



ENCUENTRO Literario

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

STORYWRITINGCONTEST
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FRANCÉS
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XXIX
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FAR BEYOND REALITY

Laura Roldán López - Laura (7°B)

I could write stories, I could live those stories. I could have the power over my life and decide how I wanted it to be. As soon as I had a pencil and something to write on I could write many stories, many adventures, and then transport myself to those magical places that went far beyond anyone's imagination. I believe this just happens to people who truly believe creativity and imagination are way better than the reality we live in. This world is too mainstream, too normal, too common, too ordinary, and I will never understand why people, knowing they have the power in their hands to write stories and scenarios so much better than the ones we live in, choose to ignore it and like everyone else, be boring.

Today I could be a princess, tomorrow a mermaid, the next day I could fly to the moon. I could be anything I wanted to. I could do anything I wanted to. You just need an imagination that can lead you to exciting adventures, magical fairytales, endless love stories, anything you wanted, anything you could ever imagine. It was just the matter of getting a pencil and something to write on.

Never forget that imagination and creativity will always beat reality. With nothing else to add, here's how everything started for me.

It was a Friday morning in April. I woke up, I went to school, and then went straight back home, the same, boring daily routine I could not possibly escape.

As soon as I got home I took my notebook out, the one where I used to write every single idea for stories that had ever crossed my mind, and I decided that for the first time I wanted to pull it all together, and finally write my first story. There were ideas beginning from me being a princess, defeating mythological creatures, like dragons, and minotaurs to me getting lost in a forest, falling through a giant hole coming out of the ground and ending up in a different world.

I spent all afternoon until past midnight trying to come up with a short story that could combine all of my ideas in one but at the same time that would make sense.

It wasn't an easy task but judging by how much I loved writing I put it all together and the story was finally written. I wasn't planning to do anything with it, considering it was my first one. I just wanted to leave it there and anytime I felt like adding something else, I would.

I went to sleep. Well I wouldn't say "sleep" since I didn't actually sleep, not even a bit that night. I kept having these really weird dreams of me doing really weird things. It was a constant overwhelming feeling. I didn't have the slightest idea of what was going on. I woke up, and when I opened my eyes I realized I wasn't at home, not anything even near to being at home. It was me in the middle of the forest dressed up on really weird clothes and people around me screaming "Everyone ready to fight?" I immediately recognized that scenario. It was the beginning of the story I had written the night before.

I was inside my own story, and in that moment I realized this was my new reality, and I never wanted to escape from it.