

**COLEGIO MARYMOUNT**

**COMITÉ CULTURAL  
MARYMOUNT**

CON LA COLABORACIÓN DE:  
EL DEPARTAMENTO DE LENGUA CASTELLANA  
EL DEPARTAMENTO DE INGLÉS  
EL DEPARTAMENTO DE FRANCÉS

**XXV ENCUENTRO LITERARIO  
TRANSICIÓN A UNDÉCIMO GRADO**

**STORY TELLING CONTEST  
3TH - 11TH GRADE**

**FRANCÉS  
DÉCIMO Y UNDÉCIMO GRADO**

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THE MAN IN THE STORY

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"The king rode his horse, behind him, a terrified army.  
And further ahead, a horse waited for him."

When he recovered his consciousness, everything was different. *Gérome* laid there, anxious towards what he had ahead. Or what he didn't.

"Everything was calmed very quiet. Disturbing silence, thought the king while he looked for the leader of the rebels, who'd give the sign of attack."

Minutes before, he was in front of his desk. He had some manuscripts on top of the table and a cup of cold coffee. Some pictures of a curly girl with a blue dress spread on the floor. He remembered blood on the papers.

"The king saw the man. A hefty, tall man. He was covered in a red cape that made him stand out from an ocean of black monsters with sharp swords. And there she was, sitting in the saddle of the leader. Her pure face was being touched by his grotesque hands. My girl, my angel. He'll pay for this, thought the king"

*Gérome* sat down dizzy. Running blood down his temple. Was it his? The headache could answer that. The wind shivered, and he felt fear. He turned his head where the draught came. There was an army with armors.

"General! There's a man in the battlefield!' The king averted his view abruptly to the slender figure that staggered in the ground. What in the world was he thinking?"



G erome saw that a man, the one on the biggest horse, whispered to a kid. Then, the kid ran to him. 'Sir! You are right in the middle of the battlefield!' he said, as he tried to drag him.

'What? Where?' asked G erome, confused. 'You shouldn't be here. The king says you must leave or you'll be killed when... Oh dear Lord! Sir, you are bleeding... are you alright?'

'Yeah, it's just... it's nothing', but G erome didn't feel as good as he tried to seem. 'Did you mention a war? Who's fighting?'

'What do you...? Are you a foreigner? Everyone knows about this fight.'

G erome's confusion was evident. And eventually, the boy realized.

'Marcus has the king's daughter, Dahlia. There she is, in the arms of the man in the red cape. Yesterday was her releasing day, but Marcos betrayed the agreements. Now they have challenged each other to death.'

G erome could see far away, laying unconscious on a horse, a beautiful curly girl with a blue dress. And then he remembered... this was a little too familiar for him. That tender girl meant something to him. He then turned his head to look to the other side: the king's army. The leader's sight found him, and he suddenly was scared stiff. The king looked just like...

A far scream interrupted his thoughts. The horde was attacking.



'Sir! Run, run! Out of the battlefield!'

G erome ran as he was told, but the adrenaline made him fall. And as his head suffered the impact of the floor, the penny finally dropped.

He knew this moment. He...had... created it. He was a writer, yes he knew that. He had an 8 year old daughter named Dahlia. She was kidnapped some months ago and he had been fighting since then against suicide because of her. But the day of the agreement, the kidnappers gave him her arms: she was dead. This was his fight to save his angel, to see her one last time. And the only way he knew to make someone live again was writing, giving them life in a story. So he wrote, and wrote, and wrote. Now everything was clear. He had given so much soul into the papers that he lost everything. His wife left, his boss had fired him and he had no friends anymore. He had no life. He had given away so many feelings, he lost his most important possession: his identity. And he was now trapped in his own story. Maybe forever... he never wrote the end.

"This was it. The king raised his sword and yelled for victory.. He suddenly realized the man was still there, and he looked just like him... was it possible?'

G erome stood up and got prepared for the impact... he wouldn't have time to escape from both armies. One will get sooner than the other one and either way he was getting the first strike. He looked right into the king's eyes as he got closer, and then turned his head. Dahlia was so close, so pure. He could see her...



"His angel. There she was, almost safe. He was getting her"

'Kill the foreigner!' he heard. So he closed his eyes and waited for the last breath.

"Marcus was heading straight to the man. Should he save him? There was no time to think, So the king just acted with the heart and..."

'Is time to leave memories behind' whispered the women as she read the manuscript. She tore the papers and threw them to the garbage. She organized the desk of the old writer, threw out the coffee and cleaned the pens. She hadn't seen him for a while. 'Maybe he was out for a trip' she concluded.

She left the room whistling like she always did, so she didn't hear the screams that came from the garbage, neither she saw the blood pouring from the broken letters.