

**COLEGIO MARYMOUNT**

**COMITÉ CULTURAL  
MARYMOUNT**

CON LA COLABORACIÓN DE:  
EL DEPARTAMENTO DE LENGUA CASTELLANA  
EL DEPARTAMENTO DE INGLÉS  
EL DEPARTAMENTO DE FRANCÉS

**XXV ENCUENTRO LITERARIO  
TRANSICIÓN A UNDÉCIMO GRADO**

**STORY TELLING CONTEST  
3TH - 11TH GRADE**

**FRANCÉS  
DÉCIMO Y UNDÉCIMO GRADO**

**2011**





## SEPTIMO



María Adelaida Piedrahíta Botero (7<sup>o</sup>A)

That day I was in the library, cleaning books because of a punishment Mrs. Fox gave me for writing on my desk. Well, it seemed at first, like a normal day, but when I was cleaning one book, I saw another one that compared with the rest, caught my attention, and made me want to read it. So I brought it to a table and opened it, the letters seemed to be from hundreds of years ago, then I saw it wasn't in any known language, or at least almost all of it.

While I was making an attempt to read this mysterious language I suddenly realized, no one was left in the library. So I decided to take it to my house. It was late at that time, I was in my bedroom, I turned off the lights and lit some candles so I could see the stars, but an idea passed through my head, "read the book now" sitting underneath my window I said one of the sentences aloud from the book, but nothing happened, I started to look at the stars and raised my hand and pointed to some constellations, when I realized the stars were moving with my hand!

Frightened, I closed the book and went running down the stairs, thinking about all the things that just happened. Was I going crazy?

I didn't know what to think or do, I went outside for fresh air, and in a few seconds it was already the other day. Everything was becoming different in my world, anyway I never wanted to open that book again. But I couldn't control myself...



## *Encuentro Literario*



I started to read it , and I only could understand three words "clear your mind" so sitting there at the bottom of a tree I cleared my mind, closing my eyes and using all my energy to concentrate. After a few seconds, I realized all the leaves surrounding me were flying, or more exactly floating. I turned my back and saw my grandmother looking at me, smiling, she said - "Honey like me, you are a witch."