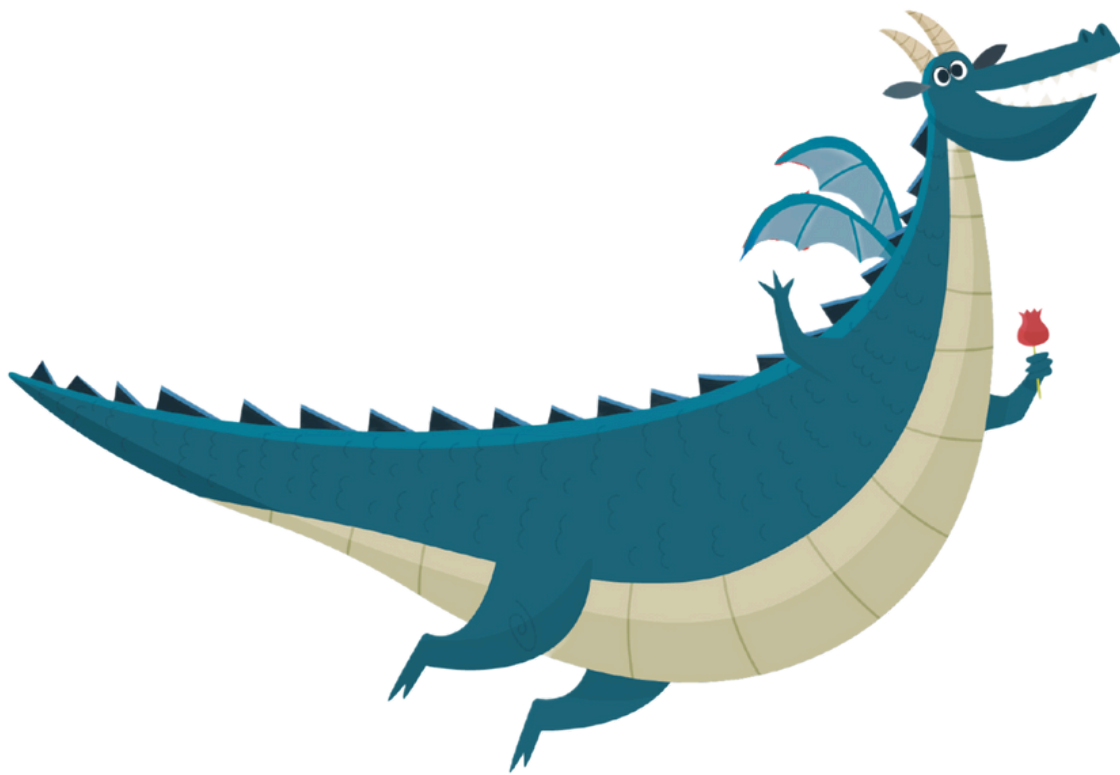


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MICRO-STORY CONTEST

Sant Jordi 2024

micro-stories

TORNAR - JOAN VICENT **1 ESTORNELL (WINNER)**

GONE LETTERS, GONE JOB **2 - LAIA MARÍN (FINALIST)**

LUZ, SOMBRA Y NUBE - JOAN **3 GUILLEM MAYANS (FINALIST)**

LORD'S LOST DAUGHTER **4 - SAEED SHAREF**

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GRAONS AMUNT, GRAONS AVALL **7 - NILA LÓPEZ**

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LA ROSER DE LA PLAÇA **9 DE L'ERA - ELENA PEDROLA**

Tornar - Joan Vicent Estornell (winner)

El vent bufa, grat, mentre el fum a les teulades orna el sostre taronja del vespre. Núvols tènues, estols de vol lleuger, elegant. Bell repòs. Serena vellesa.

Et sorprèn un reguard de partença amb una amargor de derrota. Veus el teu retrat, trontolla. El rellotge t'abandona.

Ara et ressonen els sorolls, sembla llunyana la fam, les penes, els rostres desfets. Parlars gals, estranys, observaves sordament. Veus els brodats, els joguets de llauna.

Sents l'amor matern.

Voler explorar.

Rememores les frases, les odes sota la bandera. El sermó d'un mestre sever, exemples, problemes, la por a l'error. Et trobes a les veredes de fang, a les vesprades fredes. Desgavells forjant enllaços fraternals.

Sents l'amor novell.

Voler-te aventurar.

Un present jove, regalat. Amants desperts, voluptuosos. Sents un plaer despullat. Llunes feréstegues, eternes, llum d'estels. Ara sonen tabals, vents metalls, notes de festa major. Sents la remor fervorosa, la pólvora, la teva gent.

Sents l'amor sagaç.

Voler-te arrelar.

Et transformes en tardors memorables. En fulles grogues, en alberedes. Retorna el bressol, la pell suau, transmetre amb tendresa, amb deler. Et ve l'olor de la mar, dels ametllers en flor. El fred de les gelades, la llar. El brotar d'arrugues, futurs llunyans.

Sents l'amor veraç.

Voler perdurar.

Però, ara, ataülles el terme entre tempestes. Fondegés, lentament, sense engany.

Fugaços els anhels de retorn mentre la moral s'avalua austera, més enllà.

S'esborra el rastre entre l'enyor d'un temps passat.

S'esfullen els pensaments profunds.

S'apaguen. Sobtadament. Pausada ment.

Només esments perennes.

L'amor etern.

Voler tornar.



Gone letters, gone job - Laia Marín (finalist)

Our letters are gone
And we don't have a job anymore
Oh what a mess,
Oh what a shame.
Who should we blame?

Wake up at 8 am
Nowhere to go,
Only the memory
From what used to be my job

My body feels better
Or so the head assumes
now that there are no letters
to send more outlook messages

Now we don't need to rush
To make room for these rhymes
Do they evoke more joy,
Than to be a laboratory boy?

Wake up tomorrow
Yet nowhere to go
Far away went the stress
Of the laboratory world

Wake up next week
Never felt so weak
Maybe days are not so bad
When awakened as an employed lad

Luz, sombra y nube - Joan Guillem Mayans (finalist)

Al llegar, exploré el mundo desde sus entrañas. Devoré los elementos lleno de sed y hambre perennes. De todo me empapé y luego guardé la verdad en una bolsa, dentro de tres perlas de naturaleza. Puse en sus adentros lo más grande, lo más pequeño y lo más bello, en ese orden. Ellas siempre me atarán al mundo, pensé. Aun lloro al recordar...

Todo está exageradamente lejos en este mar de sombras. Las sendas no llevan al futuro, pues ya no hay un antes, un ahora, un mañana. La paz se ha vuelto un oponente letal y pelea por atenuar las esperanzas de volver. Hay luz de rayo y estruendo de trueno. Hay notas de flautas de sabores talladas en maderas nobles. Hay olor a juventud y a sueños. Pero nada de esto es real, nada llena. Falta el fuego alumbrante y sobra el fatuo. No sé sumarme a este lugar donde, por no haber, no hay apenas gravedad.

Desde el abandono más profundo, junté los dedos y apreté los párpados muy fuerte, hasta ver evaporarse las legañas. El negro tornó blanco y luego pastel. Lo tenso resultó agradable y noté una maraña de pelos jugueteando entre las perlas. Era el as en la manga, la suave y grata nube. En su abrazo eterno me supe a salvo.

Lord's lost daughter - Saeed Sharef

Long ago, there was a lord named Sun and he had a massless daughter named Lady Photon. She was famous on YouTube for her wavy prom. At the age of 24, she got out of her home and opted to take her own way. She traveled a lot and looked at a lot of doors for a job. But she was refused from everywhere, and at the end, she stopped at a gorgeous garden. She rested on a leaf and enjoyed the beauty of the garden. But, the sooner she understood that was a trap made by her father's enemy, named Earth, and she pushed herself out of the leaf. For every attempt, she loses her energy at the end and falls to another trap, at the end, she falls to the last trap, where she looks at the glass and learns that she no longer has a massless body, she has lost her all nature and even forgets her famous prom and also gets mass, then onwards everyone on the Earth at the garden named her "elettrone". At the end, she evolved one of the paramount parts of her father's enemy. The whole of her step-by-step transforms were well followed by one woman named Romero from Tarragona to develop better de novo traps !!!.

The journey seems long - Alisa Denisiuk

The journey seems long and full of tears
For the years ahead awaken our fears.
Results, then drafts, papers, days full of work,
And at the end a defense as a reward.
Empty and lonesome on some days we feel,
We want to be flawless, rather than real.
Some days we won't sleep, our troubles so grave,
All our lab work just won't behave.
Others we're happy and joyful, and rad
For some relevant research turned out not so bad.
Support and approval of profs make us fly,
New methods and paths of our lab work try.
And after all we do not stand alone,
We are surrounded by those who as us have grown.
Our lab mates who happen to share our fate,
Our goals and our dreams, and know how to relate.
For we all for our journey have the same plea:
To grow stronger and smarter, and to get a degree,
Two words, three letters,

PhD

The old professor went up - Israel Macho

The old professor went up on stage to resume the lesson.

-Now hearken to me, dear folks. On the day of roses and books, we honor belles-lettres and love. However, do you know the reason of the party?

Nobody uttered a word, so he addressed a sharp student.

-Any funny reply, Mr. Romero?

-Well, my father says 'good verses make dates better', Prof – answered the boy to everyone's laughter.

-That's a good one, you astute fellow –stated the man– Any other answers?

-My aunt says the flowers are related to a trade show of yore – offered Roser.

-Bull's eye for Ms. Pons! – Mr. Ramsey greeted her.

-Many years ago, a rose show used to be held on St. George's Day at the Palau. Young lovers were regulars at the fest, so these flowers grew to be a natural present for the loved one.

-And what about the books, Professor Ramsey? –asked together Peter and Paul.

-Well thought, boys. We have not yet talked about the expo of 1929 and the way the booksellers took the lead for better sales.

-And how was that? – asked Hao.

-They exposed the books at outdoor stalls, Mr. Hu. The result was so prosperous, they agreed to repeat the show on the present day. But do you know why?

-Sure – answered Roser – For on the same date three men met death: the holy George and two famous authors: Shakespeare... and that other, Saavedra!

Graons amunt, graons avall - Nila López

La lluna nova mostra un sender, però em fa por avançar. Sense tu l'esforç és en va, temo passar més hores obagues. He topat amb la paret més alta, el meu error; sola de dol, sense tu, el meu anhel. Graons amunt, graons avall, no avançaré sense la teva llum. El temps perpetua el meu malson. Graons amunt, graons avall, s'ha perdut la meva raó de ser. Sense tu restaré resant, esperant la mort, benèvola al seu pas.

Soft summer breeze - Georgiana Stoica

Soft summer breeze
Blue purple butterfly
Nature, a moment to enjoy.

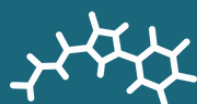
La Roser de la plaça de l'era - Elena Pedrola

El sol s'amagava a la vall. Els núvols densos en tapaven els rajos. El gebre era per tot arreu, però ja no era la temporada freda de les gelades. Els bedolls estaven ben xollats. També el pelat roser de la Roser. En temporada de bon temps era esplendorós. Les seves roses enamoraven tothom tot passejant per la plaça de l'Era, sota l'orgull de la seva mestressa.

Però amb el fred gens usual de llavors, el roser era penós de veure. La Roser passava les tardes observant-ne les rames pelades des del sofà. Es lamentava, la gent ja no parava a saludar-lo.

Va ser Sant George. La Roser va llevar-se. Va atansar-se a la terrassa per saludar el roser pelat, però grata sorpresa. Va petar de natges al sofà amb un so breu però agut. Sort, la plaça de l'Era estava deserta. Ans tothom hagués pensat en un gran trasbals de la Roser de la plaça de l'Era.

Just la Roser s'adonava d'una engruna de verdor al roser. En saludar-lo, abans de petar al sofà tot bramant, va entreveure un menuda fulla verda a la part més alta de la planta. Un tènue doll de sol es presentava al roser pelat. Kap altre traspassava els núvols, només un, regalant al roser la fulla de Sant George.



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