

Juvenes Translatores

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TRANSLATION

Unity gives us strength

Overnight, our lives changed. An invisible threat descended upon us all. The world stood still with its inhabitants locked away. The only thing left for people to talk about was COVID-19: the common enemy that had shaken our societies.

I would have believed it was just the plot of a horror movie had I not seen the president, as well as the measures, to announce a state of emergency. "It must be a joke!", I thought. Then, the news of increased measures hit me like a sheet of ice. Spain, along with the rest of the European Union, and almost every corner of the earth, went into lockdown. "Okay, this is really happening now".

Two, three days passed, each as confusing as the other. I was lost in my thoughts, I was furious, I was upset, and I was driving myself up the walls. So I decided to dust off my guitar and sit out on my balcony to play some songs.

My first chords sounded timidly and unsurely, but slowly, my fingers returned to life and the rhythms of "Sunflowers", by Rozalén, vibrated through every string. Meanwhile, on a nearby balcony, a neighbour sang, "...so I sing to the organised people with sense, to the humble who search for peace, to the sensitive people who care for others and know how to love...". Then, one voice followed another, a box drum joined and soon the balconies around the square had turned into an makeshift stage for a neighbourly concert. "Another, another!", "Don't let it end!".

Beep! A text from my friend Selena, who I met a few years ago in Italy, during my Erasmus. She was sending me a video. In her area they had also united with music. Wait, wasn't it Klaus, the German, who played the saxophone? And Lis, who played the violin? Of course!

The following day, we kept up the music and continued our little concert. This time however, we all joined together over a videocall, from various places all over Europe. I connected some speakers, they did the same, and more and more neighbours were gathering constantly. These were people from my own area whom I had never met, as well neighbours in Selena's, Klaus's and Lis's areas. Some people sang, some played instruments and some joined in clapping their hands and dancing. At that moment we knew we were all in the same boat, with one goal between us: to be able to go back to our normal lives. So we stood together in our despair, in our hopes, in our fears, and in our strengths. We finished up with one final round of applause filled with whistles and laughter, that lets us remember the sense of community and camaraderie that comes with being a part of our society. A society that fights together as one in the face of adversary.

Juvenes Traductores

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SOURCE TEXT

La unión hace la fuerza

De la noche a la mañana, la vida cambió. Una amenaza invisible al ojo humano se cernía sobre todos nosotros; el mundo estaba paralizado, y la población, encerrada a cal y canto. En boca de todos, ese enemigo que sigilosamente había sacudido nuestras sociedades desde los cimientos: la COVID-19.

Me lo hubiera tomado como el argumento de una película de terror de no haber visto al presidente comparecer ante los medios para decretar el estado de alarma. «¡Será de coña!», pensé. Entonces, como un jarro de agua fría, cayó la noticia del confinamiento generalizado, en España, en el resto de la Unión Europea, en prácticamente cada rincón del mundo. «Vale, está pasando de verdad».

Pasaron dos, tres días confusos. Perdido en mis pensamientos, furioso, triste, estaba que me subía por las paredes; así que decidí desempolvar mi guitarra y sentarme en el balcón a tocar unas canciones.

Tímidamente brotaron los primeros acordes. Poco a poco mis dedos volvieron a la vida, y las cuerdas vibraban al ritmo de Girasoles, de Rozalén, mientras, desde un balcón vecino, alguien cantaba «...así que le canto a los coherentes, a los humildes que buscan la paz, a los seres sensibles que cuidan de otros seres y saben amar...». Luego, otra voz, y otra, una caja de percusión, y los balcones de la plaza se convirtieron en improvisados escenarios de un concierto vecinal. «¡Otra, otra!», «¡Que no decaiga!».

¡Clin! Un wasap de mi amiga Selena, a la que había conocido un par de años antes en Italia, durante mi Erasmus. Me mandaba un vídeo: también en su barrio luchaban con música. Espera, ¿no estaba también Klaus, el alemán, que tocaba el saxofón? ¿Y Lis, que tocaba el violín? ¡Claro!

Al día siguiente, repetimos la experiencia, esta vez al unísono, por videoconferencia, desde distintos puntos de Europa. Conecté unos altavoces, ellos hicieron lo propio, cada vez se sumaban más vecinos, gente de mi barrio a la que ni siquiera conocía, vecinos de Selena, de Klaus, de Lis. Unos cantaban, algunos tocaban un instrumento, otros acompañaban con palmas y bailaban; en esos momentos, todos sabíamos que remábamos en un mismo barco con un mismo rumbo: el de recuperar un día nuestra normalidad. Así que unimos nuestra desesperanza, nuestra ilusión, nuestro temor, nuestra fuerza, hasta acabar fundiéndonos en un apoteósico aplauso final, silbidos, risas, que nos devolvieron la sensación de ser parte de una sociedad que lucharía por salir adelante, unidos, a pesar de las adversidades.