

COLEGIO MARYMOUNT

**COMITÉ CULTURAL
MARYMOUNT**

CON LA COLABORACIÓN DE:
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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**

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NOVENO

JUST A LONELY SHOE

Catalina Betancur Sánchez (9° A)

Living is just something I want no more, it has no sense...

I can't bear this anymore. I'm old as hell, everything hurts, I'm smelly and ugly. The love of my life is now gone and I hate being so lonely. I'm miserable, but a while ago this wasn't my condition; I used to be a pretty, expensive shoe. I had these awesome purple and blue stripes, I felt beautiful, wanted.

The first day I went home, I was very excited, the house was enormous and stepping on that floor felt like heaven. I had never felt so comfortable and pretty, but not only because I was new and smelled good but also because Sam (the guy who bought me and used me) was elegant, beautiful and he smelled like roses, and the best thing Sam had was that his nails were always cut and never hurt me. Oh how I miss Sam.

All this was way better than the factory where I was made. They didn't do anything but hurt me with those needles! That was very painful but it was worth it because in that factory I met the love of my life, Mindy.

Mindy was my other half, the most amazing shoe in the whole world and I was going to have the fortune of

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spending the rest of my life with her...or at least that's was what I thought.

I loved my life. Every morning we woke up and went jogging with Sam and Meli, Sam's wife. The best part was that always after we were done, Meli would spray us with a delicious vanilla fragrance and then she would leave us in the closet with the other shoes. We always had a very good time in that closet.

But going out this often made Mindy and I feel each day more and more tired, and Sam no longer used us as much as he used to. We were getting older, uglier.

One day, Meli took us to the mall, "we are getting new laces!" I thought, but what a big mistake. She took us to an ugly store where the salesman was weird and drunk and she just left us there, alone, helpless. The guy took Mindy and threw her through the window, she fell into the river... she never learned to swim. I immediately tried to go and save her but the fat salesman grabbed me and gave me to a homeless boy that was standing at the door. I knew I had lost Mindy forever.

I fell in a deep depression and never learned to enjoy life as I did before. I was missing my other half...

Yuber, the homeless boy, was a nice guy. But he never paid attention to me: he never washed me, or perfumed me or even let me dry after we went looking for food in the woods! With all this lack of care I've passed from being a pretty shoe to a ragged, ugly one.

I've been living with Yuber for seven years now and I simply think it has been enough...