



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





UNDÉCIMO



I WILL DANCE IN HEAVEN

Manuela Vásquez Ochoa (11^ºB)

June 3rd, 1940.

Dear diary, last night I felt someone was watching me sleep again for the fifth time. I'm so scared, but if I tell mommy she could send me to a mental institute.

June 4th, 1940,

My beloved diary, I'm so ashamed! My friends laughed at me because I'm already 13 and I haven't been kissed by a boy. What would it feel like to be kissed?

I must confess something to you, everything is a little bit weird over here. Mom says I can't tell anyone I'm Jewish anymore, she told me my neighbours got in trouble because of that. Perhaps it could be true; I haven't seen them for over a week.

There's something I haven't told you Dear Diary, last night I felt the same eyes looking at me, but I knew if I moved to watch who was there, those eyes would disappear, so I quietly opened my eyes and... I saw him; I can swear he shined, and had wings; his eyes were as blue as the sky, and his hair as dark as night. He was sitting on the floor, looking at me and some tear drops fell from his eyes. Suddenly, he faked a smile and vanished.

Why was the Angel crying dear diary?

June 7th, 1940,

Hi you. Something terrible happened; the military broke into our house on Thursday. They treated us like trash; I was so scared I burst into tears. And they hit me. They're terrible people.



Now I'm totally alone, my father was taken with other men and I don't know where Mommy is. I was put into a truck with other children and we were taken to a place the military refer to as Auschwitz. It's dark and scary, a place where no one smiles, where every face seems hopeless. Should I lose hope too? There's a rumour that says we're never getting out. But I will persist and never forget that the simple fact of being alive is a reason to keep hope.

All these nights I've been watching the Angel, I've spoken with him. And I think I might be falling for his eyes, for his smile, for his voice. It's incredible how much beauty can exist in the middle of misery. He made me make a promise. Tomorrow morning they are going to make all of us go into a little dark room. As soon as I get inside I have to close my eyes and my ears, I can't open them even if I want to, so he told me I have to wait there, in silence, for him to kiss me. "It's a date, and after that, we're both going together to dance in heaven", he said. I couldn't understand what he really meant, but there's something I know for sure:
I will be kissed by my beloved angel...