



ENCUENTRO
Literario

TRANSICIÓN A UNDÉCIMO GRADO

COLEGIO MARYMOUNT

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XXIX
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THE DESTINY WRITER

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I would've probably woken up crying if it hadn't been for the fact I'd had that same dream every night since I turned thirteen. In my dream, I was sitting in front of a two-story building. It looked like a library, but I couldn't tell. The wooden doors suddenly opened and a golden book flew out and landed on my lap. Then it opened and I saw my name. I woke up covered by a thin layer of sweat. I believed the nightmares would eventually go away, but they just got more frequent. I quickly walked down the stairs hoping not to find anyone on my way out. In the street in front of my house, I saw my half brother, Charles, in his car. I tried to walk past it to avoid having to say hello, but I saw my school bus driving away. Being in a car with Charles was the last thing I wanted to do. But I'd rather do that than walking. I walked towards the window and asked him if he could give me a ride. I got in the car and we got on our way. "My school is not this way," I whispered. "I know", he answered. "Pull over, I'll walk from here". "In case you didn't notice, today you won't be going to school." Before I could even start arguing about how I would be late, he kept talking. "It's time for you to find out a few things about our family. Everything started with our grandfather." He said. Before he could keep going with his nonsense, I interrupted him. "What do you mean? Don't mess with me, just because I didn't meet him doesn't mean I don't know he was just a simple writer." "He was a writer, yes, but not any writer. In an attempt to find inspiration, for one of his books,

he tried to look for the cure for immortality. What he didn't know was that he would actually find it. With a whole eternal life to live, he started writing books about people close to him. The part that is actually interesting is that he didn't stop in the present; he started writing about people's future. It started as a hobby, but his words came to life and started affecting people's future. Afraid of the consequences this might have, he ran away, leaving the destinies without a writer". "In case this is true, what does this have to do with me?" "Well, he's only been missing for a few days and..." "Do I have a grandfather?" I screamed in shock. "You had". "Can I go on?" I nodded. "The point is that you... he hesitated. You are the next destiny writer. He wrote it in your book. We have to find it." "What, our grandfather?" he rolled his eyes. "No, your book." Charles pulled over, and I screamed in shock, in front of me, I saw the building I'd seen so many times in my dreams. "If a golden book flies out of these doors I swear I'll pass out." I think I said that last thing out loud, because Charles looked at me as if I had gone mad. We walk in and thanks god a book didn't fly to me, but I could recognize it perfectly on top of a pile of books. Charles grabbed the book and we were already on our way out when I felt a cold hand on my shoulder. It was the librarian. I knew he was going to tell us we had to pay for it, unless... I snatched the book from Charles hands and opened it to the first page; I guess the librarian recognized my name because he let us go. I was so tired; I fell asleep as soon as I entered the car. I woke up when the car came to a halt. I turned around towards Charles and I stifled a scream. I was so tired; I hadn't noticed the small wrinkles that were forming at the end of his eyes and his forehead. "Before you ask, he started, that library we were in, it's not any library, time flies in there. We were trapped there for about seventy years." I shook my head in disbelief. You became immortal as soon as your grandfather runned away." He answered as if he knew exactly what I was going to ask. We exited the car and I took him upstairs. I was shivering and sweating. How did I even get here? That question had been rounding

my mind for hours now. Suddenly, an image hit me. Even if I never got to see my grandpa, I knew it was him. He was writing my name in the destiny book. I knew what I had to do. I didn't even want to be immortal, right? I looked around desperately, but I could only find nail polish. It will work, I think. I opened the book to the first page, and covered my name with the nail polish, and replaced it with Charles. I heard a noise and ran to his room. He was now standing up, and the color was coming back to his face as I felt it ebb from mine. I suddenly felt weak and... old? Then, I hit the ground. When I woke up, I was on my bed; I guess Charles putted me in here. I walked in tiptoes to my bathroom trying not to wake him up, and I stood in front of my mirror... I saw my old face and my pale skin. I knew I was dying, but I'd never felt so alive.