



XXVII  
Encuentro  
Literario

**COLEGIO MARYMOUNT**

**CORPORACIÓN COMITÉ CULTURAL  
MARYMOUNT**

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

**XXVII ENCUENTRO LITERARIO  
TRANSICIÓN A UNDÉCIMO GRADO**

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

**FRANCÉS  
DÉCIMO A UNDÉCIMO GRADO**

**2012**





## SÉPTIMO

Verónica Escobar Mesa (7° A)

### HOPE NEVER FAILS

Life is like a prayer, you just hope it all will be okay. It is war, not everything is okay, not even half of it. My parents sent me away from the city with my cousin Noak, where we are safe, there is not much to do around here, we often ride horses or climb trees. My parents are fighting in the army, and I don't have grandparents or aunts, just an uncle with who I am staying.

One day we went for a ride through the woods. Everything was silent until a pack of wolves appeared and started chasing us. Our only option was to run, the horses galloped until they couldn't go faster. We went through hills, rivers and valleys but the wolves didn't get tired.

On the way the horses saw a snake and jumped, which made Noak fall from the horse and hurt his arm. The horse ran away but I decided to stay with Noak. Just when they were going to attack us a pack of reindeers passed by, so I guess the wolves decided to give up on us and follow them but we had a bigger problem, we were lost in the middle of the woods, with no food, just the clothes we had on, one horse and Noak was hurt.

-“Where are we?” - Noak asked.

I didn't reply, words didn't come out of my mouth. It was getting dark and we were in the middle of nowhere.

-“What are we going to do? It really hurts” - He said, I could feel his voice with pain but he was trying to be strong.

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I was paralyzed and couldn't talk.

- "At least can you talk to me?" - Noak shouted.

- "Sorry, I can't believe it, we are going to die!" - I said.

- "No we aren't, just stop thinking like that!" - He shouted again.

I sensed he was getting mad. I spent half an hour trying to clean Noak's arm. It was dark; I tied the horse to a tree and went to sleep. Next thing in the morning we were already awake, because of the cold wind. I looked at Noak and saw lots of blood all around him, then he looked around him as well, his face went white and fainted. I started feeling vulnerable, alone and with someone almost dying.

Memories started to appear, my family, my friends, where I lived, those times when I laughed, those times when I cried, those times when I had it all and didn't appreciate it. Tears started to fall from my eyes; I laid down and forgot all about Noak. When I woke up I was lost because I didn't see Noak anywhere, the horse was still there, it seemed like morning, how much time was I asleep, I started calling him all over the place but with no answer, I didn't know what else to do.

Then I saw a man in a horse, it was my uncle, he seemed happy to see me and waved his hand as he was getting closer.

- "Do you know where Noak is?" - I asked.

- "I found him near the river and he is in the hospital but

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don't worry he is safe now" - He answered.

I was just glad we could finally go home.