

Maria Antònia Sureda Febrer **THE MYSTERY OF THE MASK**

Once upon a time, there was a town called Manacor. It was a town where its citizens were happy because they always celebrated festivities. One of the most important customs was to celebrate the famous day of Sant Antoni with bonfires and traditional songs. Children, adults, and old people all together followed the devils dancing around the town.

One day before the celebration, the devil's head disappeared in the town council. Then the mayor announced it to the population and everybody started shouting:

- What the hell, What the hell! Where is the devil mask?

Citizens were sad and angry because the party would be canceled without the mask. The mayor called the police to solve the robbery.

Finally, a sheep appeared in front of the church with the devil's mask on its head.

People were so surprised and said again: - What the hell, is that a ghost? Everybody started laughing and the devil started to dance.

GUANYADORA

ANGLÈS B1-B2

IV Concurs de relats breus

EOI DE MANACOR 2021-2022

Raquel Servera Turnes

Tonina-Eve discovered her true vocation as an artist when she started sculpting festival masks. She had already been introduced to the art of papier-mâché and colored plasticine since she was a child in her grandmother's offhanded –and stinked of turpentine- arts atelier at damp Hurt Heart St.

Due to her sickly perfectionism and mastery of acrylic resin, she was proposed for the restoration of the figures and costumes of her native Hand Heart Ville. It was a unique opportunity to express the beauty of Evil and stand out from mediocrity... But remorse lurked in the shape of insomnia, the suffocation of family religious fervor was still latent: putting a body and a face to Evil was an audacity, a shame towards God, a provocation which could make one undeserving of Heaven.

-What if the artist blended into her work? What if his Evil handiwork came to life?

But it was in this fear that Tonina-Eve found a certain relish and motivation to continue sculpting: she enjoyed kneading those grotesque and mocking faces that bordered on obscenity. She imagined them in challenging, even violent positions. It was such a very exciting liking, even a secret and clandestine one, that she would never tell anyone; it wasn't worth risking a misunderstanding from others that would condemn her to further isolation.

On the way home, overcoming insomnia again, a strange smell of urine and ashes woke up that lost and slightly tired gaze.

-WHAT THE HELL!! – She snapped.

Indeed, in the distance, an atavistic music of drums, sticks and demonic cowbells announced the incarnation of her grotesque and furry work. A score of children, followers of San Vito, danced tirelessly while a mesmerizing fire came out of the hollow eyes and twisted goat's horns that tempted Tonia-Eve to burn her flesh to purify her torn soul.

It was unsettling how familiar that link to the Dark was to her, innocent and playful at the same time. The simple idea already seemed like a game to her:

-After all, a Man is not a Man if he doesn't have a bit of evil inside him- she thought.

The transforming fire diluted the struggle between Good and Evil while exhibiting its maximum splendor in the heart of the winter that cries out for the explosion of the spring, the Bacchus' parade, the coven of witches.

GUANYADORA

ANGLÈS C1-C2

IV Concurs de relats breus

EOI DE MANACOR 2021-2022

Catalina Llaneras Sureda

WHAT THE HELL!

Jane was an ordinary girl, not tall, not short, with dark eyes and long brown hair, she had just celebrated her fifteen birthday and no one had congratulated her, even their separate parents who were too busy with their brand new families.

She felt so damnably sad that she decided: "What the hell! I'm gonna do something stunningly unforgettable".

Jane spent the whole next weekend with her white dog Eira plotting a plan. It has to be perfectly designed, she must not leave any stone unturned in order to accomplish her purpose.

Sports training was not her cup of tea but that was going to change, she needed to get fit for her goal, so during the next two months she went running daily 5 miles and swimming 2 hours.

Finally the day arrived, after breakfast she left home as usual to go to school but this time, with her dog Eira, what she really did was drive her motorbike to the seaside to a near completely deserted cove because it was early May. There she put her wetsuit on, filled a little inflatable boat for Eira and a bag with some food and water. She tied a rope from the boat to her waist and began to swim offshore.

After about three hours she began to feel tired but her mind was still excited with the adventure. She also was a bit scared when she realised that she couldn't see land all around herself. She drank and ate some snacks, checked the direction with a compass and went on swimming.

Three hours later she was exhausted but she knew coming back was not an option. After a 5 minute rest she spotted a Balearia ship, fortunately she was not in its route but she was afraid of the waves it would leave behind. In a few moments she embraced the little boat with Eira, and they bravely resisted the pounding of the waves.

Land was in her sight after 12 long hours! Cala Blanca in Menorca would be their final destination. Worn out but happier than ever before, she had made it!

Her worried parents went to meet her and all three had a long and productive talk. She and her inseparable Eira had obtained a record Guinness: the youngest girl to swim in open water for 34 miles.

GUANYADORA

ALEMANY A1-A2-B1

IV Concurs de relats breus

EOI DE MANACOR 2021-2022

Francesca Mesquida Mesquida

EIN ALBTRAUM

Es ist eine Nacht im Februar. Alles sieht ruhig aus und ich liege auf dem Bett, denn ich bin sehr müde. Plötzlich höre ich einen Knall. Es ist echt laut. Ich bin nervös und ich habe Angst, denn ich bin allein zu Haus. Was zum Teufel ist los? Ist das ein Traum? Ist das echt? Ich kann nicht schlafen. In der Nähe kann man Sirenen hören. Ich stehe schnell auf. Ich sehe aus dem Fenster und es gibt eine Explosion. Das ist schrecklich! Ein Hochhaus in Kiew ist kaputt! Die Lage ist jetzt nicht ruhig. Russland bombardiert meine Stadt, Kiew. Ich bin sehr traurig. Ich verstecke mich im Keller mit meinen Nachbarn. Sie sind sehr nett, aber sie haben auch Angst. Wir wissen nicht, wie lange der Krieg dauert. Wir wollen keinen Krieg!

GUANYADOR

ALEMANY B2-C1

IV Concurs de relats breus

EOI DE MANACOR 2021-2022

Mirella Pérez Vallejo **EIN JUNGE...EINFACHER**

„Mein Vater hilft meiner Mutter viel zu Hause“ hörte ich ein kleines Mädchen zu einer ihrer Freundinnen sagen. Ich konnte nicht vermeiden, dem Gespräch zuzuhören. Ich wollte dem Mädchen eine kleine Lektion erteilen, aber ich beschleunigte den Schritt und ging dem jungen Mädchen voraus.

Ich habe meine Kopfhörer aufgesetzt, um den Weg angenehmer zu machen. Ich schaltete die Nachrichten ein und hörte einen Mann sagen: „Weder Machismus noch Feminismus!“ „Ok, tschüss“ dachte ich und wechselte den Kanal auf: „Neuer Fall von sexistischer Gewalt...“, „Frauen verdienen 26% weniger als Männer“... Genug für heute.

Endlich zu Hause, lege ich mich auf die Couch, während mein Essen im Ofen warm wird. Ich schaue auf mein Handy. Eine Freundin hatte mir eine Whatsapp geschrieben: „Schau mein Instagram an! Ich habe ein neues Foto gepostet“. Aber es gab kein Foto mehr. Ja, diese Freundin hatte nur ein Bild von einer Brust gepostet. Ja, Brüste, natürlich mit Nippeln. Es ist nur eine Zeichnung, aber in sozialen Medien nennt man „sexuellen Inhalt“. Das ist nur für Frauen, offensichtlich, weil die Brust des Mannes „anders“ ist. Sie müssen keinen Büstenhalter tragen, auch wenn sie größere Titten als ich haben.

Und es gibt immer noch diejenigen, die sagen, warum es den Frauentag gibt und nicht den Männertag. Es gibt immer noch diejenigen, die glauben, dass Frauen die gleichen Rechte wie Männer haben.

Was zum Teufel?!

Das sind dieselben, die, wenn man sie fragt, ob sie einen Jungen oder ein Mädchen haben wollen, sagen: ein Junge...einfacher.

GUANYADOR

FRANCÈS A1-B2

IV Concurs de relats breus

EOI DE MANACOR 2021-2022

Antonio Lull Grimalt

LE GENTIL PETIT DIABLE

Le prêtre lui dit au petit diable: pour être gentil il faut obéir tes parents, s'ils sont méchants, tu devrais essayer d'être bonne personne et de compenser leur méfaits.

Le petit diable a retourné à l'Enfer et il a continué à travailler aux mine du charbon. Il est retourné chez soi où il a embrasé ses parents.

Le lendemain il a parlé avec le Grand Contrôleur des Chaudières Diaboliques pour travailler une autre fois aux chaudières. Ils étaient d'accord. À la chaudière il mouillait le charbon a fin de bouillir à feu doux. Quand il comptait les damnés, s'il manquait quelqu'un il disait qu'il s'était fondu parce qu'il était trop gros. Mais ce n'était pas vrai, il s'agissait que Dieux avait pardonné les péchés aux damnés.

Un jour il a rencontré le prêtre dans les Chaudières et lui a demandé pourquoi il était là-bas. Le prêtre lui a répondu : Toi, tu qui est méchant, tu est meilleure personne que moi. Pourtant je pensais que j'étais bonne personne".

Leçon: Les méchants ont aussi son petit coeur et le coeur des bonnes personnes n'est pas si grand.