

La luciérnaga nº60

BOLETÍN DE LA BIBLIOTECA DEL IES LUIS DE LUCENA

**“LOS ERRORES NO SON FRACASOS ...
SON SEÑAL DE QUE LO ESTAMOS
INTENTANDO”**

John C. Maxwell

¿SABÍAS QUÉ?

El **25 de noviembre** desde el año 1999 fue instaurado por la ONU como **“EL DÍA INTERNACIONAL PARA LA ELIMINACIÓN DE LA VIOLENCIA CONTRA LA MUJER “**

¿Por qué este día? Porque fue precisamente el 25 de noviembre, pero del año 1960 cuando se encontraron los cuerpos sin vida de tres hermanas. Sus nombres, Minerva, Patria y M^a Teresa. Habían nacido en la República Dominicana, más concretamente en la provincia de Salcedo. Patria en 1924, Minerva en 1926 y M^a Teresa en 1935. Las tres tenían estudios, Patria era mecanógrafa, Minerva estudió Leyes y M^a Teresa Matemáticas. Se les dio el apodo de “Las Mariposas”.

Las tres estaban casadas y tanto ellas como sus maridos actuaron activamente para acabar con el régimen de **Rafael Leónidas Trujillo Molina**, el dictador que a lo largo de treinta años (1930-1961) gobernó “a golpe de mazmorra y machetazo la República Dominicana”. Motivo por el que fueron apresadas en varias ocasiones.



Minerva además sufrió el acoso de Trujillo, que al verse rechazado en sus avances amorosos, complicó la vida de la familia Mirabal entera.

En 1960, las dos hermanas menores, Minerva y María Teresa son apresadas una vez más. Se les condena a tres años de cárcel, pero por presiones al régimen de Trujillo, son liberadas a los pocos meses. No así sus maridos que continúan presos.

Pero ese mismo año, Patria, María Teresa y Minerva son interceptadas en un auto por la policía secreta, quien tras ahorcarlas y golpearlas, las deja caer a un barranco tratando de encubrir el crimen como un accidente. Con ellas murió además el chofer Rufino de la Cruz. El impacto no se hizo esperar: eran líderes, eran madres, eran mujeres con voz, que acentuaron la indignación con la violencia del régimen trujillista. Patria tenía 36 años cuando murió, mientras que Minerva 34 y María Teresa sólo 25.

El crimen conmovió a una nación ya cansada de tres décadas de violencia. Al año siguiente, Trujillo es asesinado.

Las Mirabal tenían otra hermana, Belgica, apodada Dedé, quien desde el crimen continuó con el legado de su familia. Hoy se han transformado en íconos del feminismo y un símbolo de República Dominicana, donde además de la provincia que lleva su nombre tienen un museo y un homenaje en la vía pública.

<https://mujeresbacanas.com/las-hermana-mirabal/>

TEMPORAL FCUK

It was a day like any other. I was in my room lying on my bed tired and about to sleep after coming home from a long day at school when suddenly a blue light flashed in the hallway. I knew it wasn't my mother because she'd left me on my own for 2 weeks, and she wasn't gonna come back until 27th May, which was 3 months and 2 weeks away, and my father had left me and my mother when i was just a few years old. I got up from my bed and opened the door to the hallway. There was a man there. He was wearing a cyan beanie with orange letters which spelled something i couldn't

read. He was also wearing a gray hoodie with pockets, in which the man had his hands in. He had a small scar on his left eyebrow and he had a beard that looked as if i had stopped shaving for a couple of months. I'm not good at guessing ages but he wasn't that old, although he did look he was a bit older than me. We stared at each other for a few awkward seconds and then he said "Hey". I put my hand in my left jacket pocket. This time I happened to be Lying on bed with my jacket on, and I always keep a cardboard cutter in my left pocket for self defense. I replied to him by saying "Who are you?". He said: "Okay look, it's really hard to explain and I know that it makes no absolutely no fcuking sense and all that but, to put it simple, I am your future self". Again, I stared at him in disappointment for a couple of seconds and said: "Get out of my house, and next time you try to rob someone PLEASE just try to come up with a better excuse than that". He then said: "I ain't lying buddy, how the hell do you want me to prove-" and he put a hand on my shoulder as he was talking, so I moved away and pulled out my cutter. "Oh yeah" he said, and then he showed me another cutter he had in his left pocket. It was not the same model, but it was very similar. "Alright pal, let me explain you the situation" he said. "Y'see, right now you're a fcuking waste and i'm here just to change it. you keep thinking about situations and people that don't exist just to distract you from the real world. You keep putting yourself in a 1 box, and the only thing that's doing is clouding your future. And here I am, being an alcoholic motherfcuker who can't even hold himself together. I come from the future just to change you. To change myself". He kept explaining everything. He sounded both angry and pitiful, and definitely serious. What he was telling me checked out to be true. He showed me the time machine he used. It wasn't anything fancy, it looked like some sort of remote which had numbers and buttons on it. The numbers showed the time when the man appeared in my hallway. It said "13/2/2021" and "15:41:00". I didn't believe it that much and I asked how the machine worked because i thought time travelling was impossible, but future me didn't know how it worked either. He also told me the reason his cutter was a different model than mine is because someone broke

his cutter. We spent a few months together. He told me a deadline which I didn't know what meant, and frankly, I don't think he did either even though he made that date really important. It was September 13th. I didn't like him at all. He lost his temper really easily and he got mad at me very often. Not only this, but he also abused me both physically and psychologically. He was just trying to make me a better human by forcing me to be responsible and healthier. He even took me to the doctor to get my medical problems checked up. But he did it the wrong way. He yelled at me a lot, and one time he got so mad he threw my own cutter at me, which broke the cutter and made me bleed from my left eyebrow. I didn't go to school for a week after that. When my mother came back 2 months, 2 weeks and 2 days before the deadline, future me started taking me to a nearby bar to check up on me and to give me his clothes so i washed them for him since he wanted me to be responsible. My time with him was horrible and my life just went downhill since he arrived. I eventually gave in and started drinking with him and I stopped shaving because I was so tired from what my future self made me go through. But I couldn't handle the deadline. September 13th. It was 2 days before that day and I still didn't know anything about it. What did the deadline mean? What would happen after that? But I was more worried about something else. Future me said that by then I should be the best version of myself, but I didn't improve at all. In fact, I had worsened by far. I was extremely worried about what future me would do to me, so I had a crazy idea. When he gave me his clothes at the bar, I also stole his handy little time machine while he was drinking. I went home with both things and a sick plan in mind: I was gonna put on his clothes and go back to 13/2/2021 15:41:00. I was gonna have a word with my past fcuking self. 2
DISCLAIMER: ALL CHARACTERS IN THIS STORY --EVEN THOSE BASED ON REAL PEOPLE-- ARE ENTIRELY FICTIONAL. THESE EVENTS ARE NOT MADE WITH PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

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