



# 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**





# UNDÉCIMO



## GODS LANGUAGE

María Fernanda Cárdenas Álvarez (11ºA)

The timing was perfect, the planets were purely aligned and the stars were resting lifeless in the infinite sky, but his soul was still the same.

He was living another repetitive day of his eternal life, but there was something different in the air. He had never been among beauty in that scale of perfection or pureness.

Thanatos, God of light, had been living his everlasting life based on the laws written millenniums before by any existent Gods. He had never felt the opulence of living according to his heart, even worse; he had never felt the complexity and perfection of love; until that inevitable night.

Another infinite day had come to its end. Suddenly, Thanatos noticed a white, absolutely pure light, which came from the dark sky. He saw a sphere which irradiated the most lucid and glowing light he had ever seen. He had never felt so complete.

Thanatos tried to make himself noticed, he screamed, he moved, he jumped, but the strange object didn't make a sound.

The supreme God of light was feeling something foreign in his deep inside. He had fallen in love with the most fascinating object in the whole firmament, the moon.

Every single night, Thanatos went to see his precious love which never gave him an answer. On a desperate night, he needed to take all those emotions out from the deepest part of his soul; he did it by composing a melody.

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The composition was absolutely perfect; the music notes simply composed the most beautiful poetry. Although he never got a response, he had discovered an interior peace never felt before.

After 1 millennium, Thanatos gave up; his moon had always been in absolute silence. He had lost his true love without ever having it, but he had discovered the most forceful power existent, Gods language, and the most magical way to express our souls, music.