



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





WHAT A TREE CAN DO

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Have you ever thought about the most necessary thing for your survival? There are so many possible answers to that question, but think bigger... Describe in one word the thing that can give you all of those answers wrapped in one.

Nature.

Here, where I live, you can breathe the purest air from the skies, and drink the clearest water from each river. Every day I see different kinds of animals, my favorite ones are birds. I love how they wake me up each morning with their sweet melodies.

"Hey, Prunus, look at that bird, on your branch." I say, pointing with one of my branches to one of his. Prunus, an old and grumpy tree for as long as I can remember, just shakes all of his body, scaring the bird away. I don't blame Prunus for his way of being; he has lived so much time. I'm one of the young ones and I am at least 100 years old.

Every tree has a different job; Prunus is a protector, he is always aware of who enters our forest. The ones that have the prettiest flowers are the flowered. The tallest trees in each part of the forest are the weathertrees; they tell us when it is going to rain and when it will be sunny. I'm an oxygen-giver, not that the other ones don't produce some oxygen, but I produce much more than they do, after all, it is my job.

"Oh, kid, don't wake me up for those insignificant animals! I haven't had a good sleep since I was 250 years old!" Same old Prunus.

"Hey, Sequoia, do you see any birds up there?" Sequoia is our weathertree and she is the oldest tree in our forest, but nobody knows how old she is, not even her. "Not today, it seems like there's a storm coming".



A couple of hours later I begin hearing thunder, but there isn't any lightning. I can feel something is wrong. "Prunus, what is that noise?" "It is the noise you make when you don't let me sleep, kid!" Same old Prunus. "No, Prunus, wake up, there's something really weird!" He opens his eyes wide "Humans" he mumbles, then he shouts "HUMANS!" and suddenly a tree falls down some distance away from me.

I've never seen a human; they have never been into this forest, but all the trees around me begin panicking. But why? Are humans so horrible? "What's going on?" I ask Vitex, who is too busy shouting instructions to answer me.

"Look at that huge tree! Let's take it down, that should do it for today" says a little pink creature while walking, I suppose he is one of the humans. The other one nods and walks past me. That's when I see the scariest thing I've ever seen. "What is that in the hand of that human?" I ask. "It's an axe" Prunus tells me.

The man goes to Sequoia and raises his axe into the air and hits her with it. She screams and it is the most horrifying sound I can imagine, but the humans don't seem to notice. When the man raises his axe again, I can see a cut on her trunk. He does it over and over again. Sequoia's screaming starts getting softer until there isn't a sound other than the axe hitting against the wood. He continues hitting her until she falls down.

Later they take her out of the woods with some other tools I haven't seen before. The storm she had announced a few hours before comes and the only sound that we hear are the drops crashing against our leaves.

The next day there aren't any birds to wake me up with their melody or any sleep to wake me up from, because every time I close my eyes I see her falling and every time I think about it I hear her screaming. We couldn't do anything



about it because we're just trees, but I hope, someday, humans realize the pain they cause every time they cut a tree or kill an animal or drop something that poisons us.

The only thing I can do is hope for a better man.