

Macià and the Giant Who Lost His Step

Macià was six years old and had such a passion that it could barely fit in his chest: the giants.

He knew their names, he could distinguish the sound of the gralla from the beat of the drum, and when there was a parade, he was the first to arrive at the square. He would sit very close, with his eyes wide open, to watch the figures begin to turn.

“When I grow up, I want to carry a giant!” he would say.

One Saturday morning, the town square smelled of celebration. The musicians were tuning their grallas, the drummers were testing their rolls, and the group of giants was preparing Roc, the tallest giant of them all. He wore a red sash, a blue cape, and a smile that seemed capable of lighting up every balcony.

Macià watched as they adjusted his dress when he heard a very low voice:

“Oh, oh, oh…”

He looked to the right and left. No one seemed to have heard it.

“Oh, oh, oh… I won’t be able to dance today.”

The voice came from inside the giant.

Macià approached and asked in a whisper:

“Roc, is that you?”

“Yes,” replied the giant. “I’ve lost my step.”

“How can you lose a step?”

“Yesterday I knew it: one, two, turn; one, two, turn. But this morning I woke up and couldn’t remember. If I go out like this, I’ll trip the whole group.”

Macià thought for a moment. Perhaps a lost step was hidden like socks, under a bed or behind a door. He looked under Roc’s cloak, next to the hobbyhorses, and even inside a gralla case. Nothing.

Then he heard the musicians.

Ta-da! Boom, boom, boom!

Without realizing it, Macià’s foot began to tap out the rhythm.

One, two, turn.

One, two, turn.

“Roc!” he exclaimed. “Your step isn’t something you can find on the ground. Perhaps it lives within the music.”

“But I’m too big to feel something so small,” said the giant.

“Well, we’ll all listen to it.”

Macià went to find Jana, the leader of the group, and told her that Roc needed to rehearse a little. He didn’t tell her that the giant could talk, because that was a secret between them.

Jana gathered the giant carriers.

“Let’s start slowly,” she said. “No one is born knowing how to dance.”

The drummers played a soft beat.

Boom… boom… boom…

Macià clapped his hands.

“One, two!”

The carriers moved Roc from side to side.

“Now for the turn!” said Macià.

The giant turned very carefully. The first turn was a little crooked. On the second, his cape got caught. On the third, a carrier put his foot where it shouldn’t be, and they all had to stop.

“I’ll never get it,” Roc muttered.

Macià put his hand on Roc’s skirt.

“When I learn something new, I make mistakes too. But every time I try again, my body remembers a little more.”

The carriers took a breath, the musicians started again, and Macià set the rhythm.

“One, two, turn!”

One try.

“One, two, turn!”

Two tries.

“One, two, turn!”

On the third count, the blue cape traced a perfect circle in the air.

“I remembered!” Roc exclaimed.

At that moment, the bells rang. The parade was about to begin.

The square filled with families. Children stood on their tiptoes, and the adults held up their cell phones. When the grallas played the first note, Roc moved forward.

One, two, turn.

The crowd applauded.

One, two, turn.

Roc danced with confidence and joy. His blue cape billowed like a wave, and his red sash shimmered in the sun. Macià walked alongside the group, clapping so the giant wouldn’t lose the rhythm.

When they reached the center of the square, the music stopped for a moment. Roc leaned slightly toward Macià.

“This dance is yours too,” he whispered.

Jana, who had seen how Macià had helped during the rehearsal, offered him a small ribbon in the group’s colors.

“Today you’ve reminded us of something important,” she said. “A group doesn’t progress because one person does everything perfectly. It progresses because we listen to each other, help each other, and try again together.”

Macià tied the ribbon to his wrist. He felt taller than any giant.

When the parade resumed, the whole town followed the rhythm:

One, two, turn.

One, two, turn.

And from that day on, whenever Roc hesitated or one of the giants made a mistake, they looked for Macià in the crowd. He would raise his wrist with the colorful ribbon and clap his hands.

Because steps can be forgotten, but when a group beats as one, it can always find them again.