



ENCUENTRO
Literario

TRANSICIÓN A UNDÉCIMO GRADO

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XXIX
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SNAP!

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People always ask themselves, “why is the sky blue?” or “why are the plants green?” but I think these questions aren’t exactly what we should be asking ourselves, we should be thinking: “what would happen to me in the future?” or “what will I do when I grow older?” since I was little I have been thinking “if I had a book of my life, will I open it? Will I read it until the end? Will I throw it away? Will I try to change it if I dislike it? I don’t have an answer to these questions, that’s why I have no idea of what I’m going to do with this book...

“Daddy!” I exclaimed as I run into my fathers arms “I missed you” I said softly against his chest “I wasn’t gone for that long” he chuckles “wanna go and see mommy?” he added “Yes! Is my brother there yet?” I said with an excited tone as my dad opened my mother’s room door “see it yourself” he said with a smile, as I approached my mother’s hospital bed, I saw my newborn brother being held in my mom’s warm embrace “we should take a family picture” my father suggested as he saw how happy my mom looked “Yes!” I said loudly while my father snapped the picture.

This is my special day, my prom night, I have been waiting for this moment for as long as I can remember I said to myself as I grew more anxious, my thoughts were interrupted by my phone ringing “Hello!” I asked, I didn’t check the caller ID “Hey” she answered back, I immediately recognized my best friend voice on the other line “He is coming to pick me up tonight, I swear to god that if he doesn’t arrive I will

drown myself in my thoughts and regret going to the party” I said to her desperately “Oh come on! It will be fun” she mocked me, suddenly I heard the doorbell “he is here, got to go, bye” I hung up quickly and I didn’t wait for her to reply. I slowly made my way downstairs to have my ‘Cinderella Moment’ I smiled as I saw my boyfriend waiting for me, and by his side my mom holding a camera in her hands “you two look awesome! Let me take a picture!” she gushed as she clapped her hands excitedly, I moved closer to him and he wrapped an arm around my shoulder “smile!” my mom said with a grin herself, then the camera clicked, ensuring me the picture was taken.

When mi fiancé finished his vows I had tears in my eyes but I refused to cry since my make up was perfectly applied, my hair perfectly styled, my shoes perfectly dry just as my dress and crying will ruin all of it “you may now kiss the bride” the priest said in a serious yet adoring way, when my soon- to-be husband leaned closer to give me the kiss, all I heard was cameras taking hundreds of pictures of us and our perfect wedding.

I smiled at my newborn child in awe as I stared at her beautiful face; she has the same eyes as his father, my nose, his rosy cheeks and my hair. She was beautiful, and I wasn’t saying this just because I’m her mother, she really is beautiful. My husband approached me and asked me if he could hold her, I said “yes” obviously, it’s his baby too after all. He had such a loving gaze when he looked at her. I’m sure the nurse liked our baby a lot and my point was proven when she looked at me expectantly saying “Can I take a picture if you too want to do so?” my husband nodded eagerly as he scooted closer, we smiled and she snapped the picture.

I woke up on a cold morning day and when I looked out of the window, it was raining, I felt like the weather was describing my state, I felt a pang on my chest as I remembered yesterday’s events. I suddenly halted as I heard a harsh wind coming from outside, but as I listened closely it wasn’t the wind, it was my breath, I tried so hard to have a normal breathing but it was so hard to even open my eyes on this kind

of situation. Finally I was ready and making my way to the cementery. As I parked my car, I slowly made my way to there the funeral was taking place, when I came closer I was able to see my husband's body carried into a coffin and I felt my eyes getting glossy as an involuntary sob escaped from my lips. After the burial we had the service, as I walked up the stairs to the stage to say some words in remembrance to my deceased husband, unwanted tears soaked my cheeks as I said some loving words about my husband, I remember my sister taking a picture of the beautiful setting of my husband's funeral. I woke up to the loud beeping of the monitor beside my hospital bed, my head was pounding and my stomach was grumbling, I was hungry, but I was unable to move, I listened to the steady rhythm of the monitor, trying to get some sleep, suddenly it became harder to breathe, the monitor's beeping speed decreased and doctors rushed into the room trying to get a hold of me, but I was fading away, I could hear their voice being carried away by an eternal sleep and then it all went black.

As I finished looking at the photo album, I closed the book softly, hundreds of question that I had expected to ask erased from my memory in seconds, and I finally understood how wonderful the person I never met was, my grandmother.