



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





PAPER NOTHING

Maria Alejandra Serrano Moraga (9ºA)

After a thousand centuries, two days actually, her eyes opened widely. It was an average day in which she dreaded the idea of being alive and living in what seemed like hell to her. The only thing that kept her from suicide and taking her life away was drawing her dreams, she sees things no one else does, things common people wouldn't understand nor believe.

Although her inspiring moments were at night, she still hated it, she hated the darkness, loneliness and silence it brought to her. She couldn't avoid thinking about awful things which even if they didn't exist, couldn't still hurt her, at least in her mind. This thing had converted her in what she is now and there is no turning back. People think she is crazy, she draws, paints, changes colors, even asks for an eraser or a black color, which is her favorite, and continues drawing. You can hear the anger she draws with, but when she shows her work, there's only a blank white paper, she insists to the people watching, but they can't see anything, there's nothing there.

One day on her lonely way to a café, a really old woman suddenly took her by her hand and pulled her away to a narrow alley. She screamed at her to be careful with her dreams, she told her that she had amazing powers that could turn her worst nightmare in what she had always wanted, with the only exception that everyone, including her, would die.

The next day, she continued drawing what she had dreamt, but this time it was different, she had this strange feeling when drawing, and even though she didn't know what she drawing and her hand was hurting, she couldn't stop.



Everyone stared at her for at least 3 hours. As soon as she finished, she fainted. No one knew what to do until a random girl took the binnacle. Shocked, she turned the drawing so everyone could take a look at it, but suddenly, the paper turned as bright as the sun; it burned their eyes so bad that no one could stand looking at it, until finally, the paper swallowed everyone just like a black hole would.

'What an interesting hypothesis of the end of the world Sophie' said Mrs. Sixton looking at the whole class in excitement 'I think Sophie deserves a round of applause.'
"...it isn't a hypothesis..." Sophie whispered to herself.