

Acknowledgements

Once more, I find myself in front of the defiant screen of my computer, who looks at me wondering what kind of discussion I will start typing on him today. Don't worry my dear friend, I guess today is a different day, different from all the days of the past five years; is the day in which my studies are concluded, the day in which I finally defend my Master Thesis.

And here I am, using the only section where the words "tradeoff" and "performance" are completely unnecessary. The only section where engineers are allowed to write about their feelings and their life.

It all started five years ago, when I faced the question, what should I study now? The answer was straightforward: you all know it. Durante estos cinco años trabajé muy duro, todos lo sabéis. Me dediqué en cuerpo y alma a obtener aquello que tanto anhelaba, y ahora estáis conmigo en el último paso, que no es último sino primero.

En la Escuela me formé, but it was not Fourier who made me wake up full of illusion every morning. Fuistéis vosotros: Manu (the boss...siempre estuviste ahí), Bruno (tú sólo estabas de vez en cuando), Fani (la alegría del grupo), Natalia (la cordobesa que más quiero), Inma (por la paz de tu ser), Óscar (por las Diosas), Sol (que siempre alumbra a mi mejor amigo) y Pepe (por nuestras discusiones en las que creíamos que podríamos cambiar el mundo). Vosotros...y muchos otros que no caben en el papel.

Countless all the things we did together: las clases de Celestino y su bata en primero (por aquel entonces Manu era rubio), en segundo las de Chávez (nunca imaginé que llegaría a reirme de chistes donde apareciese la palabra electrón) y las de Justo (y aquél día que llegaste tarde, Fani...), el año de tercero con "Los Serrano" y la "mirada del tigre", las mañanas de cuarto

con todas las leyes de Murphy habidas y por haber en Tratamiento Digital de Señales, aquél Matalascañas en el que descubrimos que los bocadillos de tortilla y arena no estaban tan malos, nuestros paseos por el río. Las noches interminables por Nervión, Plaza Cuba, La Alfalfa y la Calle Betis. Las cervezas y las risas.

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Time went fast, and the last year of my studies arrived, I decided to “fly out of the nest”. I left my family, my friends and my comfortable and warm Sevilla behind me, defying life and weather: I came to Sweden.

It has been an intense year where I had the luck of meeting incredible people, find new friends and even love. If I tried to write here the names of all of you, I would never finish. So I decided to just write three names (hard choice here). The first one is you, Isa, because you are my one. Pablo, you come second, I could say as many things of you as spaghetti we have eaten together. I will limit myself to just one word: forever...and you know you will end up in Spain, don't you? Fran, it's a pity you left Sweden so soon, I always expect to see you again, entering the kitchen with a couple of beers. For the rest: Rosa, Xavi, Gabri, Elenas (en plural), Jordi, Ana, Marta, Joan...you know how important you are for me. Thanks for insistently phoning me even when I disappeared during days, and even weeks (at the end, they have been more than three names...).

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