

**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**

**2011**





## UNDÉCIMO

### BEYOND THE LIGHT

Daniela Duque Zuleta (11° A)

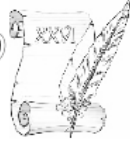
My summer was not as sunny as I expected it to be, on the contrary I remember it as a blurry and dark gray cloud.

My dad and I were driving back home from a roadtrip, it was late and dark, I was pretty scared because I hate night drives but my father tried to calm me down by singing my favorite song (Here comes the sun-The Beatles). I was starting to feel more calm when suddenly a huge bear appeared in front of the car this forced my dad to turn the wheel completely at the night and hit a tree.

Black out

I woke between four white walls, the calendar next to my bed marked September 21<sup>st</sup>, two months after the date of our roadtrip.

My mother was sitting on the couch facing the T.V set, her face full of wrinkles, she looked way older than the last time I saw her. As soon as she realized that I had opened my eyes she broke into tears and hugged me, I hugged her back and as soon as I was able to catch my breath I asked her about my dad, she didn't say a word but her silence was more than enough, he was dead, gone, forever.



That night I cried myself to sleep, it went like that for a whole week, then the sleepless night came. I was already in conditions to get out of the hospital, my months into coma for some reason hadn't affected my body and I was "healthy" but my mom insisted that they should keep me in the hospital for another week.

On my third day of insomnia I felt something touching me, I couldn't figure out what it was, it felt warm and familiar, it felt just like my dad's touch but it couldn't be. This went on for four other nights and when I told my mom about it she pointed out the fact that I had just gotten out of a big trauma and that maybe we should look for professional help.

Later that day, during the night time I felt the touch again, with more intensity than ever, I knew it, I was sure it was him.

The day of my departure came closer and closer, as I began to bond with my dad during the night I got examined during the day.

They talked about post-trauma shock; dementia... they even mentioned schizophrenia. I overheard the doctors talking to my mom, they told her that they'd rather send me to see a psychologist, bla, bla, bla.

And that was when it hit me, my dad and I had a bond that was impossible to break, and he'd always be by my side.

Now I've been talking to him during the night time because he's not allowed to visit me during the day, the "guy" behind the bright light won't let him, but when the



## *Encuentro Literario*



night comes he leaps back to Earth and he keeps his promise of never leaving me alone... though I hope someday I'll be strong enough to let him go and free him to total happiness.

And as far as it goes for my mom and doctors, I let them think they're right, I lie about his existence and I try to act like the person they want me to be, even if what I say is not entirely true.