



ENCUENTRO LITERARIO XXVIII

TRANSICIÓN A UNDÉCIMO GRADO

COLEGIO MARYMOUNT

COMITÉ CULTURAL MARYMOUNT

CON LA COLABORACIÓN DE:
El Departamento De Lengua Castellana
El Departamento De Inglés
El Departamento De Francés

STORY TELLING CONTEST

3TH - 11TH GRADE

FRANCÉS

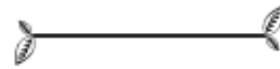
DÉCIMO A UNDÉCIMO GRADO

2013





NOVENO



MY INSPIRATION

Elisa Kerguelen Correa (9^oA)

I was staring at the wall, so disappointed about my work, I wanted to throw everything away and go back to the years when I had a lot of ideas and was inspired by the world I saw outside my window. I was tired of always seeing the same stuff, the only thing I see is grey skies, streets full of trash and people always rushing to get somewhere; now nothing made sense, now all my paintings were grey or black with sad faces all over the canvas. How can a painter paint something good if he isn't inspired?

I went outside looking for inspiration but nothing caught my attention, I thought that maybe it was this city; its view wasn't what I was looking for. For this reason I decided to go to the airport and buy a ticket for the first flight taking off. It was a very long flight and there were only three other passengers on the plane.

When we arrived I didn't know where I was standing so I asked the flight attendant and the only thing she replied was "It's a secret" before she vanished through the mountains. After that, I couldn't find the other three passengers but I wasn't worried about them.

Not knowing where I was I decided to take a look around, everything was so different from what I used to see every day. First of all the grass was green, normally the grass would be brown and dead, there were colorful flowers, and happy animals walking by my side, it was all I ever wished for. My grandparents used to tell me the world used to be like this, all green and beautiful animals passing by, before men practically destroyed everything and turned it into their own, leaving the animals without green places to live. I would have never imagined it would be this beautiful. I felt so different, I felt happiness all over my body and I was also relaxed which was something you didn't find in the city



anymore.

Suddenly my inspiration returned, filling me with energy and ideas, I ran to my backpack and took my paints and canvas to start placing my imagination on them. I felt alive again, like nothing could bother me. I was tired of my daily routine of waking up, going to work, trying to paint something, getting nothing and being disappointed about myself. And now here I was, I don't know where but in that moment I was the happiest person alive because I had everything I had ever wished for, just me and my inspiration.

Weeks had gone by and I was still inspired, I think my inspiration and ideas were so much that I started seeing them in reality; like my portraits were coming to life. All of a sudden I wasn't in my world anymore; I was in my drawings, wondering how it happened. I started looking for answers but never found them.

Time kept passing by and I still didn't recognize anything that was happening around me, I started to feel the need to see a human by my side, all I could see were strange animals and creatures and plants that I had imagined.

I felt that there was something wrong with me, this was too much to be true, and it just couldn't be real. Thinking about it, analyzing what was happening I started comparing myself to Picasso and everything matched and I realized I had gone mad. I was crazy.