



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





OLD PHOTOGRAPHS

Marcela Arango Restrepo (10^oA)

They say photographs capture memories. What you have caught on film is captured forever... it remembers little things, even after you have forgotten everything.

It's 1989 and all I know is that my name is Eleanor, I'm 74 years old and I live in an Extended Care Home in Phoenix, Arizona. Doctors say I'm starting to get Alzheimer's and that it will get worse as years pass, but they also say there's a chance of less than three percent of remembering little things. I don't really know what they're talking about and I don't care either. I just feel perfect as I am and all I think about is that I want to enjoy these last years of my life, so I've decided to travel all around Europe, especially London.

Walking in the streets of London makes me feel something I can't describe, as if I've been here before. Maybe I have, but I don't remember. I take my camera out, the one I found with all the stuff I have stored back at home in my room, and start taking pictures of every place I find interesting and beautiful. I can see the famous Big Ben from here and other historical places. At night, I go to a café to drink a cup of cappuccino and warm myself against this chilly London air. Just when I am going to take a picture of my cup, to remember how delicious it was, I realize that the film roll is over. How did I not remember to check if there was enough film to take pictures of the whole trip? Maybe I should have paid more attention to that Alzheimer's thing.

The next day, the first thing I do is to look for a store where I can buy another roll for my camera and print the ones I have taken. After I find it, the man in the store tells me to come back in the afternoon for the pictures, and that's what I do. When I finally have the photos, I go to the same café as yesterday, order a cappuccino and start looking at the photographs. But there is something wrong with these photos; they seem as if they were taken decades ago and in every single one there is the same couple, who seems so



in love. But what I don't understand is that every photo was taken in the exact same places I visited yesterday, the only difference is the two people in them.

I go back to the store and ask the man if he had given me the photographs of another person, but he was very sure he hadn't. So I go back to the hotel and think about what I could do to figure out what was going on in those pictures.

The day after, I decide to go, one by one, to each place in the pictures again. Just to see if I can find the relationship of the place with the couple. I try and try to imagine what it could be and after visiting every place, I realize there is a picture I didn't notice yesterday. It is a photo of two holding hands and both have the same ring. You could clearly see that each ring had a year written in it: 1948. Instantly, I look at my hands and see I have a ring I didn't even remember I had. It looks exactly the same as the one in the photo. Then I realize that there is a number written on it, a 1948 you could barely see because of all the years that have passed.

And that is how I remembered I was married, in 1948. I had been in London before and I could feel it, but not remember it. It was my honeymoon and I was so in love with that man, but sadly I can't remember his name. Photographs helped me to remember I had been in love and I had had a story, but what happened to that man? What happened to the love of my life?