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Rama Al Ramahi Carolyn Billetdeaux
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Yan Lin Fu Shantanu Garo
Raya Hitany Lucía Naveiro
Rosa Italia Porras Sofía Quetglas Díz
Sofía Rondán Rinaldi Sugiarto
Andrea Tapia Alexander Vavilov
Wes Wijnen



ie FOUNDATION

ABOUT THE PRIZES

SOBRE LOS PREMIOS

The IE Foundation Prizes in the Humanities are awarded annually in recognition of the best written and audiovisual work undertaken by IE students and alumni.

The vision provided by the humanities is one of the key aspects of the IE mindset and that of our entire community, bringing as it does the capacity to have another voice and another way of looking at things, of seeing and articulating possible new meanings.

The IE Humanities Center, which specializes in research and teaching in the field of the humanities, has created these prizes in collaboration with the IE Foundation, to enable this voice and this other vision, the vision of the humanities, to be expressed by its students and appreciated by us all.

Each year a prize is awarded for the three best pieces of work in the categories of short story in Spanish, poetry in Spanish, short story in English, poetry in English, photography, and video. The prizes, awarded by the IE Foundation, consist of a print edition of the winning entries.

Los Premios Fundación IE en Humanidades distinguen, de forma anual, la mejor obra escrita y audiovisual realizada por los alumnos y antiguos alumnos del IE.

Uno de los aspectos clave de la mentalidad del IE, de toda nuestra comunidad educativa, es la visión que proporcionan las humanidades, la capacidad para tener otra voz y otra mirada de las cosas, de ver y articular nuevas posibilidades de sentido.

IE Humanities Center, nuestro centro especializado en investigación y docencia en humanidades, convoca estos premios, en colaboración con la Fundación IE, para permitir que esa otra voz y otra mirada, la visión propia de las humanidades, quede expresada por sus alumnos y apreciada por todos nosotros.

Se premian anualmente las tres mejores obras en las categorías de relato corto y poesía en español, relato corto y poesía en inglés, fotografía y vídeo. Los premios, concedidos por la Fundación IE, consisten en una edición impresa del conjunto de las obras premiadas, que son incluidas en soporte digital junto a los vídeos premiados.

PREFACE

PREFACIO

Diego
del Alcázar



I would yearn to be part of this book collecting the awards for short story, poetry, photography and video, though traditional conventions tell me that I should only introduce them in my capacity of President of the Foundation granting them. And I should certainly thank all who have participated by sending us a text, a video or a photography, as well as convey my congratulations to the winners.

My inclination, nevertheless, is other, and this is why I am letting you know that I want to flow into the mists of the act, into the pages of the book, into the warping of sensations.

I would yearn to inhabit the spaces where the search for beauty stumbled upon unbridled emotions rendering the act of writing, or the moment of pressing the button of a camera. I would like to penetrate the outline of each landscape where an image or an eye rested, and flutter with the falling leaves, dampen myself in the haze of a silhouette and find the heart of each word. I would crave to hide inside the dark forests of the mind and yield to the interlinings of dreams.

Friends, this presentation aims at being literary. And it might be just an aim, but it wished to correspond to the elation you have felt when writing, recording or shooting. Such rapture furthers you in the understanding of other peoples, in the veneered interweaving of

Querría formar parte de este libro que recoge los premios en relato, poesía, fotografía y video, aunque las tradicionales convenciones me dicen que solo debo presentarlos en mi papel como Presidente de la Fundación que los otorga. Y por supuesto agradecer su participación a todos los que nos han escrito un texto, video o foto y, así mismo, dar la enhorabuena a los ganadores.

Pero mi vocación es otra, y por eso, os digo que quiero meterme dentro de las nieblas del acto, de las páginas del libro y en la urdimbre de las sensaciones.

Querría, habitar los espacios donde se cruzaron la búsqueda de la belleza con las emociones rampantes que produce el hecho de escribir, o el momento de apretar el botón de una cámara. Me gustaría meterme en el perfil de cada paisaje donde estuvo una imagen o un ojo y volar con las hojas que caen, mojarme en las nieblas de una figura y encontrar el corazón de cada palabra. Me gustaría también esconderme en los oscuros bosques de la mente y sucumbir en las entrelas de los sueños.

Amigos, esta presentación se pretende literaria. Y posiblemente sea solo pretensión, pero quiere ceñirse al subidón que habéis experimentado al escribir, grabar o disparar y que os pone en ventaja en la comprensión de las gentes, en el entresijo esmaltado de las imágenes, y en la explosión que producen las palabras encontradas

THE JURY

images and in the explosion produced when the words sharpening a formidable sentence or an unthinkable image are finally attained. From the IE Foundation, your words, your videos and your photographs are the result of an effort to add beauty to quality, to find more things within yourselves, to grow the dimension of your understanding with culture —*what is left behind when all knowledge is gone*—, and to make you appreciate, as the great poet once said, *the índigo of things*.

Nothing else, my friends, I abandon all hope of competing with you. You know you have me here, frustrated for not being allowed to take part in the funfair of thriving buds, of colourful merry-go-rounds and of infant yell. And neither in the drama of the worm captured by the bird.

Madrid, July 2017

que redondean una portentosa frase o una imagen “inimaginable”. Desde la Fundación de IE, vuestras letras, vuestros videos y vuestras fotos son el resultado de un esfuerzo por añadir belleza a la calidad, porque encontréis más cosas en vuestras personas, porque incrementéis con la cultura —*aquello que queda cuando todos los conocimientos se han ido*— la dimensión de vuestro entendimiento, y porque sepáis apreciar, como dijo un gran poeta *el añil de las cosas*.

Nada, amigos, dimito de competir con vosotros. Sabéis que me tenéis aquí, frustrado porque no me dejan participar en la feria de los capullos que explotan, de los tiovivos de colores y de gritos infantiles. Y tampoco en el drama del gusano capturado por el pájaro.

Madrid, julio de 2017

EL JURADO

SHORT STORY
AND POETRY
IN SPANISH
RELATO CORTO
Y POESÍA EN
ESPAÑOL

Diego del Alcázar
Bieito Rubido
Javier Ayuso
Carlos Aganzo
Rosa Belmonte
Isabel Macías
Victoria Gimeno

SECRETARY
SECRETARIO

PHOTOGRAPHY
FOTOGRAFÍA

Carlos de Vega
Martha Thorne
Álvaro Ybarra
Ignacio Itarte
Jean-Marc Manson
Enrique Agudo
Viet-Ha Tran
Roberto Arribas
Teresa García

SECRETARY
SECRETARIO

SHORT STORY
AND POETRY
IN ENGLISH
RELATO CORTO
Y POESÍA EN
INGLÉS

Namita Gokhale
Tom Burns
Susana Torres
Rolf Strom-Olsen
José Félix Valdivieso
Giedre Pavalkyte
Juncal Sánchez Mendieta

SECRETARY
SECRETARIO

VIDEO
VÍDEO

SECRETARY
SECRETARIO

Carlos de Vega
Martha Thorne
Enrique Agudo
Vincent Doyle
Begoña González Cuesta
David Goodman
Geoffroy Gerard
Teresa García

“There is, then, a world immune from change. But I am not composed enough, standing on tiptoe on the verge of fire, still scorched by the hot breath, afraid of the door opening and the leap of the tiger, to make even one sentence. What I say is perpetually contradicted. Each time the door opens I am interrupted. I am not yet twenty-one. I am to be broken. I am to be derided all my life. I am to be cast up and down among these men and women, with their twitching faces, with their lying tongues, like a cork on a rough sea. Like a ribbon of weed I am flung far every time the door opens. I am the foam that sweeps and fills the uttermost rims of the rocks with whiteness; I am also a girl, here in this room.”

THE WAVES, Virginia Woolf

“Existe, pues, un mundo inmune al cambio. Pero no estoy del todo acabada, parada de puntillas al borde del fuego, todavía abrasada por el soplo ardiente, temerosa de que se abra la puerta y salte el tigre, como para hacer tan siquiera una frase. Lo que digo no deja de contradecirse. Cada vez que se abre la puerta soy interrumpida. Aún no tengo veintiún años. Es indudable que me romperán. Es indudable que se reirán de mí toda mi vida. Es indudable que seré arrojada en todas direcciones entre estos hombres y mujeres, con sus muecas, con sus lenguas mendaces, como un corcho en un mar embravecido. Como una hebra de alga salgo despedida cada vez que se abre la puerta. Soy la espuma que arrastra y llena las más recónditas grietas de las rocas con su blancura; soy también una niña, aquí en esta habitación.”

LAS OLAS, Virginia Woolf

THE FOUNDATION

LA FUNDACIÓN

“Collaborative initiatives that impact”

“Iniciativas colaborativas de impacto”

Established in 1997, IE Foundation is a nonprofit organization which aims to enhance IE's impact on society through own resources and collaborations with other partners.

The Foundation's main goals are to provide initiatives and resources to further improve the quality of education, to create and manage applied research initiatives, to implement and fund scholarship programs, to nurture a culture of giving back and social impact, and to bring added impetus to IE's strategic values.

Each year, the IE Foundation awards scholarships to over a thousand students from all over the world thanks to the generous support of its donors and provide backing together with strategic partners to applied research initiatives that impact in fields such as Diversity and Globalization, Demographics and Generation Gap, Entrepreneurship, Families in Business or Social Innovation among others.

IE Foundation has a profound sense of responsibility to society and a deep commitment to the humanities, seen as a core discipline at IE, essential to empower global and well-rounded leaders regardless of their professional profile. IE Foundation's mission fosters cultural inspiration at IE through the IE Foundation Library, Hay Festival Segovia, Support of museums and culture heritage or the IE Prize in the Humanities.

Establecida en 1997, la Fundación IE es una organización sin ánimo de lucro que tiene como objetivo aumentar el impacto social de IE a través de sus propios recursos y colaboraciones con *partners* estratégicos.

Los principales objetivos de la Fundación son proporcionar recursos e iniciativas para fomentar la calidad de la educación, crear y gestionar iniciativas de investigación aplicada, implementar y financiar programas de becas, fomentar una cultura de compromiso e impacto social con la comunidad, y reforzar los valores estratégicos de IE.

Cada año, la Fundación IE otorga becas a más de mil estudiantes de todo el mundo gracias al generoso apoyo de sus donantes. Asimismo, junto a patrocinadores estratégicos, apoya iniciativas de investigación aplicada en áreas como la diversidad y la globalización, la demografía y la brecha generacional, el emprendimiento, la familia en la empresa o la innovación social, entre otras.

La Fundación IE tiene un profundo sentido de la responsabilidad hacia la sociedad y un fiel compromiso con las humanidades, que son contempladas como una disciplina central en IE y que son esenciales en la formación de los líderes globales del mañana, independientemente de su perfil profesional. La misión de la Fundación IE es también fomentar la inspiración cultural de IE a través de espacios y actividades: la Biblioteca

THE WINNERS

None of the actions performed by the IE Foundation would be possible without the help of IE students, alumni and corporate and institutional partners.

de la Fundación IE, el Hay Festival de Segovia, el apoyo a museos y el patrimonio cultural o los Premios de Humanidades Fundación IE.

Ninguna de las acciones realizadas por la Fundación IE sería posible sin la ayuda de los alumnos, antiguos alumnos y los socios corporativos e institucionales de IE.

LOS GANADORES

SHORT STORY
IN SPANISH
RELATO CORTO
EN ESPAÑOL

FIRST PRIZE PRIMER PREMIO

Sofía Quetglas Diz
Dualidad ²²

SECOND PRIZE SEGUNDO PREMIO

Lucía Naveiro
Los días violentos ³⁰

THIRD PRIZE TERCER PREMIO

Andrea Tapia
El equilibrio de un trapecista ³⁴

SHORT STORY
IN ENGLISH
RELATO CORTO
EN INGLÉS

FIRST PRIZE PRIMER PREMIO

Rinaldi Sugiarto
The interview ⁴⁸

SECOND PRIZE SEGUNDO PREMIO

Sarmad Ahmad
Kahaani ⁵⁵

THIRD PRIZE TERCER PREMIO

Alexander Vavilov
Voyeur ⁶⁴

POETRY
IN SPANISH
POESÍA
EN ESPAÑOL

FIRST PRIZE PRIMER PREMIO

Andrea Tapia
Adiós en Grand Central ³⁸

SECOND PRIZE SEGUNDO PREMIO

Rosa Italia Porras
¿Dónde estás? ⁴²

THIRD PRIZE TERCER PREMIO

Sofía Rondán
Roma ⁴⁴

POETRY
IN ENGLISH
POESÍA
EN INGLÉS

FIRST PRIZE PRIMER PREMIO

Rama Al-Ramahi
First ⁷⁰

SECOND PRIZE SEGUNDO PREMIO

Ilse Wijnen
Imprisoned ⁷⁴

THIRD PRIZE TERCER PREMIO

Daniel Bloch
Move ⁷⁶

PHOTOGRAPHY
FOTOGRAFÍA

FIRST PRIZE PRIMER PREMIO

Carolyn Billetdeaux
Tres niveles ⁸⁰

SECOND PRIZE SEGUNDO PREMIO

Shantanu Garg
Answers from above ⁸²

THIRD PRIZE TERCER PREMIO

Yan Lin Fu
Ink and wash ⁸⁴

HONORABLE MENTION MENCIÓN ESPECIAL

Teddy Godillon
Ojo por ojo ⁸⁶

VIDEO
VÍDEO

FIRST PRIZE PRIMER PREMIO

Eugenia Goffre Muro
Héloïse Allemandou
Don't forget me ⁹⁰

SECOND PRIZE SEGUNDO PREMIO

Nidhi Dwarakanath
Happy Monday ⁹²

THIRD PRIZE TERCER PREMIO

Raya Hilany
Macera ⁹⁴

SHORT STORY
IN SPANISH

RELATO CORTO
EN ESPAÑOL

FIRST PRIZE

SHORT STORY
IN SPANISH

PRIMER PREMIO
EN ESPAÑOL

RELATO CORTO
EN ESPAÑOL

AUTHOR

AUTOR



PIECE

OBRA

Dualidad

SIEMPRE

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Era esa época del año en la te sientes como en una isla. Todo se vuelve de color marrón, las orejas se te quedan frías, pero todavía no consigues exhalar vaho por tu boca. Todo varía durante un tiempo, haciéndote añorar todo lo que odiabas que fuese estático.

Esa época del año se podía comparar con una de las canciones de piano que tanto le gustaban. Tan melancólica, tan suave, y tan hermosa en su tristeza.

En esa época del año la oscuridad parecía querer abrirse camino a marchas forzadas en el ánimo de la gente, mermando la luz del día y dando paso a la inexorable noche que precedía al invierno.

Las primeras gotas de una lluvia fina empezaban a empapar el suelo, acelerando la marcha de los viandantes y sus deseos de encontrarse en casa cuanto antes.

Ella consideraba que todo aquello era hermoso.

Que la transformación del paisaje era una de las cosas más mágicas de la naturaleza y que hacían creer en las nuevas oportunidades.

Por eso había elegido ese momento. Sentía que lograría estar en paz si dejaba que toda esa transformación entrase en su diminuto piso y se adhiriese a las paredes hasta la próxima estación.

Hacía un año que había decidido comenzar su cambio. Era una decisión que le había costado mucho tomar, y más aún llevar a cabo, pero ahora, por fin, estaba preparada. Había dispuesto todos los detalles, meticulosamente, anotando cada pequeña idea para que nada se le pasara.

Deceleró el paso.

Corría una brisa fresca y agradable y se subió el cuello de la chaqueta para poder disfrutarla durante su camino.

Tenía los auriculares puestos, pero no sonaba música en ellos. Simplemente disfrutaba del aislamiento que el uso de estos le proporcionaba, y cómo los ruidos de la calle

llegaban hasta ella como si fueran ruidos ajenos y lejanos, sin que pudieran interrumpir sus pensamientos.

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A veces pensaba que era sólo un tópico andante. Con su cuadro psicológico marcado, su rutina, sus hábitos, sus manías, y un largo etcétera.

“Suerte que no soy psicóloga” —Se decía— “Y no entiendo nada.”

Pero en su interior buscaba comprender. No desde un punto de vista médico, sino desde un punto de vista emocional. Quería conocerse, entenderse, y, de algún modo, repararse.

No porque estuviese rota, sino por todas las cosas que rompía a su paso.

Llevaba demasiado tiempo ignorando lo que la gente había decidido llamar “sus demonios internos”. Acallando sus voces cada vez que intentaban susurrarle algo. No les entendía, pero tenían un tono amenazador y lúgubre que la llenaban de miedo.

No, no había querido escucharles.

Había vivido al margen de ellos, tapiando sus sentimientos y su interior, temerosa ante las posibles consecuencias de su enfrentamiento a ellos.

Tembló. Aceleró el paso.

Hacía frío y se le ponía la piel de gallina cada vez que el viento se colaba entre las grietas de sus pantalones.

Llegó a su portal y abrió la antigua y pesada puerta que daba a las desvencijadas escaleras de madera que subían hasta el cuarto piso.

Su piso.

Se había mudado hacía apenas un mes.

Era un apartamento pequeño, oscuro. Estaba tristemente amueblado con sólo lo básico. Una mesa, una silla, un sillón, una cama ... No necesitaba más. En aquel piso sólo iba a estar ella. Ella y sus demonios.

En aquel piso se sentía aislada.

No tenía ni teléfono, ni internet, ni televisor. No los necesitaba.

Y eso la reconfortaba. Le reconfortaba la soledad. ¿Cuántas veces había querido desaparecer y había sido incapaz de hacerlo?

Aquel era su búnker. Su isleta emocional en medio del caos en el que vivía sumida. El lugar donde podía ser simplemente ella, sin tener que contestar a ninguna de las preguntas que tanto odiaba que le hiciesen.

“¿Y cuándo vas a encontrar trabajo?, ¿Y tienes novio?”. A ella todo eso no le importaba.

Pero había llegado el momento de solucionar eso.

Entró en su apartamento y colgó el abrigo en un clavo en la pared que hacía las veces de percha. Hacía frío.

Puso agua a calentar y se sentó en el sillón a mirar cómo los minutos pasaban en su reloj de pulsera, la única joya que se permitía llevar encima.

Le gustaba controlar el paso del tiempo, y ser consciente del mismo. Le gustaba cuando el tiempo volaba en su muñeca, porque significaba que las cosas iban bien. En el último año de su vida se había llegado a obsesionar con el tiempo. Contaba cada segundo, controlaba cada minuto y analizaba cada hora. Sentía que sólo quería que dicho tiempo pasase lo más rápido posible. ¿Para hacerla sentir bien quizás?

Además, el sonido —casi imperceptible— que hacían las agujas del reloj al seguir su recorrido le reconfortaba. Era la magia de las pequeñas cosas. Aquellas pequeñas cosas que despertaban en ella un sentimiento agradable y muy cercano a la alegría. El sonido de las agujas del reloj, un trozo de chocolate fuera de horas, el olor de una vela de vainilla, sonreír sin querer al recordar algo bonito, la rugosidad de sus manos después de una ducha caliente... Estaba completamente convencida de que el ser humano podía sobrevivir a base de pequeños detalles. Y, en cambio, eran los grandes los que a ella no le dejaban vivir.

Las 18:20. El agua hirviendo. Ella preparando el té.

Para tres personas.

Té negro.

A todas les gustaba el té negro. Aunque les quitase el sueño.

Tres tazas a juego y unos bombones al lado de cada juego, que no faltase ningún detalle. Velas en la mesa de la salita y mantas por si hacía frío.

Confiaba en que fuese a ser una conversación muy larga y, aunque la oscuridad inundaba ya la estancia, suponía que, además, les encontraría la madrugada. Sentadas en los desnudos sillones, incómodas, tratando de arreglar un mundo: SU mundo.

...

Dualidad. Qué palabra tan compleja.

No por su significado en sí, sino por todas las cargas que dicha palabra puede acarrear.

Según el diccionario: “Existencia de dos caracteres o fenómenos distintos en una misma persona o en un mismo estado de cosas”. O, para ser más simple su entendimiento: “Existencia simultánea de dos cosas de la misma clase”. Dualidad es, por tanto, la posibilidad de la contradicción.

Si dos cosas pueden existir a la vez en una misma persona, ¿pueden estas cosas ser contrarias? ¿Puede existir en un mismo estado luz y oscuridad? ¿A la vez?

La respuesta más simple es que sí. Sí que se puede.

Pero, ¿qué ocurre cuando estas contradicciones se hacen presentes en un estado ya contradictorio de por sí?

...
A las 18:30 sonó la puerta.
Ella sonrió. Le encantaba la puntualidad.

Su nerviosismo iba en aumento, pero sentía que por fin había llegado el momento, por fin iba a dejarlas pasar, por fin iba a hablar con ellas.

Llevaba tiempo preparándose para esto, y sentía que por fin estaba preparada. Pero era su última alternativa. Era su último intento. Si eso no salía bien, ya no sabría qué más hacer. Había puesto todas sus esperanzas, las suyas y las de todos los que la rodeaban.

Abrió la puerta y vislumbró dos siluetas.

Eran dos chicas altas, delgadas, y de aspecto familiar. Las dejó entrar.

Sin decir nada se acomodaron las tres en el estrecho salón, ellas dos en un sofá, ella, en su sillón.

No mediaron palabra.

En silencio, ella comenzó a servir el té mientras las observaba de reojo. Eran dos chicas, de su edad. Tenían el pelo oscuro y suelto, por encima de los hombros, las facciones limpias y jóvenes y los ojos oscuros y muy profundos. Eran exactamente iguales de aspecto, lo único que las diferenciaba era su expresión en la cara.

Una de ellas estaba radiante. Sonreía con la mirada, y tenía una media sonrisa constante en la cara que la hacía parecer coqueta y dulce. La otra tenía una expresión más severa. Su mirada era neblinosa y sus labios estaban fruncidos en una mueca entre disgusto y obstinación. No era tan guapa.

Ellas la miraban a ella también, pero su semblante era impenetrable. No podría haber adivinado qué pensaban de ella.

Probablemente ellas llevarían también mucho tiempo esperando ese momento. Por fin les había concedido el tiempo de que hablaron con ella. Lo habían intentado tantas veces que se había hecho inmune a la insistencia de ellas.

—Bienvenidas—Dijo en un susurro. Su voz temblaba. ¿Estaba realmente preparada...?

La chica de la expresión afable posó su mano sobre la de ella. Su contacto era cálido, su piel era suave. Fue un contacto agradable. Le tranquilizó.

Respiró. Y volvió a hablar.

—Creo que sabéis por lo que os he llamado. Llevo mucho tiempo alargando este momento y sólo ha traído desgracias a mi vida. No creo que aguante mucho más. Necesito que hablemos ya. Necesito dejar ir a mis demonios, a mi tristeza. Necesito comprender qué soy y por qué.

Silencio.

Las dos chicas la miraban. Esperaban a que ella continuase hablando, pero no sabía cómo iniciar la conversación.

La chica del rostro afable fue, de nuevo, la primera en actuar.

—Nosotras también llevamos mucho tiempo esperando este momento. Espero que entiendas que tampoco ha sido fácil que te alejaras de nosotras y que nos dejaras de lado como lo hiciste. Pero entendemos que necesitases tu tiempo.

—Tienes que entender también —dijo la chica del labio fruncido— que ha sido

necesario que tú pasaras por todo lo que has pasado. Las personas a las que has perdido, las personas a las que has decepcionado; se han alejado de tu lado porque TÚ has dejado que así sea. Has sido egoísta, has sido insegura, has sido injusta. Con el mundo, con nosotras, y contigo misma.

Estas palabras calaron rápidamente en su ánimo.

Ella sabía que era verdad. Ella sabía que había sido injusta. Ella sabía que habría podido parar todo eso a tiempo. Se sentía avergonzada, y muy sola de pronto.

Bajó la mirada y buscó con nerviosismo su libreta de color rojo debajo de la mesa.

Siempre la dejaba allí después de escribir. Era lo más valioso que tenía.

La abrió y rebuscó entre mil garabatos alguna de los miles de preguntas que había estado anotando para preguntarles cuando llegara el momento, pero todo se perdía entre tachones, correcciones y frases incoherentes.

Hasta que pasó una página en la que sólo ponía una palabra: DUALIDAD.

Eso era. Dualidad. Esa era la palabra que resumía todo lo que ella sentía. Esa era la palabra que resumía los cientos de folios que había utilizado tratando de poner en orden sus pensamientos. Tantas palabras inútilmente gastadas, escribiendo cosas que nunca nadie entendería; para llegar a esa conclusión.

Dualidad interna. Constante lucha entre sus dos yo. El yo bondadoso, alegre y tierno, y el yo macabro, triste y vengativo. La posibilidad de ser feliz con dicha dualidad, de aceptar, reconocer y aprender de esa dualidad.

Las chicas leyeron la expresión de su cara, y la chica de la cara afable volvió a poner su mano sobre la de ella, antes de dar un sorbo a su té.

Después, comenzó a hablar.

—No somos enemigas. —dijo, señalando su compañera del labio fruncido—. No somos ni mejor ni peor la una que la otra. Somos diferentes, y eso nos hace únicas. En el mundo, por lo general, hay una diferencia establecida entre lo que está bien, y lo que está mal. A lo que se le concede la etiqueta de “malo” es porque tiene connotaciones, llamémoslo, negativas. Características que no están bien consideradas por la terminología social, que no hacen que la sociedad prospere ni que las relaciones vayan a mejor.

Si escribiéramos en un papel diferentes aspectos de la personalidad de una persona, podríamos agruparlas de forma inmediata en dos grupos: “bien” y “mal”. Y probablemente tendríamos mejor impresión, e incluso creeríamos más en la capacidad de prosperar de una persona, cuantas más palabras del primer grupo recibiese.

Pero, ¿qué implica ser una buena persona? ¿Debemos tratar de recolectar siempre el mayor número de adjetivos positivos para poder ir avanzando en las vivencias de la vida?

“Cuanto más trabajador seas, más prosperarás en tu vida.” “Cuanto más humilde seas, más cerca estarás de encontrar el amor.” “Cuanto más simpático seas, más amigos tendrás.”

Y esto es válido. Pero también tenemos que aceptar que el número de cualidades del primer y segundo grupo nunca van a ser equivalentes ni estáticas, sino que van a estar sujetas a las circunstancias, e incluso a la suerte, que nos rodee en cada momento. La mayoría de la gente ni siquiera se lo plantea, simplemente vive con ello, o lo ignora, privándose así de la intensidad tan absoluta con la que vivimos los sí nos hacemos preguntas.

Pero esta intensidad acarrea unas responsabilidades también.

La principal; la responsabilidad de la conciencia. De ser consciente de lo que estás viviendo en cada momento y de cómo ello está afectando de una manera u otra a las personas que te rodean. Y sólo las personas que aman de verdad se ven afectadas por esto.

Hizo una pausa solemne y la miró.

El ambiente era denso y las emociones iban en aumento.

El tono de su discurso había sido tan dulce, que ella se había emocionado. Había tratado un tema que para ella era sumamente delicado, con la precisión y el cariño que ella nunca había sido capaz de tener consigo misma.

Y el dolor emocional era mucho más grande que el dolor físico, y este tipo de dolor no pasaba tan rápido. Hacía pequeñas grietas en su corazón y en sus emociones, hasta dejarla completamente inerte, entregada al tiempo y a la soledad.

Empezó a llorar. Hacía mucho que no se permitía a sí misma sentir nada. Era una piedra.

—¿Por qué lloras? —Preguntó la chica del labio fruncido— ¿No ves lo patética que pareces cuando lloras?

De nuevo, ella sabía que eso también era verdad.

—Creo que nunca has tenido la oportunidad de ver lo irritable que eres. Nunca has tenido la fuerza suficiente de luchar de verdad, porque eres débil y ridícula. Has sido tan egoísta pensando sólo en ti misma y en tus necesidades, siendo incapaz de alegrarte por los demás, sintiendo celos por todo. Te has intoxicado a ti misma con tu competitividad, has dejado que los miedos te posean y dicten tu comportamiento.

Das vergüenza, y deberías saber que sólo tú eres la culpable de todos los desastres, todos los rotos, y todos los corazones descubiertos que has dejado a tu alrededor.

Eres una persona tóxica.

—¡Basta! —Gritó ella— ¡Cómo le das que me hable así! ¡No tiene ningún derecho! —Estalló dirigiéndose hacia la chica del rostro afable, con los ojos llenos de lágrimas y los puños cerrados, conteniendo una rabia que atentaba con salir de su cuerpo de un momento a otro.

La chica del rostro afable le sonrió con dulzura, y les dió la mano a ambas. Luego, dirigiéndose a ella en un tono dulce y lento, preocupándose de que ella entendiera cada una de sus palabras, dijo:

—¿No ves que tiene razón? Tú eres así. Tú has elegido ser consciente de todos los sentimientos que te dominan. Tú has elegido aceptar esta dualidad. Tú eres “bueno” y “malo” a la vez. Tú lo eres todo.

Tú eres capaz de amar y ser amada, y eres capaz de odiar y ser odiada. Eres frágil y fuerte a la vez, eres dulce y eres amarga. Tienes miedo, pero eres valiente, eres insegura, pero eres atrevida. Eres la mejor de las personas y la más vengativa de todas. Tienes celos y envidia en tu corazón, pero tu alegría por los demás es profunda y sincera.

Ella se levantó del sillón, soltando la mano de la chica bruscamente, y fue a encerrarse en el baño. No entendía nada.

Se arrepentía de haberlas llamado. Se arrepentía de haber removido en su conciencia y en su corazón todo lo que ella sabía que era verdad, pero que tanto tiempo había estado ignorando.

Si ella era todo eso, ¿Por qué se sentía así? ¿Cómo podía sentir que era incapaz de hacer feliz a nadie, que era incapaz de amar o dejarse amar? Si la chica del rostro afable tenía razón, ella era también algo positivo.

Pero cada vez que intentaba abrirse y demostrar todas esas cosas que ella consideraba que la hacían feliz a ella y a los de su alrededor, una congoja se apoderaba de su cuerpo, llenándola de sombras, oscuridad, neblina y desazón. Se sentía triste constantemente y sin motivo, y cuanto más triste estaba, más triste hacía estar a los demás.

No quería estar sola, y, en cambio, no sabía estar acompañada.

Se miró al espejo.

Tenía los ojos rojos de llorar. “Malditas lágrimas” —pensaba cada vez que lloraba.

Se lavó la cara con agua y respiró.

Tenía que volver ahí fuera.

Tenía que aclarar con ellas lo que estaba pasando, tenía que preguntarles cómo podía superar aquella situación y volver a ser una persona normal, con una vida normal.

Abrió la puerta del baño y salió, pero en el salón ya no había nadie.

—¿Hola!? —Gritó.

El silencio le devolvió la respuesta más obvia: se habían ido.

Volvió al baño.

Se volvió a mirar en el espejo. Y entonces lo entendió.

El espejo le devolvió su imagen.

Su figura alta y delgada. Su pelo oscuro, por encima de los hombros. Sus facciones limpias y jóvenes. Sus ojos oscuros y muy profundos.

Su mirada sonriente y coqueta. Sus labios fruncidos en una mueca de disgusto y obstinación.

Allí estaba ella. Ella y sus demonios.

Su amiga y su enemiga.

Su problema y su solución.

Su eterna dualidad.

SECOND PRIZE

SHORT STORY
IN SPANISH

SEGUNDO PREMIO

RELATO CORTO
EN ESPAÑOL

AUTHOR

AUTOR



PIECE

OBRA

Los días violentos

ESTABA

muerto. Y mi alma se rompía en mil pedazos al ver su cuerpo sin vida yacer en el insensato suelo, como si su vida no hubiera valido nada, como si todo se hubiera desmoronado con el último aliento del hombre más terriblemente peligroso de Nueva York. Y era mío, lo era. Y yo era suya. Y nuestra pasión sobrepasaba cualquier límite moral, pero no me importaba, porque le amaba con la más insana y desesperada locura.

En el momento que tuve el cadáver ante mis ojos llenos de lágrimas en la húmeda madrugada, con la sangre fresca en su pecho y con la mirada vacía, hice una rápida retrospectiva para analizar lo que me había llevado a perder la razón por un asesino, un estafador, un traficante, un adicto al juego.

Todo comenzó una de mis innumerables noches de jazz en *La Bella Nascosti*, un pequeño paraíso clandestino lleno de alcohol en un país arrasado por la Ley Seca, donde la prohibición había dado lugar, más que a una reeducación del personal, a un arsenal del tráfico cuyos templos eran los numerosos clubes ocultos en los sótanos de inofensivos negocios. El humo de los cigarrillos encendidos en el bar dotaba a la atmósfera de misterio, y se fundía con los acordes del bajista que acompañaba mi voz de contralto algo ronca.

Tras hacer una vista general de la gente que allí se encontraba, desde borrachos lapidando sus fortunas hasta prostitutas, cinco figuras oscuras, elegantes, misteriosas, cruzaron las pesadas puertas del club. Pude apreciar al primero de ellos, cuyo rostro se encontraba bajo los tenues focos que ambientaban el bar, y cuya mirada magnética arrasaba con todo lo presente. Desde la distancia, sus ojos se clavaron en mí con la fuerza de un hombre poderoso y arrogante, llenándome de la inseguridad y cierta atracción que me proporcionaba un perfecto desconocido.

Entre los aplausos, aprecié una sonrisa torcida en su rostro que me inquietó. Bajé del escenario a por mi pequeña dosis de Cielo y, tras apreciar sus ligeros efectos por mi nariz, salí del tocador y me dirigí a la barra, a por una copa de mi whisky favorito. Jimmy, el dueño del bar, se acercó a mí.

—Betty, los hombres que hay sentados en aquella mesa son gente importante y con una cantidad interesante de dinero. Si fuera tú, me acercaría a charlar un rato con ellos —me susurró sonriendo con cierta crueldad.

Pronto descubrí que se refería a los hombres que había visto entrar hacía un rato desde el escenario, incluyendo aquel que destacaba entre los demás, aquel extraño que en ese momento fumaba un puro mientras reía con su copa en la otra mano. Efectivamente, daban la impresión de hombres pudientes, por lo que quizás no era mala idea abandonar mis principios de mujer para entregarme a una charla.

Al llegar a su espacio invadido de humo, les pregunté si todo iba bien y si estaban disfrutando, a lo que ellos me contestaron de muy buen humor, lanzando una serie de piropos que no fueron del todo agradables, pero que acepté con una sonrisa. Apoyado en la silla con el puro en su mano, el misterioso hombre me observaba con detenimiento.

—¿Dónde aprendió usted a cantar así? —me preguntó, interesado.

—Digamos que en una larga trayectoria por antros como este —respondí.

Presté atención a su rostro. Era de piel morena y bastante estropeada, probablemente por el consumo habitual de tabaco. Sin embargo, parecía joven, de unos treinta y cinco años, como mucho. Sus ojos eran de un intenso color miel y su pelo castaño, ondulado pero arreglado al detalle, caía con descaro sobre su frente. Parecía peligroso.

De repente, interrumpió a sus compañeros, que charlaban alegremente, para indicarles con un sencillo gesto que se marchasen. Los demás obedecieron y se levantaron de la mesa en riguroso silencio, dirigiéndose a otro lugar a seguir con su conversación. Le miré, inquieta y muy confusa.

—¿Me dirá su nombre, verdad? —dijo en una posición relajada pero dominante.

—Betty Lawrence. ¿Y usted? —le pregunté fingiendo seguridad.

—Me conocen como Angelo, natural de las costas de Italia.

—¿No tiene usted apellido?

—Puede. Nunca lo sabremos —y me estrechó la mano con firmeza.

Angelo. ¡Angelo! ¿Quién me habría dicho que ese fatídico nombre me acabaría llevando a la ruina? A la maldita ruina que al mismo tiempo me había sacado a flote, dejando atrás mi vida sin rumbo en aquel degradante apartamento de Brooklyn, pero a la ruina, de igual forma. Conforme le conocía, sus palabras me supieron a vida. Y su boca, a peligro, a un huracán atroz que me arrastraba sin compasión, pero del que yo participaba para que así fuese. Y sus sábanas me parecían el más frondoso de los oasis en medio del desierto más inhóspito. Y lo más sangrante, es que para entonces ya estaba completamente al tanto de que Angelo lideraba el clan de la mafia más letal de Nueva York, de Italia y de Occidente.

Angelo depositó en mí toda su confianza. Aunque le tomó mucho tiempo hacerme partícipe de su vida criminal, llegué a saber tanto que fui obligada a hacer un voto de silencio. Y es que cada noche que me desvíaba en su cama, me confesó en profundidad todo aquello que su mujer jamás llegó a saber. Pobre Nancy... se imaginaría todo y nada al mismo tiempo, pero ¿qué podía hacer la simple mujer de un gánster además de soportar amantes y noches sin dormir? Angelo legislaba las calles de Nueva York con la confianza suficiente como para no preocuparse por la policía que rara vez era capaz de hacer algo útil. Sin embargo, sabía que tener una mujer a su lado en el mundo de la mafia era más que conveniente, por lo que, de esa forma y en pocos meses, me convertí en cómplice de toda operación de la familia, participé en su organización en tiempos de crisis y, en poco más de un año, fui capaz de apretar el gatillo cuando resultó necesario. Cada vez, sentía menos remordimiento por las víctimas. “No estamos aquí para compadecernos”, me solía decir.

Angelo era, para todos, un hombre frío y calculador. Solía desaparecer durante días sin dejar rastro, pero cada minuto que pasaba en su compañía era lo más cercano a pisar el Paraíso. Su piel, su aroma, su cálido aliento en las noches más oscuras, cada camisa blanca que le desabrochaba, cada dulce palabra que me dedicaba, algo abandonada en esa mente enfermiza que no dudó en abofetearme más de una vez, iluminaba mis días. Él era el líder, el Don de la familia, y la adrenalina que suponía una vida así me resultaba suficiente para seguir viviendo. Noches de alcohol, noches de opio, y muchas noches de jazz, en las que mis canciones sonaban mucho más puras que antes, en las que llegué a convencerme de que ni siquiera mis lágrimas eran comparables a los buenos momentos. Angelo siempre me decía que estaba muy guapa cuando lloraba.

Mientras intentaba apartar mi dolorosa mirada del cuerpo inerte del que un día fue el amor de mi vida, recordé aquella noche de octubre en la que Angelo y yo marchamos hacia Nápoles a recoger un arsenal de cocaína en la mansión de su familia. Jamás había pisado Italia, y llegar al aeropuerto supuso para mí un acontecimiento inolvidable. Recordaba perfectamente la abandonada y deliciosa ciudad, la mezcla de olores, el calor, y cada detalle de la gigantesca casa decorada al más puro estilo mediterráneo. Recordaba a los sirvientes corriendo de un lado a otro, y a la elegante hermana de Angelo, que bajaba lentamente la escalera de mármol enfundada en un carísimo abrigo de visón. Y también recordaba la expresión fatal de mi rostro cuando tuve ante mí un cargamento de cocaína extremadamente pesado. Y es que terminé encontrando un extraño placer en el tráfico de drogas, en burlar a la policía, en seducir a un par de sicarios para evitar represalias. Y en vivir en una fabulosa mansión de Nueva York con todo lo que había imaginado a lo largo de mi vida, con todo lo que necesitaba y deseaba, mejorando mi aspecto, viajando por los casinos de Las Vegas y Europa entre ruletas y millones de dólares, entre luces, estafas y derroche, y con un hombre que me miraba a los ojos dándome el poco, pero intenso amor que alguien como él era capaz de sentir.

Le necesitaba más que a mi propia vida, quizás porque los dos estábamos predestinados al abismo desde que nacimos.

En la noche cerrada de niebla neoyorquina, temblando de dolor y de miedo junto a un Angelo por el que ya no era capaz de sentir nada, entré en razón por unos instantes y rememoré las horas previas al fatídico acontecimiento. Las amenazas de muerte que recibía Angelo procedentes de todas partes se multiplicaban por días, y la cantidad de veces que conseguía sortear el momento de una muerte tan terriblemente anunciada por todos, era cada vez mayor.

En nuestro dormitorio, Angelo, con tono pausado, me susurró al oído mil palabras desesperadas que yo no era capaz de procesar por el caos emocional que reinaba en mi cabeza. El “me voy” procedente de sus labios se repetía enfermizamente, como un monstruo atacándome en la peor pesadilla. Diez años de sacrificio inútil. Los cientos de muertos de mi conciencia me atormentaban cada noche, pero en ese momento, más bien me acuchillaban por dentro. El dolor que se derramaba por mis ojos era atroz, como una brutal tempestad en mitad del océano, y entre gritos ansiosos llenos de odio que Angelo no fue capaz de calmar con golpes, se marchó con su maletín hacia la calle.

No recuerdo muy bien los momentos intermedios, pero la sangre en mis manos habla más que mi cabeza, y el revólver que se ha escurrido de ellas, también. No sé qué hacer. Oigo cómo a lo lejos se aproximan unos tres coches de policía, probablemente, alertados por mis numerosos disparos. Pero no me importa.

Y es que Angelo estaba muerto, pero yo, sin saberlo, llevaba años muerta en vida.

THIRD PRIZE

SHORT STORY
IN SPANISH

TERCER PREMIO

RELATO CORTO
EN ESPAÑOL

AUTHOR

AUTOR

*Andrea
Tafolla*

PIECE

OBRA

El equilibrio de un trapecista

NO

puedes evitar seguir consultando tu reloj cada minuto que pasa; sabiendo que tu ansiedad, por sobre todas las cosas, no adormecerá con el paso del tiempo, ni con el caer de la tarde. Te entregas a la desesperación porque nada más te queda, y contemplas tus dudas: ¿tiene sentido vivir sola? ¿Estaré mejor allá, con él? ¿Me entenderá? ¿Viviremos en armonía? No logras razonar e ignorar ese deseo de estar, por fin, acompañada por otro ser humano que no sea tu familiar, o tu amigo de universidad.

Por un instante duermes, sueñas, y en tu sueño eres una trapecista balanceándote sola en una escalera de cuerda que parece estarse rompiendo por uno de los lados y necesitas a alguien que te sostenga; quizás a otro trapecista que te sujeté por las manos y te haga saltar hacia su escalera, y se eleven juntos, rumbo al otro lado del circo. Pero no existe ese trapecista porque revisas ambos lados y no encuentras rastro de él ni de nadie que esté como tú, balanceándose indeciso y temeroso en el aire. Bruscamente, tu cuerda se rompe y caes a un abismo de características indefinidas y ya no eres ligera como cuando estabas en el trapecio; ahora eres pesada, agobiada, y ese público que te veía desde abajo ahora te mira desde arriba, con repudio. Has fallado. Despiertas.

Recuerdas que la realidad es que él te espera, en ese café oloroso que tanto le gusta y que tú desapruebas pensando que estaría mejor solamente ir a un parque y respirar libremente. ¿Es eso lo que quieras? Te preguntarás, ¿estar sola, ser libre, no depender de aquel sujeto? No lo sabes, no has logrado conocerte por completo y saber lo que en realidad deseas.

Terminas de vestirte y te miras al espejo con incredulidad y decepción. Piensas, ¿por qué no puedo negarme, si eso es lo que quiero y por qué me he convertido en un vano intento de coraje? Crees saber la respuesta esta vez, pero no la dices, ni siquiera la estructuras como una idea en tu cabeza, sino que la ignoras y continúas abrochándote los botones del abrigo que llevarás puesto al café.

Saldrás del edificio en el que vives, y no respetarás las luces en rojo de los semáforos, ni a aquellos que también andan apresurados. Sentirás un calor penetrante que no te

permite respirar tranquilamente y que te aturde, obligándote a sacar el abrigo y lucir frente a todos ese vestido rojo que te has colocado. Has olvidado hacia dónde te diriges ya que en tu cabeza solo existe una idea: escapar cuanto antes. Así que te apresuras, aceleras el paso y mientras lo haces te sueltas el pelo, te sacas los zapatos, abres bien los ojos y entonces lo ves: es el puente de madera que deja correr por debajo a un furioso y salvaje río ruidoso al cual sin dudar te arrojas, como una trapecista, y sintiéndote fresca, te dejas llevar por la corriente y por ese sonido de las criaturas marinas, que te aclaman, te aplauden y te susurran que finalmente lo has logrado.

POETRY IN SPANISH

POESÍA EN ESPAÑOL

FIRST PRIZE

POETRY
IN SPANISH

PRIMER PREMIO

POESÍA
EN ESPAÑOL

AUTHOR

AUTOR

Andrea Tapia

PIECE

OBRA

Adiós en
Grand Central

DE

tantos posibles lugares, éste. Aquí me trajo el aire desde Vermont. A este lugar cosmopolita donde uno tiene el honor de aparecer, desde todo ángulo posible —y con toda gama de expresiones— en más fotografías tomadas por extraños que por conocidos. Lugar en que se desplazan torrentes de geografías, aspectos y texturas; el cruce de mundos inadvertidos, de existencias compactadas. Lugar en donde los ojos brincan y se aceleran, en donde el corazón palpitá con más ansias. Lugar en donde un hombre yace casi recostado y al borde del desplomo en una banca, mientras con la mano derecha sujetá una lupa de aquellas de bolsillo. La sujetá con tal precisión que pareciera como si se aferrara a ella desde lo más profundo de su ser, como si dejarla caer implicase soltar su religión, romperse los pies. Su lupa es su rosario, y reza en voz baja; murmura algo pausadamente, luego calla.

En esta estación está él y está todo; todo aquí, en este lugar. Aquí niños abren la boca y dicen tonterías. Aquí adultos ni abren la boca y ya hacen tonterías. A este lugar que me resulta tan nuevo llegan unos pasivos, otros agresivos, unos desarreglados, otros pulcros, y unos cuantos, pesimistas. De aquí parten pensamientos y también se elevan hacia ese techo verdoso de maravilloso diseño.

Es el lugar de luces amarillas y alrededores de mármol. Lugar para el apuro, la cantaleta, la conversa, el sueño, el rechazo y la ignorancia. Lugar para cargar angustias y llevarlas hacia nuevos destinos. Lugar para introducirnos en confines desconocidos. Lugar de paralelismos. Lugar del cruce a lo siguiente (*¿a dónde voy ahora? Where?*); a lo que esperamos y no; a lo que no queremos y sí. Aquí el reclamo no recibe respuesta. Es un lugar para maldecir, *damn yes*. Aquí mujeres se maquillan más que de costumbre. Residencia de miradas esquivas, curiosas, sugestivas, sútiles, despectivas, pasajeras. Punto en donde amanece y anochece de la misma manera, con el mismo trajín y al mismo paso. Lugar en que se perciben todas las versiones de un adiós: adiós en abrazo, adiós en un beso, adiós con las manos, adiós con la espalda, adiós para siempre, adiós

por hoy, adiós a mi pueblo, adiós al pasado, adiós a mí mismo, adiós alegría, adiós mi mengana.
Bienvenida.

Adiós, y desde aquí, que venga lo que deba venir, que se filtre una vida en aquel y aquel otro
que se une como por designio de una fuerza inalterable a la cadena de figuras fugaces que par-
ten de este extremo a ese de allá. Siendo casi invisibles, pasando desapercibidos, y finalmente,
llegando.

He llegado. Aquí.
Me quedo.

(Nueva York, 2013)

SECOND PRIZE

POETRY
IN SPANISH

SEGUNDO PREMIO

POESÍA
EN ESPAÑOL

AUTHOR

AUTOR

Rosa
Italia Porras

PIECE

OBRA

¿Dónde estás?

A veces me pregunto dónde estás

Y luego te encuentro...

en un amanecer en la montaña,
en un atardecer en el retiro,
en una noche en el desierto,
en la inmensidad del mar,
en el infinito de la arena,
en el azul del cielo,
en la risa inocente de un niño,
en los senderos de mi memoria,
en mi sonrisa,
en mis lágrimas;
en mi ser...

THIRD PRIZE

POETRY
IN SPANISH

TERCER PREMIO

POESÍA
EN ESPAÑOL

AUTHOR

AUTOR

Sofía Rondán

PIECE

OBRA

Roma

NO

caigas, Roma.
Que tu belleza trasciende.

Si fueras libro, infinitas aventuras plantearías.
Una y otra vez, dispuestas a ser revivida.
De ser flor ¿Cuál serías?
¿Delicado lirio o impaciente margarita?

Roma. Casa.
No eres ni libro ni flor,
Pero de igual modo estás viva.
Quién te tiene, te goza.
Quién no te tiene, vacila.

Muévete, Roma.
Muéstrame tu gloria. Llévame a cenar.
Envuélveme en el sopor de tus huéspedes.
Encandila al escéptico.
Divide lo ecléctico.

Haz lo que sabes hacer, Roma.
Que a ti, aunque refulgente, Apolo te adora.
Él no te envidia.
Él te contempla.

De ciprés es tu cintura,
De piedras tus pies.
Y de agua se viste la brisa del descanso,

SHORT STORY IN ENGLISH

Tras tiempo de aridez.
No perdonas, Roma.
El placer en tus balcones,
El desliz en mis tacones.
Y tu hígado de vicio no atiende a razones.

No caigas, Roma.
Que tu belleza trasciende.

Honor en mármol esculpido.
Tus sueños duermen en bóvedas.
Son el resonar de la ambición de tus hombres.
Son imposibles frescos que nunca se han ido.

La luna brilla porque tú existes. Se percibe.
Ella, la misma que guiaría a tu madre, Lupa,
todavía hoy, su resplandor en Barcino, se recibe.
Hispania deslumbraría con él, Roma.

Y, aún siendo tus cimientos crueles,
No das cobijo a desvergüenzas.
Pues todo sujeto conoce que,
En la silueta de tu forma, la pericia se acoge.

Bésame, Roma.
Dame una caricia en movimiento,
Revélame tus silencios, fascínate con tus cuadrigas.
No te detengas ni un momento.

No caigas, Roma.
Que tu belleza trasciende.

RELATO CORTO EN INGLÉS

FIRST PRIZE

SHORT STORY
IN ENGLISH

PRIMER PREMIO
EN INGLÉS

RELATO CORTO
EN INGLÉS

AUTHOR

AUTOR

Rinaldi Suoiarto

PIECE

OBRA

The interview

I

put on my suit, I straightened my tie, I combed my hair. I shaved, I brushed, I put on my cologne, I did the things that one should do before going to an interview. Was there anything I'm missing, I wonder?

"Don't forget to bring your suitcase like you did on that P&G interview back then, remember?"

That was something that Lisa would've said, I thought, feeling that I could almost hear her voice saying those words.

"Thanks for the reminder, babe! Really, what would I do without you?" My face pulled into a curt smile as I spoke to the empty room in front of me.

I couldn't clearly remember what I did afterwards, but somehow I arrived at the interviewing company's building. I supposed that the old me would've felt nervous at this point, but the 'me' of that moment felt nothing. That wasn't surprising, since I no longer felt anything from most things anyway. No pleasure. No pain. Just the usual, plain old emptiness.

I entered the building and spoke to the receptionist informing her about my scheduled interview. Her hair was a beautiful red colored one, the same as Lisa's, although her eyes were brown instead of blue. She told me that she would guide me to the interview place so I went with her. During our journey, I guess she must've told me about the company, her history there and other things, but I wasn't listening to her. I couldn't listen.

My mind kept wandering off.

"Didn't we promise that we would grow old together and laugh at all the silly things we did on our younger days?"

I thought to myself what would've happened if only I had made a different choice. If only I had been more patient, more understanding.

"Didn't we promise that each year we would go to that valley and gaze at the stars above? But then you left me, and it wasn't your fault... it was mine".

I wondered what if it had been Henri who was in my position. Would he have done things differently?

Ah, but... I am Henri. I've been Henri for many years now, ever since that...

My thoughts were interrupted when the receptionist suddenly stopped in front of a large mahogany door. She told me that this was where I'll be having my interview, that I should knock on the door when I'm ready, and asked me if I need anything else.

I told her I'm good and thanked her for her help. She left the way we came and soon I was alone. I took a deep breath and wondered "Why am I here?"

Three weeks after Lisa's funeral, I received a call from our friend Anna about a job interview opportunity. I couldn't remember her explanation and frankly, I didn't care. I was about to hang up the phone when she made one last plea

"Henri, you can't keep being like this. You quit your job, you don't go outside at all, nobody's ever seen you since forever. Lisa wouldn't want to see you living like this. I beg of you, just go to this one interview please. Please do it for her."

'Well, here I am. But I don't know anything about this company, so I guess this'll be a fun time', I thought, smiling at the absurdity of my situation.

'Oh well, let's get it over with.' I knocked on the door. "Excuse me, I'm here for the interview"

There was a short pause, and then a strong but melodious voice responded "Please come in, the door's unlocked".

Inside the room there was a 2-meter tall man standing near a marble desk.

"Mr. Henri Faltsua, I presume?" he inquired.

I nodded.

"Welcome, I've been expecting you." He smiled, and walked towards me. "You can call me John. I will be your interviewer, it's a pleasure to meet you and I look forward to today's session" he extended his hand.

I responded to John's greeting with a smile and handshake of my own.

"Please have a seat", John motioned towards a nearby chair. I sat down and looked at my surroundings. The room was a spacious one. To the right of his desk was a large bookshelf with numerous books. To the left was a motley collection of flower vases and stacks of paper. The left wall of the room was partially a seethrough window, where I could see an empty, white room approximately the same size as this office. I started to wonder why would such a room be there when John spoke:

"You were contacted by Miss Anna Kournikova, correct?" John was now sitting across the desk in front of me.

There was a thick book with black hardcovers near his hand.

I nodded "Yes, I was".

"And I presume that you do not know much about our company?"

I nodded again "No Sir, I don't know much. Actually, I don't know anything about your company".

To my surprise, he smiled "That's good. It's easier for us to demonstrate what we do rather than just giving out a simple explanation, after all."

"You'll Demonstrate?" I asked.

"Yes, but before that let me ask you a question, Mr. Faltsua. You were previously a Data Analyst, so this would be something you're familiar with: What is Data?"

"Data is a quantitative or qualitative variable that can be used for calculation, reasoning, and decision making" "Spoken like a true Data Analyst. But what I'm asking is something more fundamental. What is Data? Not what is it used for, but what

does Data itself represent?

I felt a bit confused, not sure what response did he want. "Information?" I answered.

"Correct!" John's face expanded into a wide smile. "As you may know, many organizations are currently using 'Big Data' to understand their customers better and increase their profit. But these organizations are missing a point. Data is much more than simply a revenue-increasing tool. Data in its purest, rawest form represents the basic building block that constitutes someone's identity. Your data, in essence, defines what you are. Would you not agree, Mr. Faltsua?"

"I agree that data can be tell a lot, but I think it's a bit extreme to say that we are solely defined by our data." I responded and gave a nervous laugh.

John's smile faded. "Let me clarify. What I meant was that someone's current self could be defined as simply being the sum of all his past data. His physical form is determined by the data his genes gave out, from the moment he was conceived all the way till now, and the data from any past events that influenced his body. Similarly, his social identity is determined by the data from the relationships he's made, the actions he's taken, all the way back to the name he's registered in his birth record. All those data and more combine to create his self, his identity, his reality at this very moment.

He put his fingers together, leaned his body forwards, and looked at me straight in the eyes

"Now, what do you think would happen if we were to change those data?"

There was a moment of silence.

"The answer is simple. Change his past data, and we will change his reality as well. Or, to be more precise, we would create a new version of reality for him. One that replaces his previous one."

"But isn't it almost impossible to radically change someone's past data?"

John let out a vicious smile. "It's actually easier than you think it'll be. Even a small child could do it, wouldn't you agree, Franz?"

A cold lump of stone appeared in my stomach. "My name is Henry, sir..."

He shook his head. "It's no use lying, Mr. Luhenwald. We have all your 'real' information here," he grabbed his black book, "Would you like me to read it?"

A multitude of emotions swirled up inside of me. I thought of denying, of shouting back at him angrily, or of walking out from the interview, but I somehow knew that I could not leave, nor could I lie anymore.

Seeing my silence, John opened the book and started reading out loud:

"Franz Luhenwald was left in front of an orphanage with nothing but a dirty blanket and a paper with his name. As he entered Gastonville Middle School, he befriended Henri Faltsua, a boy whose physical appearances were identical to him, but whose life were the opposite of his. While Henri would be excited to go back home and spend time with his loving parents, Franz would dread the fists and shouts he would receive once he returned to the orphanage, as his caretakers often abused him physically and mentally. While Henri would always wear clean, newly bought clothes, most of Franz' clothes were secondhand and often ragged. Whereas Henri saw Franz as a friend, Franz saw Henri as what he could've been had he also have parents of his own. Franz saw what he wanted to be."

"Please stop" I begged him.

"Several months after Franz met Henri, a fire broke out in the school building. As he ran out, Franz heard

Henri's voice shouting for help inside the bathroom, unable to get out as there

were debris blocking the door. Initially Franz wanted to help, but then he saw that Henri had left his personal belongings in a nearby unlocked locker. At that moment, he saw the chance to become that which he had so desired. So, he took Henri's belongings and ran away, leaving the trapped Henri alone to burn towards his death."

"I was young! I was so desperate! I know it was wrong, but I just... I just" I shouted almost incoherently.

"From that moment on, Franz became 'Henri'. So that his new parents would not be suspicious of any changes in his behavior, he claimed that the trauma from the fire caused him to lose some of his memories. He also asked them to move to a faraway place, eliminating the possibility of encountering the orphanage's caretakers or his old friends who might suspect him".

"How the fuck do you know all this?!"

"Franz' plan worked. His life was now worlds apart from the one he had before. He graduated high school as Henri, earned a college degree as Henri, and had a high-paying job as Henri. Most importantly, he obtained supportive, loving parents who believe wholeheartedly that he is Henri." John flipped through the pages again, "4 years ago, 'Henri' met a woman named Elisa Rutherford and was instantly smitten with her. They soon became lovers, and every year they would visit a spot in a nearby valley where they would stargaze. One month ago, 'Henri' set up a plan to give Elisa a surprise proposal. But Elisa, who had no idea of his intentions, hung out with her friends until late, ruining Henri's plans. Frustrated by the turn of events, Henri became angry at Elisa, which made her drove off. As she did so, she carelessly went past a red light, and was hit by a truck." He closed the book and put it on the table.

My head slumped. I could feel warm tears flowing over my cheeks. I felt the guilt and shame and anger welling up "You're right!" I shouted "Everything you said was right! I let Henri die because I was so desperate to leave that hell! I also caused Lisa to die! I knew it, I knew that her death was my punishment for letting Henri die. Their deaths were because of me, you're right! So are you happy now that you're right?! That you know all this?!"

I looked up at him, expecting to see him smile or laugh gloatingly, but... he simply stared at me with a blank expression. "Mr. Falsua, we have no intentions to chastise or punish you for the actions that you have done. In fact, we consider such dedication to changing your identity a desirable trait. Also, you should learn to listen properly. I never said that your lover is dead. I simply stated that she was in a crash."

"What are you talking about? She passed away a month ago - " I stopped. I suddenly felt that something wasn't right with what I was about to say. Images began to appear in my mind: Lisa sleeping in the hospital, Lisa receiving get well soon gifts...

John gave an understanding smile, as if he had seen others in my position countless times before. "Look to your left, Henri" he spoke gently I turned my head, and felt every fiber of my body tensing up as I rushed to the see-through window. In the middle of the previously empty room, there was now a large white bed. On top of that bed lies Lisa, her eyes closed, her face serene. The heart rate monitor right next to the bed showed regular beat patterns, indicating the presence of life. Even without the monitor, I could tell that she's alive. I just knew it.

Memories flooded into my consciousness, I remembered the doctor telling me she'd slipped into a coma but her condition was stable. I remembered visiting her at the hospital every day for a whole month. These memories, they didn't feel weird. They didn't feel like the kind of memories that was artificially inserted in me, if

that's even possible. They felt like a form of reality that I couldn't remember until now. Everything about Lisa being alive just... felt real.

John put his hands on my shoulder, "I understand that you're confused, but please have a seat so I can give you an explanation."

I did as he said. "What's happening to you Henri, is that you're in a new version of the past that we have recently created. In your previous version, Lisa died in the crash, but in your current version, she has survived and is now sleeping right next to us."

I wanted to say many things. I wanted to say that such a thing isn't possible, that all of this was just a trick, that once I left this interview all the craziness would fade away, but instead my mouth let out only a single question:

"Who are you guys?"

John's face gave out a radiant halo of joy. His lips stretched out widely, so much so that for the briefest of moments he appeared inhuman, but such visage disappeared just as quickly as it appeared, and he was now simply a very jolly person.

"Well, let's put it this way: there are companies that specialize in changing people's physical appearance. There are those that specialize in changing people's investments. In our case, we're a company that specialize in changing people's past."

"You're a... company?"

"Yes, a legitimate, for-profit one."

"How come I've never heard of you?"

"Well, we've only been around as a company for a short time, sort of like a start-up. But our organization and our methods have existed for a very, very long time."

"But how come no one's realized that all this changing the past, changing reality thing is possible and that you're doing it?"

"Because we maintain the utmost secrecy when it comes to our activities. If someone we didn't want to know about us were to happen upon such knowledge, we would create a new version of his past where he never did so. Occasionally we've approached people such as Ms. Kournikova under the guise of different organizations, but they were never given knowledge on the true nature of our organization."

But how does it all work? How exactly do you create a new past?"

"Well, you'd have to be one of us first before you can know about such things."

John's statement reminded me that I am still in an interview "Then, does that mean I passed the interview and you're offering me... uh... whatever job is it you want me to take?"

He let out a friendly laugh, "Yes, you've passed, and now I'm offering you a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. If you join us, we would wake your lover up from her coma right now. Consider it a signing bonus, if you may."

"And if I choose not to join, does that mean you'll return the past to the one where she died?"

John thought silently for a moment, "No, we would not do anything so crude. Even if you were to reject our offer, we would still wake her up if you wish to do so. Of course, if you desire another past, that could also be arranged. For example, if you chose to die together with her during the accident, then that is something that could be done. We would change your past into another version where you wouldn't remember anything about our interview, but the specifics are up to you."

I looked again at Lisa, her beautiful form laying peacefully alone inside that large room, just like a sleeping beauty in a modern-day fairy tale. I thought of how badly I want to hear her voice, touch her skin, and feel her lips again. I thought of what would Lisa do if our positions were reversed. What if she was the one sitting here

while I'm the one asleep in that room over there?

I smiled. I knew for certain what she would do. I knew what she would want me to do.

I looked at John, and declared my decision.

...

"The stars looked unusually bright tonight, don't you think so, baby?"

I moved my arm to stroke Lisa's brilliant red hair. "That's hard for me to answer, cause the brightest of them all is here right next to me"

"Hahahaha, you silly goose!"

She put her head on my shoulders.

"Do you think we'll be able to come here again next year, Henri? And the years after that, again and again?"

I kissed her forehead. "Of course, dear. I'll make it happen. No matter what I need to do."

SECOND PRIZE

SHORT STORY
IN ENGLISH

SEGUNDO PREMIO

RELATO CORTO
EN INGLÉS

AUTHOR

AUTOR



PIECE

OBRA

Kahaani

MAULADAD

held his daughter's hand as he lay on the chaarpai. The spring breeze rustled the apricot tree. The mynah's song was clearer, sweeter than he remembered. In Karachi, everything had been smoke – it choked the mynahs, blinded the people. Under the shade of his apricot tree, the smoke had cleared.

'Baba, chorain!' Pari withdrew her hand from his tightening grip and made her playful annoyed face. 'Your love always hurts so much!' she'd learnt that from her mother.

'Acha chordia - get me some water beta'

'Nahi - no! I'm busy!' she stuck her tongue out, swinging her black braids and ran inside. She skipped across the garden into their tiny home, her yellow dress as bright as a new season's dawn. His moustache curled upwards into a smile; sweating in the smoke of the big city had at least allowed her a good schooling. The smell of Kareem's apples drifted in from next door. He closed his eyes, listening to the bulbul that had taken the mynah's place on the hedge. He was home.

In the months that followed his return, Mauladad set out a routine. He'd wake at daybreak with the call to prayer, sitting in the silence of his garden. With the first rays of the sun, he'd water his plants. Every morning as he slid his palm down the bark of his trees - the apricot, the pear and the walnut, he wondered at how the same soil could give birth to such difference. He wondered at the lessons his garden was teaching him. Doodh-patti tea in hand, gazing at the sun reflecting from the snow on the mountains he'd missed so much, his morning ritual was complete.

This is where Pari would find him as she was leaving for school, sitting in reverie as small birds drank from the terracotta bowl. On some days, like today, the memory of Pari's mom would creep in and he would numb himself with sleep. Today, he wasn't afforded that luxury; the job interview was a favour from Kareem. It would help put Pari through university. He looked at her as she waved goodbye from the gate. The promise of her future always buried every haunt of his past.

I

II

Within an hour, he was at Mr. Ghulam's office in Gilgit. The "office" was an extra room in Mr. Ghulam's home. One of those houses where the doctor-sahibs and engineers who'd made money came back to retire. A short stocky sat behind his desk.

"It's just you then" as if Mauladad were to bring along others. "Ji sir"

"Mauladad sahib, have a seat, tea? Biscuits? Can you read?" his abrupt manner threw Mauladad off. His accented Urdu carried the long syllables of Karachi but the cluck of the mountains.

"Ji..Ji, sir"

"Can you read this sign?" his manner was genial, friendly. "Gilgit Tourism Company Private Limited - We will d..deliver you"

"Good. Kareem told me you have driving experience?"

"Ji sir, I was a private driver for two years for a lady near the Kati Pahaari in Karachi"

"Karachi! Ah meray dost, whoever learns in Karachi learns everything! These mountains are halva compared to Karachi traffic!" Mr. Ghulam jumped onto his feet, eyes shining through the round glasses and shook Mauladad's hand. "It is done then - you are GTC's very first Northern Areas driver - Kareem vouches for you - he's been our cook since I was only a boy. Can you start next week?"

As he left the makeshift office, Mauladad was unsure - the precise conversation and quick decision did not belong to the mountains. It was a return to material harshness. Mauladad wondered if Mr. Ghulam had run away to the embrace of the valleys for the same reasons he had.

The thought comforted him.

The bulbul was perched on the apricot tree - she loved pecking away at the apricots just before they ripened. The bitterish taste gave her a rush. Her body shuddered in delight - this was a special one. Ever since the man had come back from wherever he'd been to, the fruits had started tasting better. Word had spread quickly, most of the other birds in the village had started coming over at dawn. The birds didn't agree on much, but this they agreed on: it was the love he tended the garden with. The bulbul felt a surge of jealousy. She'd been loyal to this garden even in his absence. She'd sung her songs and serenaded it every morning - even in the summer of no fruit. The mynah, the thrushes, the plain little sparrows all sang now - where were they when the water bowl was empty and the girl lonely? Where were they that morning, many mornings ago, when their wails filled these walls? It was all in the past but Bulbul always remembered.

She'd tried to distract the small girl. She'd sung out her heart. The girl cried and cried, joined by a chorus of villagers at various times. During all the dark times Bulbul stayed. Perched on the wooden garden door, singing for the girl with green eyes who had set her free.

She didn't understand humans much - they cried at death as if it wasn't inevitable. The little girl cried for months, sometimes waking Bulbul up from her nest above the window. She never saw the man cry - except once. Many days after his wife's death but many days before the girl's eyes dried. The Bulbul was pecking on a succulent apricot as he was cutting wood. She saw him shake with every 'swaackt' of his axe. His face was contorted, his eyes dripping water. She observed this odd behaviour - this difference in a man and a girl's sorrow and wondered if humans really were smarter. If they were, wouldn't they be simpler?

It was all a long time ago now - the girl's laughter had returned and then her father and finally, as a reward for Bulbul's loyalty, the fruits' sweetness.

Kareem rolled over, tugging his blanket. The first sleepless night since Maula's return. He sat up, careful not to wake Zainab. Her curved cheeks glowed in the moonlight as the rest of her slept peacefully unaware of his torment. He gazed at his wife's mesmerizing frailty, thanking God the 'good times' had lasted nine years – he was slowly coming to realise these weren't 'good times', this was his life. He let a smile slip.

Grabbing the white kurta from the wooden chair, he tiptoed around his daughters asleep in the majlis and went out to his garden.

The large moon watched over the valley from behind Rakaposhi's peak. Kareem remembered reading somewhere how the size of the moon was just an illusion - it looked bigger if it was behind mountains. He wondered if it were true. And then he wondered if it mattered. Distractions wouldn't work tonight. He sat down on the grass, listening to the crickets and the owls. Clouds glazed over the moon, casting fickle shadows on the grass. Impermanent shadows that danced on the grass, grabbing his attention and going away without having made any difference.

He'd managed to avoid Maula all through spring and summer but autumn would be here soon. The tourists would stop, the passes would snow in and Maula would want to relive their chai drinking days under the orange winter sun.

He clutched the cold grass in his fist and weighed his options. Avoiding his childhood friend would be impossible in the cold months. Lying to him meant more restless nights. Telling him the truth would mean killing their lifelong, thirty-five year old friendship and worse - depriving his daughters of their elder sister Pari. The apple tree rustled above him, he looked up and caught a glimpse of a bat, erratically flying across into Maula's garden. Maybe it was the way it flew, haphazard, blind but trusting to find his next perch or maybe Kareem was looking for a sign to give voice to a decision he'd already made. He would not keep his guilt from him any longer.

Mauladad dropped the last tourist and drove down the small road leading out of the Serena Gilgit hotel. Lets hope this was the last tourist of the season, and I never meet another like her! He parked the car at Mr Ghulam's home-cum-office and walked to the bus stop, pulling his woolen pakol over his head and draping the sheep-skin shawl over himself.

"Doodh-patti chai and the coming of Autumn, aajana, like the old times" Kareem had said but Mauladad had noticed the detachment now familiar every time they talked. He wondered what had happened while he was away.

Kareem was sitting on his takht in the garden when Mauladad arrived - they had built similar homes on the little land they had; the wooden gate lead onto pathways to a garden, to the left was a one story house with a small majlis for guests and the children to sleep and a bedroom. Attached to the side, a traditional kitchen with its wood stove and skylight chimney. The differences were slight - Kareem's home was light blue to Mauladad's white. Kareem's garden was larger with just the one tree; the grass unkempt like a poet's crop of hair. The bowl that birds bathed in was always full in Mauladad's garden - Kareem's had a solitary swing. Mauladad smiled thinking of just the one swing for two girls - it would teach the girls to fight for their right he'd said.

"A long wait, your smile in these walls" Kareem took the small green pot and poured tea.

The conversation flowed as it always did. A coming together of brothers. They spoke of Mauladad's new life and pouting tourists, of long hours and beautiful scenery. They reminisced about playing cricket in the valley as children, of stealing fruit

III

and having crushes. They spoke of long ago and they spoke of now - what came in between was left hanging in the air, waiting its turn nervously.

"I'm sorry you could not come." It was abrupt. Kareem's hand was warm as he put it on his and pressed gently before withdrawing.

"I do not remember anymore if I could not or did not. But I see Panra everyday in Pari's eyes. They tell me to go back to the city, there's too much memory here", the mention of his wife always brought with it an emptiness. The helpless emptiness of a dried well that could no longer serve its purpose but could not crumble upon itself.

"There is no fighting Allah's will. But I'm sorry. Sorry for more than just your loss."

Maula's eyes darted onto Kareem's face, his hand tensed. He searched Kareem's face half in question, half in hope he'd not answer.

"That day, I was at home - she asked me to get her some apples from my tree." Kareem was staring at the grass as he spoke "I said no. I was busy working on the chair. Get it yourself if you have to. The tree is easy. I heard a thump - she was bleeding on to the rock. All....Because of me". His voice was quivering "I let her climb and I let her fall. I spent months ridding the garden of stone- but to what good?" he covered his face with his hands and sobbed.

Mauladad looked at his friend. Was this why he'd called him? Was this the reason he'd been avoiding him? All this guilt, this build-up to relate to him a co-incidence? Mauladad had been ready to hear bigger things. Scandalous things. Bewafaai- infidelity. He shook his head – his thoughts had become too city-polluted.

"I'm sorry brother. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to kill her." Kareem had noticed Maula's shaking head.

Mauladad wondered at the chasm between his thoughts and Kareem's. A co-incidence for me, for him its blame. His heart– so simple, so readily filled with guilt. Here was Maula, thinking of scandal when all Kareem's soft heart had was misdirected guilt. Just a few years in the city and they'd become different people - for a fleeting moment, he wondered if him and Panra would've gotten along if she were still with the living.

He observed his friend; the large fingers covering his face as he stared at the grass.

"Is that why you've been avoiding me? Because you asked Panra to climb the apple tree?" Is this what the Karachi-valas referred to as village mentality? Or was this just Kareem's soft heart? "And what if you hadn't been around? She'd still go over the wall, snatch her apple and eat it dangling from the tree, nahi?"

A memory sparked - Kareem looked up and he knew this was how he would remember Maula, green sparkling eyes bemused, moustache curled up into a mischievous smile, an expression of an elder brother's forgiveness. They laughed. They laughed to her undying spirit and in relief to the homecoming of brothers. Maula and Kareem spoke of her long after the sun had set; what her death had brought forward, what her life had cut short.

The crickets were deep into their opera by the time Mauladad took his leave. As he passed the apple tree on his way out he let his fingers feel the warm bark and his palm lingered. It was the last thing she had felt.

IV

Bulbul had never sung as she sung now. Definitely never in the winters. She was filled with joy.

In the morning reflection, she saw the slight red appearing on her chest- spring must be a few more mornings away. The girl had put up a small home of red clay

for her under the bulbs warm and dry. That's where she'd live all her life. She could enjoy the clear mornings and the crisp noon without having to freeze her beak. Every morning, Bulbul sang on Girl's window as she combed her long black hair and got ready for school.

The girl woke up earlier today. The bag on her back was bigger than usual, different. Bulbul didn't like changes in routines, the seasons dictated her days. Humans' randomness unnerved her. It unnerved all the creatures of the valley.

She checked below her wings again - the colour was stronger. She looked at the girl trying to smell the bush and laughing. Was it spring already? She flew over to the wall to be in the girl's sight and let out the song of spring she'd been preparing for months. The girl looked up and giggled. Her head bouncing her two braids in rhythm. Her cheeks were flush like an apple - Bulbul yearned for spring. I'm going to follow her today. On the first day of spring, Bulbul darted out but there was no bus. So she waited above the gate.

When the first rays of the sun hit the fifth branch of the walnut tree, a white car pulled up the narrow road. The girl jumped in besides her father. Bulbul followed the car across the village and onto the first bridge. She perched high to catch her breath and watched the car gleam across the river. She fluttered faster and perched on the post on the other side. Her heart sank as she realised they were going into town. The town with its crows and cats and danger. Her curiosity had limits and this was it.

She watched the father grab a bag from the car. She watched him hold her close. She watched them get on a big dull-blue bus and she knew they wouldn't be back for a while.

Mauladad wiped the sweat off again and found Kareem walking down with a 7UP bottle and Maaza juice.

He took the juice, "You ask me about Karachi? This is what it smells like"

"I don't smell money. I smell sweat and car exhaust"

"Perfect - just add the smell of paan and you have the smell of money" Mauladad laughed, "Everything smells sweet in a dream - reality smells like blood and sweat."

"Aha! Not even a year and I've taught you poetry" Kareem twirled an imaginary moustache.

The bus rolled in. Mauladad was glad Kareem had agreed to go back with him from Rawalpindi. Pari had convinced him to let her stay a bit longer with her aunt. Two days on a bus would be easier with Kareem.

"Kaho jo bhi, only someone with money can complain about its smell - for me, its back to the master's kitchen - no hotel will hire me here or in Islamabad" Kareem didn't sound too disappointed. Mauladad suspected spending time away from his family would be much harder for Kareem than it had been for him. Kareem was far too emotional.

"This heat and dust isn't for us meray bhaai, a thousand rupees for a fresh mountain morning - I bought this for your daughters" Mauladad handed Kareem the counterfeit Cross pens he'd got at the gift shop. They got on the faded blue bus, took their seats and slid open the windows - twelve hours before the wind was cold enough to slide them closed.

Mauladad woke up to the double brightness of the sun and its reflection. He squinted at the river as his eyes adjusted. A flat road and barren mountains of black rock, they were near Chelas. Six more hours to Gilgit. He looked at Kareem

VI

sleeping besides him - mouth open, drooling onto his own shoulder. A girl and her sleeping mother were seated across the aisle. The girl was around Pari's age. She was drawing, he strained to look closer, it was a sketch of the man sitting in front of him. Black hair, black kurta, tall and lanky, his face was coloured in with red crayon and his shoes she had drawn blue, behind him were the dark mountains with the sun glaring in the backdrop. Smoke in crayon rose from behind the man's sketch - the hot springs kids loved. The bus took a bend and a stones under the tyres threw everyone up in the air.

"Damn bus with no shocks" Kareem was wiping off his spit

"Must be the rocks from a landslide"

"What kind of landslide happens in May - there hasn't even been any rain yet" Kareem loved his sleep, no matter where he was taking it.

The bus went over the rocks, the driver swerved to avoid some boulders. He took another bend and the bus came to a sudden screeching halt. The bus behind them followed suit.

Mauladad craned his neck to see through the windshield and that's when he heard it. Ratt-tat-tatt-tatt. Gun fire.

He knew it as clear as day from his days in Karachi. He knew, too, there were at least five guns. Silence fell on the bus. The mother quietly traded seats with her child to shield her. Mauladad felt Kareem breathing get heavier.

Ratt-tat-tatt-tatt

The bus door opened and a lithe man stepped in. A rumaal covered his face, his AK-47 pointed upwards.

"Everybody out" his voice younger than his demeanour. "Everybody out now and make a line. Women on one side. Men on the other. NOW!"

Silently, obediently, everyone shuffled out into the sun's glare. Mauladad was behind the girl as she passed by a second man waiting outside, one hand clutching her mother's purple kurti and the other clutching her sketch. He snatched it from her hand and looked at it. Only his black eyes were visible through his rumaal -his short frame shook with disgust. He bent down.

"Beta, are you Sunni?" he asked softly. The girl looked at her mother, who nodded. "Beta, this is Haraam. We should not make paintings of living things or Allah will punish us". He folded up the picture and gave it back to her with a gentle pat on the head, "Tear it up yourself when you get home, it will be your good deed for the day". The Taliban never failed to amuse.

Mauladad stood in line with Kareem by his side, facing the river. A crow screeched on the bus, calling out to his brethren.

Two men with guns on either side of the lineup stared everyone down. Mauladad avoided all eye-contact.

The short man who'd taken the picture was the leader - he walked over to each man. "Are you a Shi'a or are you a Sunni? Sunni? Let me see you pray, show me how you pray!" He slapped the man who'd lied. Took him by the collar and gave him to another sentry "This hypocrite should be the first". The man was dragged to the river-bank.

He approached Kareem and asked "Shia or Sunni?" Mauladad closed his eyes. Kareem and his principles. Kareem and his honesty. Kareem and him being born a Shia.

He looked at Kareem hesitate and say "Aga-Khani" a relief filled Mauladad at this lie - his friend had grown up.

"And you? His friend?" the man was looking up at Mauladad with red filling his eyes.

"The same, follower of the Aga Khan"

The man grunted his disgust. "Step back - into the third line" It took them forty minutes to sort out all of the 100 men into their three lines. Sunni, Shia and everybody else.

Mauladad counted - at least six men on the road with guns, a few more behind him he wouldn't dare turn his head to look at. His right hand began shaking, quivering without his permission. He held it still with his left hand, the tremble carrying up to his elbow. He tried to focus. Focus at the suns angry reflection on the helpless river. He stared hard at the noon heat rising from the river. This helpless river. Flowing, freezing, boiling with no will of its own. Being danced upon by men, being drunk by the fish. No power and no will of its own.

When he heard the first sequence, he was still staring at the river; scream-thwack-splurt. Scream-thwack-splurt.

Later, he realized these were two screams enveloped as one. The scream of the man bringing down the rock in an embrace with the scream of the man who's head was held down. Two screams, mixed as one. The murderer and the murdered. The taker of life and the mountain- curdling scream of a departing soul. A soul branded by a short man as a kafir soul. A soul that was no longer mystical or mysterious because its judgement had been received.

Bodies lay scattered on the river bank. Blood flowed into water, dissolving all memories of innocence.

The Bulbul fluttered to the bedroom window, changed her mind and went back up to the roof. All of spring had passed but the girl's father didn't emerge from his room. Through the window she could see him laying still day in, day out. She sang to him one morning, many weeks ago – as he looked up, in his eyes she saw the purposeless desperation of dried flowers strewn across the road after a wedding. She could sing to him no more.

Bulbul could see the friend's garden and his apple tree from the roof, five flaps of her wings and she was perched on the seventh branch, the dense sweetness filling her beak. At least this tree still gave fruit. The friend hadn't been seen in a long time. This garden was less prone to the whimsical emotions of the family. Bulbul liked that she could trust it. The last time the friend had been seen was when he brought in the girl's father - now the girl tended both gardens, tried to help in both homes. Bulbul hadn't seen her dance or play in a long time. She no longer went out in the mornings with her bag. In her confusion with all these developments, Bulbul had let the crow's cawing overtake her own singing.

When the sun set behind the mountains after the long summer day, it gave the sky a red hue and cast everything in red light- instead of the Bulbul's melody or the Thrush's chirp the garden was filled with the caws of scavengers.

Kareem climbed over the wall and jumped in. He couldn't see much but that also meant much couldn't see him. It was almost midnight, he was sure the girls were asleep. He hoped Zainab would be too - she would catch him sneaking in. She always caught him sneaking in. He half hoped she would.

He kept close to the walls, passed the mulberry bush and the girls' swing. He approached the side of the house and took out the small can of paint in his bag. He brushed over the words he'd once written there. "Ya Hussain" was no longer a decoration. It was a call to death. And until he was away, he could not have his family at

risk. He moved on to the door. There was no flicker of candle light in the windows, he held his breath at every step, not trusting his will would hold if he saw Zainab. He'd thought of writing her a letter - but that was against the militia's rules. Stop letting the woman weaken you. You'll see her after the mission is complete. There is no need to send her a sign. If she's strong enough, she'll wait for you. She knows you're alive just as you know she's across this wall, dreaming of you.

Kareem approached the door with caution and gently took the red cloth hanging on the right and blue hanging on the left. He read the prayers written on them. Amen. Kissing them both he put them in his pocket. The autumn breeze carried the distant howl of animals. He turned around to go back to his training camp. All markings that his was a Shia family had been removed on the outside, they were safe now.

The blood of his family, his people, was never again going to be the carpet rolled out for politician's agendas.

IX

Zainab woke with the first ray of the sun and ran to the door- more out of habit now than hope. She pushed open the door and on the pillar, in small light blue paint, she saw the letter "ze".

VII

VIII

THIRD PRIZE

SHORT STORY
IN ENGLISH

TERCER PREMIO

RELATO CORTO
EN INGLÉS

AUTHOR

AUTOR

Alexander
Tavifov

PIECE

OBRA

Voyeur

HER

hair was already in its usual tangle, as would happen whenever she was in a rush. Phil knew where she was going, obviously, and was confident he could do what he needed in time.

He continued to watch her pace around the studio through his binoculars. What luck it was she never closed the curtains, he reflected. It spared him from the expense having to invest in more expensive forms of surveillance.

Something about being able to peer at her every move, indecision, hesitation through his grandfather's GI-issue binoculars was reassuring. It gave his actions a decisive mission-like feel to them, even if it was just watching her fumble through her purse.

Ironically, this thought was interrupted by the mission-impossible theme-song. He answered his phone.

"Hello? Yeah... uh hum... Okay... See you soon, love you, bye."

He knew he had time, Monica was always slow. Ever since having lived in Moscow, she would always talk about how no one would come on time. One particular old acquaintance, she would recollect, had even had his name turned into a verb for being so chronically late. This seemed to have rubbed off on her.

Anyway, he had a while, but it would still be prompt to head back home in time for Monica.

As the woman closed the door behind herself, dress almost catching in the door, Phil packed away his equipment into his old, stained Jansport bag.

As she went south, down the avenue and towards the bus stop, Phil sprang into action. A small dose of adrenaline in his blood, the same amount as every time he did this, gave a bounce to his steps.

Confident she would not make out his silhouette at this distance, he reached his destination right outside her door. He put on his gloves and began his handiwork, carefully moving his fingers in such a way as to not disturb parts he wasn't meant to prod. After a sweat inducing, constantly alert 10 minutes, he was done.

There was nothing worthwhile in her trash, apart maybe from some socks that still smelled of her.

The pink, womanly clothes reminded Phil that he needed to get back home. Monica, who had called earlier, would be at his duplex soon. He hustled back to his beige Toyota Sentra™ parked around the corner. The engine started on the second try, almost in protest of his double life of what he was hiding from Monica.

As he distanced himself from the home and overtook a bus down Sixth Ave., Phil let out a small sigh.

Another day's work well done he thought to himself.

Eventually turning into his driveway, Phil stuffed the bag under the passenger seat and rushed inside his maroon duplex where he promptly threw off his shoes. He made straight for the kitchen and turned on the oven. He knew Monica suspected something, and he was not about to welcome her in without an alibi. She loved those oven-ready appetizers, so presenting her with a nice surprise was sure to throw her off the scent. *Killing two birds with one bagel-bite™*, he thought to himself smugly.

Right as he made his way out of the shower the doorbell rang. All was going smoothly.

He opened the door and there she was, beautiful as ever with those big owl eyes and tantalisingly exposed legs. They kissed and she came in without a word.

"Do you want something to drink, honey? I've had a long day and think I've earned myself a big glass of red."

"Sure" Monica replied, following him into the kitchen. Phil grabbed a bottle from the pantry, the second cheapest on offer at Trader Joe's.

"Ah, yellow tail – 2009, a good year", he uttered, quite clearly clueless. Phil was more of a bud-light kind of guy, but he still made the effort to appear more sophisticated to Monica, who was always concerned with appearances.

Already 5 months into their relationship, both still tried hard to woo the other. Monica thought about how something was missing in their relationship. She watched Phil struggle with the bottle. Why were they still not comfortable being themselves in front of each other? Always putting on appearances she hadn't worn this much makeup since her teen years, when she would sneak out at night from her parent's house.

The cork came out, but not without making a mess. "Ah, let me help you clean that up! Where's the paper towels?" Monica asked while sauntering over.

"Right over there by the oven." Phil uttered instinctively, embarrassed by his lack of savoir-faire.

After a quiet moment by the counter, she spoke up: "Why is the oven on, honey?"

"Shit." Phil muttered under his breath. *Her strigine eyes catch everything!* he thought to himself guiltily.

"Uh, well, see I was, well... I was about to cook something for you. I know how you..."

Monica interrupted, trying not to be too direct: "but weren't you just taking a shower?"

"Yeah well I just got back and..."

"You told me you were at home the whole day?"

"I just went down to the store around the corner to pick up some things up, that's all." "Oh." Monica remarked, not convinced.

This is why I can't trust him, she thought, giving confirmation to her past actions. I wasn't being overly attached, or cautious, she justified to herself. It's perfectly normal to do what I do, with him acting this way.

Fiona and Rachel just don't understand.

"Should I bring the glasses to the living room?" she asked. "Yeah, be right there, dear" Phil answered.

Phil and Monica had met at a company retreat, bonding quickly over their shared resourcefulness. Each one always seemed to have an out of the box approach to life, taking naturally to looking at problems from outside the box. However, thus far no problem seemed to be a bigger obstacle than each other, both hellbent on cracking the enigma that was the other.

Later into the night, lightly intoxicated from a forgotten meal and drinks, Monica's suspicions began to bubble to the surface again. Phil seemed to her to grow more anxious with every passing minute. As her near ritualistic departure at 11:00 grew closer, he became more agitated. Nevertheless, she refused to bring up her observations, for fear of tipping him off. As usual, at 10:55 she brought up another excuse from her countless repertoire. She had to leave.

Like the clockwork of a nervous timepiece on the edge of failure, they said their farewells with a brief kiss on their mutually wine-stained lips. She made her way through the doorway, down the patio steps and up the street. She took the turn in direction of the bus stop, but immediately after darted into an alley instead.

Her well-kept hands clashed with the rusted metal of the fire- escape as she scaled the 4 story apartment. As she squatted on the platform for a better view, precariously balancing on her debt-financed heels, she could make out a familiar shape.

Her local surreptitious lover was there as expected, nervously walking up and down the room, as if expecting someone else but her in the dead of the night. *This is the night, the night I catch him, she thought. I'm not the only one sneaking around behind someone else's back.*

Briskly, after one final time checking his watch, the silhouette made a break for the back door. He was careful to leave the lights at home on. Monica climbed down the fire escape as quickly as her polka-dot dress would allow, and took off in pursuit, being sure not to be spotted. They passed by the front of Phil's duplex, causing her to momentarily question her actions. It didn't matter though, she had to know the truth whether her lover was laying with someone else but her.

Unfortunately for her, he got into his car and sped northwards. Without a vehicle of her own she was powerless to pursue him.

Downtrodden by her ill luck, she resigned herself to calling it a night and begun the long walk home. Her fake excuse of missing the last bus was now a reality and her blistered feet stung physically and ironically with every step.

It was half past one in the morning when she reached home, exhausted and no longer tipsy. All she wanted to do was sleep.

Not five minutes later, already in her nightgown, the doorbell rang. As she opened the door confused and half asleep she was confronted by a drunken man.

Practically on the verge of crying he pushed his way in mumbling. Shocked, she yelled at him, demanding what he was doing in such a state, and at such a time, at her home.

Between muffled sobs, and a cracking voice, he demanded where she had been, and more piercingly who she had been seeing.

It was Phil.

Unable to hold back she blasted out at him in return. "Me?! Where have you been? You think I don't know you have been sneaking out every night after I see you? Who is this bitch you are fucking on the side?"

Visibly stunned, Phil shut up. He fell, and sank into the seat just like a branch falling from a tree into quicksand.

After several long moments, head down, he began to make some noises. Monica, beyond herself, approached him in the seat and lowered herself so she could see his

face. Phil was giggling. Giggling like an infant who grasps division before the others whilst in second grade.

Monica enraged more and more with every chuckle lashed out: "What is so damn funny!?"

"Don't you see honey?" Phil managed to squeak out between breaths, "Who I've been *seeing* this whole time is you! And apparently who you have been seeing is me!"

After a new moment of silence, filled with a few distinct moments of eureka, Monica put it together as well, her face, becoming visibly relieved with every conclusion.

She fell, butt first onto the bench in the entrance, directly across from Phil. Both began to laugh hysterically among the shoes.

They had been stalking *each other*.

POETRY IN ENGLISH

POESÍA EN INGLÉS

FIRST PRIZE

POETRY
IN ENGLISH

PRIMER PREMIO

POESÍA
EN INGLÉS

AUTHOR

AUTOR

Rama Al Ramahi

PIECE

OBRA

First

WHEN

you talk about her, you always reference ticking clocks.
But somehow time is always still as the words pour out of your mouth,
like velvet that's a shade too dark for my taste.
The way your clock refuses to tick makes me bite my tongue a little harder
And as I sit there and listen you must've noticed my silence, louder than midnight
bombs driving men to battlefields.
The voice in my head was asking me whether the pain was good;
“you’re screaming for it.
Or are you screaming from it?”
Does it matter?

I try to speak a language I thought we both understood,
you look puzzled.
“We bleed from similar veins.” I say,
every syllable finding its way through the labyrinth of my clenched teeth.
And much like you, I am stuck in the timelessness of my own Mona Lisa’s smile;
perishing the same way a dead body becomes one with the soil.
Feeling the utter desperation of being trapped in a room with no corners to dwell in.
I find myself stroking my pen on paper with so much desperation, because the ink
is the only thing that could bring you back.
I write of the bed sheets and the broken promises.
of the sunsets and the drunken hello’s
and the sober goodbyes, of course.
But when I’ve written down every word I’ve ever learnt
in every language I’ve ever spoken
and my pen runs out of memories
I realise that the ink can never write down
the way your lips tasted of cigarette smoke and bad decisions.

so, I sit here staring at the wall
remembering you telling me
that I was a walking, talking verse of poetry
in a book forgotten on a shelf, collecting dust and long-overdue goodbyes.
remembering you telling me
“No one likes second hand toys.
You’re worn out in places you shouldn’t have been touched”

I used to sleep and wake up to the rhythm of you
but eventually the music stopped,
And yet, some nights when I rest my aching limbs
and I surrender my head to the pillow,
the creativity of the sound my own heartbeat makes,
brings thoughts of you back like waves hitting mountains,
thoughts of me asking you in silence
if you could teach me how to sew my limbs together with poetry.
To which you explain
that you can only teach me how to set my lungs on fire.
I'm watching you eye the nearest exit.

and if there were ever a time when I want something back
for all the times you've slept in my bed
and then chose to leave before the sun came up
—but not before the alcohol oozes out of your pores in the form of empty apologies—
I would want to understand the sadistic pleasure you got
from holding my gaze until I squirm under the uncomfortable heat of your eyes.
I would want to know whether the way you looked at me

was more than just the lust I saw lurking at the corners of your mouth
I would want to know if my mind meant more to you than midnight musings,
more than time spent for the sake of empty minutes.
I would want to know what you meant when you looked at me that night
and said
“When you’re upset it’s like staring down the barrel of a gun.”
I never really understood what that meant,
But I still remember telling myself off in my head
telling me that all I felt was another chemical shift in my body.
But I still watch you

SECOND PRIZE

POETRY
IN ENGLISH

SEGUNDO PREMIO

POESÍA
EN INGLÉS

AUTHOR

AUTOR



PIECE

OBRA

Imprisoned

DON'T

touch us when we're not looking,
after we said 'no' to you before.
Don't treat us like we're objects,
and try, and try, and try some more.

Don't think that it is normal,
to whistle, grab or even shout,
to me and other women,
even if we don't say 'no' out loud.

'No' is not a simple word,
that needs sound to be understood.
It can be conveyed through a language,
that is silent at its roots.

When we're intimate together,
let us feel we are admired.
Not ashamed because we don't live up,
to the porn star image, you desire.

What is on screen, is not reality,
far from what women really need.
We want respect, and love,
only in balanced pleasure are we truly free.

Now, be careful with throwing words,
like 'feminist' in my face.
You will never grasp the meaning,
if you don't adjust your pace.

Take a step back and imagine,
what it sometimes feels like, to be me.
I am free, yet imprisoned,
by the expectations of society.

THIRD PRIZE

POETRY
IN ENGLISH

TERCER PREMIO

POESÍA
EN INGLÉS

AUTHOR

AUTOR



Daniel Bloch

PIECE

OBRA

Move

JOURNEY

amongst the hidden and the brave,
Scurrying in the darkness from a lonely night.
We bashful beings are humbled by a breath,
Choking on the smoke of our own inhibitions.

How shallow will we fall beyond,
When we corner our path to an ends once found?
We persevere for the sake of a face,
A forging flame of a soul unseen.

Bury the shame of misfortune's haze;
conceal the fear of fear itself.
For time is the essence for a wound unhealed,
Self-inflicted to a point of reflect.

Are you present? Or have you forsaken?
Why bother look the past in the eye?

PHOTOGRAPHY

FOTOGRAFÍA

FIRST PRIZE

PHOTOGRAPHY

PRIMER PREMIO

FOTOGRAFÍA

AUTHOR

AUTOR

Carolyn
Billetdeaux

PIECE

OBRA

Tres niveles



SECOND PRIZE

PHOTOGRAPHY

SEGUNDO PREMIO

FOTOGRAFÍA

AUTHOR

AUTOR

Shantanu
Garka

PIECE

OBRA

Answers from above



THIRD PRIZE

PHOTOGRAPHY

TERCER PREMIO

FOTOGRAFÍA

AUTHOR

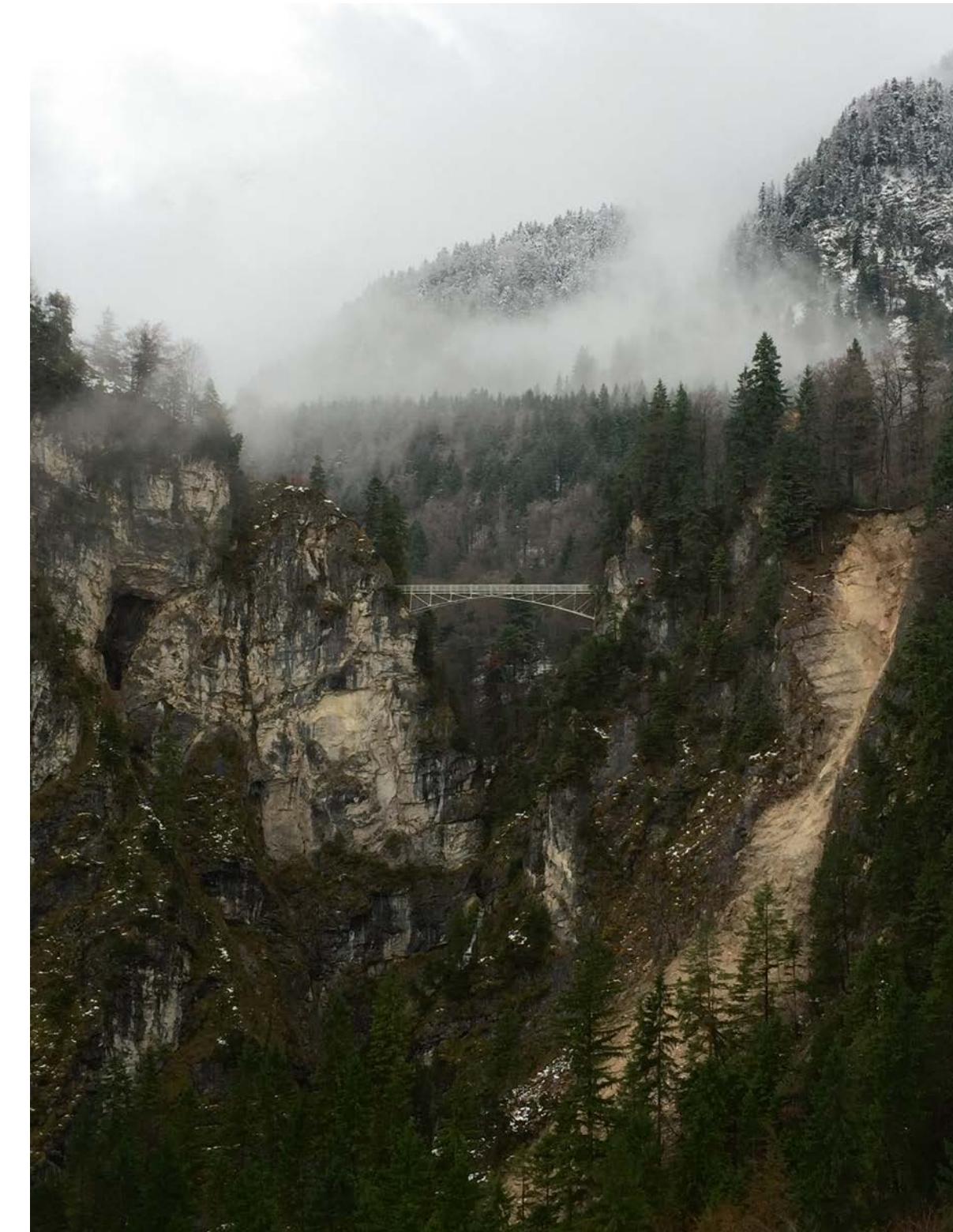
AUTOR

Yan
JinFu

PIECE

OBRA

Ink and wash



HONORABLE
MENTION

PHOTOGRAPHY

MENCIÓN
ESPECIAL

FOTOGRAFÍA

AUTHOR

AUTOR

Teddy
Godíñon

PIECE

OBRA

Ojo por ojo



VIDEO

VÍDEO

FIRST PRIZE

VIDEO

PRIMER PREMIO

VÍDEO

AUTHORS

AUTORES

Eugenia Goffre Muro & Héloïse Allemandon

PIECE

OBRA

Don't forget me



SECOND PRIZE

VIDEO

SEGUNDO PREMIO

VÍDEO

AUTHOR

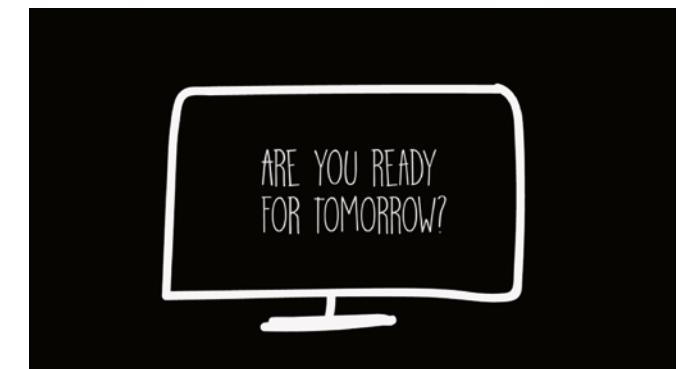
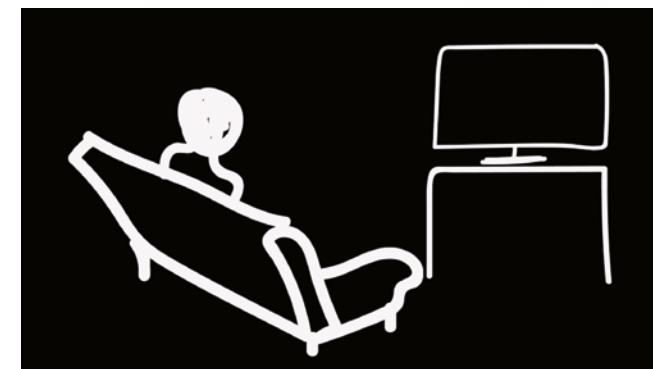
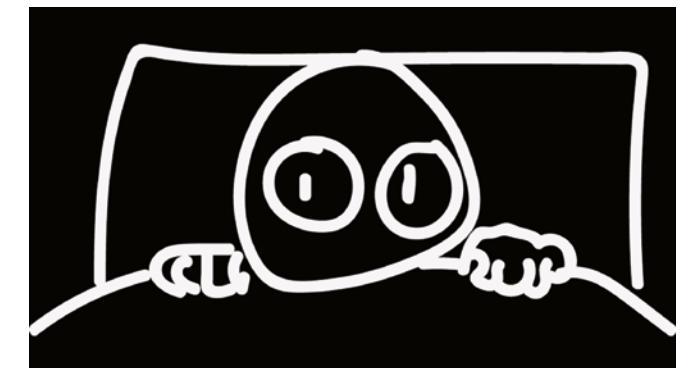
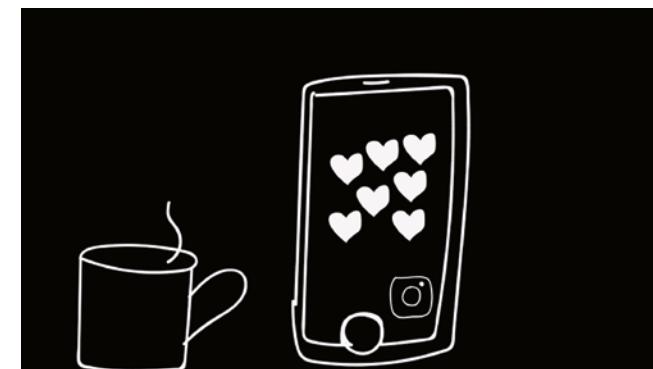
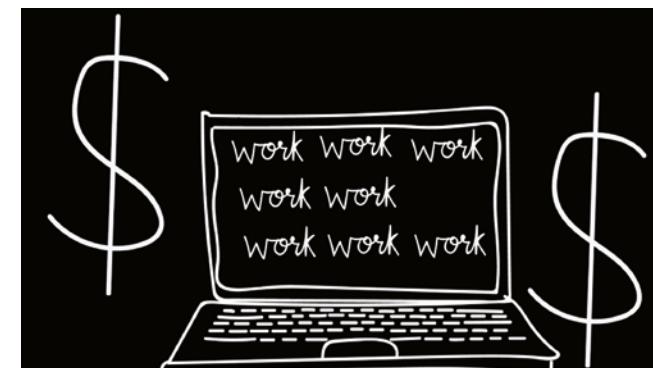
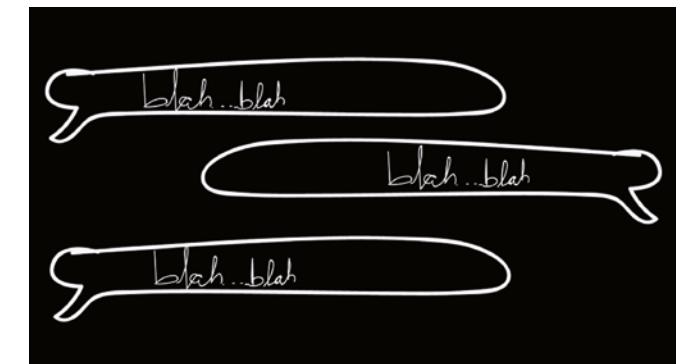
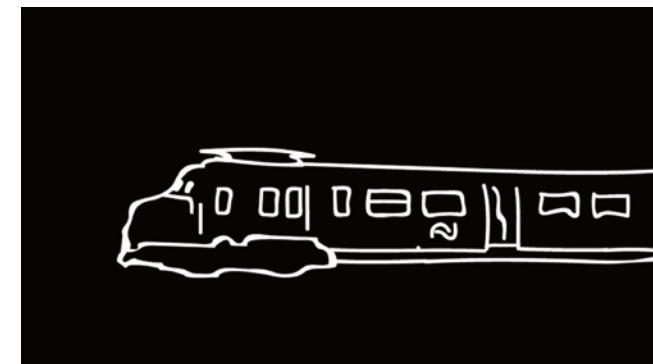
AUTOR

Nidhi
Swarakanath

PIECE

OBRA

Happy Monday



THIRD PRIZE

VIDEO

TERCER PREMIO

VÍDEO

AUTHOR

AUTOR

Raya
Hilany

PIECE

OBRA

Macera



EPILOGUE

EPÍLOGO

Carlos Mas

Dear reader,

By the time you had arrived to these lines, you will have enjoyed fascinating short stories, photographs that move to reflection or shake our sensibility, poems that arise new feelings.

The talent of their authors is the result of their perseverance, their determination to acquire not only a unique education but also develop the wide range of capacities and aptitudes characteristic of our students.

The Humanities, together with technological immersion, diversity and entrepreneurial mind-set, is one of the key pillars of IE that the Foundation engages in protecting and fostering. The IE Foundation is proud, as an institution, of recognising with these Prizes the talent of the winners, who reflect so well the advancing of the Humanities, and wishes to express its thanks to the friends, donors and collaborators who allow us to do so. Thinking about them, within the context of the IE Foundation Prizes in the Humanities, I cannot help bringing back to mind the words that Albert Camus wrote in *L'homme révolté*, which in the IE Foundation we try to follow every day:

“True generosity with the times to come consists in giving away everything in the present”.

Madrid, August 2017

Querido lector:

Cuando hayas llegado a estas líneas habrás disfrutado de relatos fascinantes, fotografías que mueven a la reflexión o remueven nuestra sensibilidad, poesías que nos hacen sentir cosas nuevas.

El talento de sus autores es fruto de su perseverancia, su empeño en adquirir una educación única y todo el abanico de capacidades y aptitudes que caracteriza a nuestros alumnos.

Las Humanidades, junto con la inmersión tecnológica, la diversidad y la mentalidad emprendedora son las ideas-fuerza del IE que la Fundación se empeña en proteger y fomentar. La Fundación IE está orgullosa —así, como institución— de premiar los talentos de los ganadores de los Premios, que tan bien reflejan el cultivo de las Humanidades, y está agradecida a los amigos, donantes y colaboradores que nos permiten hacerlo. Para estos, tratándose del contexto de los Premios Fundación IE en Humanidades, no puedo dejar de usar las palabras de Albert Camus en *L'homme révolté* que en la Fundación IE tratamos de seguir día a día:

“La verdadera generosidad con el porvenir consiste en darlo todo en el presente”.

Madrid, agosto de 2017

Fiz de mim o que não soube,
E o que podia fazer de mim não o fiz.
o dominó que vesti era errado.

Conheceram-me logo por quem não era e não

desmenti, e perdi-me.

Quando quis tirar a máscara,
Estava pegada à cara.

Quando a tirei e me vi ao espelho, Já tinha envelhecido.

TABACARIA, Fernando Pessoa / Alvaro de Campos

I made of myself what I did not know how,
And what I could have made of myself I failed to do.
The domino costume that I wore was all wrong
And I was immediately recognized as someone
 I was not and I did not deny it, and was lost.
When I tried to take off the mask,
It was stuck to my face.
When I took it off and looked myself in the mirror,
I had already grown old.

Hice de mí lo que no supe,
Y lo que podía haber hecho de mí no lo hice.
Vestí un disfraz equivocado.
De primeras me tomaron por quien no era
 y no lo desmentí, y me perdí.
Cuando quise quitarme la máscara
La tenía pegada a la cara.
Cuando me la quité y me vi en el espejo
Ya había envejecido.

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