. There was a table with a lot of books and a glass cage. Gareth was reading a book when the detectives questioned him.

“I didn’t do it. I was out of the city when this happened. I was visiting my sister’s grave. She... She killed herself two years ago because of an asshole fault. She was beautiful... She had this mole in the lips... She always complained about it... Anyways, it wasn’t me. Please leave me alone”. Gareth opened the book again and began to read with a sad expression. The book’s name was “All about snakes”.

“What about the cage?” pointed detective Rick.

“I had a snake but she died when I came back. I lived in Africa after coming here and I began to like these little creatures. I raised her these years and now she isn’t here any longer ” said Gareth with a frivolous look.

Kate and Rick finished and went to the police station to gather the information they had obtained.

Cecil and Mark were in a relationship and John didn’t like it. Ellen was a shopaholic. Alan was obsessed with cooking and Gareth had a dead sister. And they all had an alibi except Cecil. There was also John’s ex-wife but when Kate searched for her in the database it came out that she had committed suicide. They didn’t know how John was killed so they couldn’t jump to conclusions yet.

A week later the medical examiner called them to give them the results of the autopsy and the analysis of the tea.

“John was poisoned but the tea and the cookies didn’t have any poison in it. Although he had a snake bite in the ankle and that caused his death.” determined the medical examiner.

“Wait... A snake?!” shouted Rick.

Instead Kate was looking for a picture of the ex-wife. She had a mole in her lips. Kate understood everything and collected all of her things.

“I know who murdered Mr. John! We’re going to the mansion right now!”

They drove to the mansion and gathered everyone in the living room.

“I know who is the murder” announced Kate and everyone started to whisper. “It was you Gareth, right?”

All of them looked at Gareth.

“Yeah! It was me! I killed that bastard that my sister loved so much! She loved him but she couldn’t give him what he wanted, a son, and he divorced. My sister was very upset and couldn’t bear with it so she killed herself. I couldn’t stay still! I started to work here and wait until everyone trusted me. When I was in Africa someone taught me how to tame them and I did it. When the snake was completely tamed I put a few drops of rat essence in Mr. John’s fragrance so the snake could recognize it. Then I left the cage open and she bit him! When I returned to the mansion I got rid of that snake! But John truly deserved it! He was the worst! He stole my beloved sister!”

Everyone gasped in horror. Mark, Alan and Cecil began to cry and Ellen glared at him. After that succes Kate arrested Gareth and took him to jail. The case of the Blackhood mansion was resolved.

## Stardust

Ir premi de prosa en llengua anglesa

*Emma Villarejo Patiño (2n Batxillerat C)*

She looks through the window with tired eyes. There's a storm raging outside but her mind can only focus on the small rain drops sliding on the window glass. She also sees her reflection, she's sad and emaciated.

She walks slowly to the balcony and opens the doors, she doesn't care for the rain or the cold. It's a magical night. The stars shine in a different way, calling to her. Her eyes are absorbed by this light and start to gleam themselves. Suddenly, golden dust begins to descend from the sky making its way into everyone's home, falling onto their pillows.

That's it, that's what she does. For centuries, she has been the one to help people travel to dreamland not knowing herself how to arrive. Every night, when her sisters the stars shout, she goes outside and releases her power. For every tiny bit of stardust a person gets to dream and, of course, she watches silently every story.

At first it was entertaining: all those tales! Such creative imaginations! She loved to see the humans and their desires develop through their lives.

But then she realised she was permanently stuck in reality, and it hurt. It was damaging to live in a world full of conflict, worries and violence without a rest. It was the moment she understood the real importance of dreaming.

So yes, she was tired and emaciated. She couldn't withstand this torture anymore and in a flick of determination and courage she decided she wouldn't. Still in the balcony being drenched by the storm, she lets herself be gone and her whole body is transformed in golden dust.

She doesn't feel sorry for her decision, but she feels bad for the humans. Now, without her aid, some of them will be thrown into dreamless nights, some will be immersed in endless nightmares. Still, on a second thought, maybe that will make them more aware of the reality they will be stuck on from now on.



## The smell of spring

**1r premi de prosa en llengua anglesa**

*Alina Rodríguez Jul (2n Batxillerat A)*

In a spring that smells of farewell, the flowers do not bloom because there is no one to observe them, the April rain falls in total silence because there is no one to hear it and the birds no longer sing their songs, because their spectators have disappeared.

Where has spring gone? Some say it may be hidden behind the grief, pain, heartbreak, and turmoil of our daily lives. In that case, maybe if we stop and look for it, we will find it sitting there waiting for our eyes, ears, and mouths to search for it.

I think that since you left, I have been unable to observe spring again. Maybe it is the memories that cause such a situation or maybe it is the hope that if I were to look for it you would be what I find.

In a spring that smells of new beginnings, those flowers bloom again, as lovers watch them with esteem, the April rain resounds in the streets for those who share a narrow umbrella and the birds compose new melodies, as they form the perfect climate to conceive of falling in love.

Is spring back? Some say it has always been there. In that case, maybe the reason I watch it, listen to it and look for it, is that you are back.

## Booktrailer

**1r premi de booktrailer en llengua anglesa**

*Paola Pérez-Vico Sánchez (2n Batxillerat C)*

**2n premi de booktrailer en llengua anglesa**

*Jennifer Peñalber González (2n Batxillerat C)*

**1r premi en llengua francesa (prosa)**  
*Andrea Ruiz Luque (2n Batxillerat C)*

Il n'était pas l'exemple parfait de grand-père, mais c'était mon "yayo". Je le voyais à des dates prédéfinies, mais quand j'étais avec lui, il n'y avait personne d'autre autour de moi que lui. J'adorais la lumière de ses yeux quand il voyait ses petits-enfants se diriger vers lui les bras ouverts et le visage prêt à recevoir un de ses baisers.

Cette lueur s'est éteinte un jour et laissé un sentiment de vide dans mon intérieur: c'est comme la première sensation d'un enfant quand on lui enlève sa sucette des mains, ce sentiment de ne rien comprendre, ni pourquoi c'est arrivé, ni parce que à toi.

Puis il est arrivé et tout dans mon monde s'est retourné. Ma grand-mère s'est effondrée et ce qui nous a réunis a disparu.

Je ne voulais pas entrer, je ne voulais pas me souvenir de lui comme ça. Je n'aimais pas le voir comme ça et je ne comprenais pas, parce qu'après tant de mois sans être laissé aller le voir, je devais y aller maintenant. C'était injuste, ils n'allaient pas me laisser le rappeler de la façon dont il voulait vraiment, je voulais lui rappeler comment il était: mon grand-père.

Le sentiment d'incertitude s'est apaisé et les larmes sont venues. C'était bizarre parce que nous savions tout ce qui allait arriver, mais le jour où j'ai été forcé d'aller dans cette chambre froide, trop typique pour un hôpital, quelque chose s'est retourné en moi. Je suppose que ce n'est pas agréable pour personne que ton propre grand-père ne te reconnaisse pas. Je suppose que je dois oublier ce moment, car ce n'était pas mon grand-père qui pleurait, c'était ce qui restait de l'être humain le plus drôle, intelligent et aimant que je n'aie jamais rencontré. Le lendemain, le 11 novembre, mon grand-père se reposa enfin après une longue lutte contre une tumeur.

**2n premi en llengua francesa (booktrailer)**  
*Jennifer Peñalber González (2n Batxillerat C)*