



ENCUENTRO  
Literario

TRANSICIÓN A UNDÉCIMO GRADO

**COLEGIO MARYMOUNT**

COMITÉ CULTURAL MARYMOUNT

CON LA COLABORACIÓN DE:  
El Departamento de Lengua Castellana El Departamento de Inglés  
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**STORYWRITING CONTEST**  
2ND - 11TH GRADE

**FRANCÉS**  
DÉCIMO Y UNDÉCIMO GRADO

**2014**





XXIX  
ENCUENTRO  
literario

*UNTITLED*

Tatiana Riera Behaine (9°A)

It was an exciting thought. New house, new city, and the start of a new life. She had thought about it all as the plane landed in the city that never sleeps; however, as her husband gently squeezed her hand, she woke up from the trance she had been in.

“We’re here.” He said, and as she looked out the window, she saw it. They were definitely there.

Months had passed and she still couldn’t get used to the eccentric life of the people in New York, not only that, but the house she and her husband were living in was full of eccentricities as well, it had been the mansion of a rich family in the 20s after all. Her husband went to work every day except for Sundays, so she had had the first weeks to explore the house. There was something that caught her attention, there was a door that just wouldn’t budge. She had spent days trying to open it and discover the mystery inside, but then she just gave up, telling herself that what was inside, just wasn’t worth her time.

One day however, while she was cleaning the house, she heard a clicking noise nearby, and as she approached it, she was attentive to every little movement surrounding her, just in case a ghost tried to be funny and jump on her; and again there it was, the door that wouldn’t open, except this time it was actually a bit open, just enough so she could peek at what was inside. At first she wasn’t so sure though and

thought this was a room she just hadn't seen yet, but no this was definitely the bedroom.

Her curiosity quickly took hold of her senses and before she could control herself, she was opening the door and walking inside the room, which had had her attention for months.

Inside however, was everything she had never expected. The room was totally empty. It didn't have anything, no furniture, no decorations. It was a simple room with blue walls and a single window on the other side, which was covered by a blanket.

The blanket was white, probably made out of silk by the texture of it, and it was a surprise that unlit other sheets around the house, this one hadn't been eaten by plagues that came to abandoned houses. With one soft pull, the blanket was on the floor and what was beyond the window, gave her goose bumps.

It's like a whole new city in there, she thought, her eyes widening. The city was like all others except it had something different. The atmosphere maybe, she really couldn't recognize it until she saw the people and finally discovered what was different of this city.

It seemed like they were all going to a costume party. They all had clothes from the people that lived there around 90 years ago. Honestly, she thought that the city had organized just that, a huge party that all the city had been invited to, but then something happened and now the doubts in her mind appeared again. One man, dressed with a tailored suit and a gray homburg hat, looked up at her and raised his eyebrows, waving his hand at her. "Oh hey there miss" he said, his accent years away from the current one. Not only that, but there was a group of woman who were

looking up at her and pointing at her before making gestures to their own clothes, then they laughed. The music and of course, the building were also far away from this generation and finally, she realized it.

This was no costume party. The window was an open portal, an entrance to the same city, but years ago. The New York City of the golden twenties, and she was excited to walk into it.