



ENCUENTRO  
Literario

TRANSICIÓN A UNDÉCIMO GRADO

**COLEGIO MARYMOUNT**

COMITÉ CULTURAL MARYMOUNT

CON LA COLABORACIÓN DE:  
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**STORYWRITINGCONTEST**  
2ND-11TH GRADE

**FRANCÉS**  
DÉCIMO Y UNDÉCIMO GRADO

**2014**





XXIX  
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“NOT SO TRUE”

María López Ángel - Weasley (4ºA)

Snowflakes were falling through the frosted windows of the Carrow's. Although January was starting and New Year's Eve was over, Fred and Ginny were up at 2:45 in the morning, because they were jumping in their brand- new trampoline they got for Christmas. Ginny was a blonde 11-year-old girl; sweet and clever, and very good at sports. Fred was a crazy boy, a lover of sweets, who believed in magic. He was blonde, like Ginny, and was 12 years old. “This is breaking!” shouted Ginny. “Oh, stop it, Ginny!” shouted Fred as he jumped even higher. Ginny stopped jumping and got off the trampoline. “You're going to wake up mom!” Ginny said, looking over the shoulder. “Just hush, you are just jealous, because I jump higher than you do!” snapped Fred. “Oh, yeah?” she said grinning. “Yes,” said Fred, grinning too. Ginny jumped on the trampoline. They spent all morning there: 5:00 a.m., then 7:00 a.m., and finally, 9:00 a.m.

Ding-dong! The doorbell rang. They both looked worried. Nobody had ever ringed their doorbell at 9:00 a.m. The boy walked slowly to the door, turned the doorknob around, and opened the door. Ginny walked to the door. They spotted a purple wrapper on the rug. Ginny took it and unwrapped it. There was a yellow envelope with a piece of tape holding it closed. It was a letter. She opened it and read: “Hi there, Fred and Ginny Carrow. I hope you are well. I write from Charmland, my country, to make you a wonderful invitation. Touch this ball and you will teleport.” There was a small green ball stuck to the paper. “What?!” they said at the same time. “You are not going, are

you?” asked Ginny. “I can make my own decisions now. Goodbye.” he replied. “Alright... I mean, this is just one time, isn't it?” she asked. Fred grinned.

They jumped up together and touched the ball. Immediately, their feet lifted and they went inside the green small ball. It bounced out of their house and finally out of the city. It lifted up to the sky and stopped. Suddenly it shook and went inside a cloud. They landed on a sticky thing. “Afilizibac!” said a squeaky voice. The sticky thing vanished. “Oh! Delights!” they said as they opened their eyes. They were in a simple place. It was purple and indigo. The man who did the charm was very tall and fat. He had a purple robe and a gold crown with jewels around it. “The Carrow's!, Finally!” he said. His squeaky voice echoed. “What do you mean, who are you?” They asked. “I am the Only!” the man laughed very hard. Then, he turned his heels and started walking around the place (Charmland) very happily and murmuring a melody. “My name is the Only. Oh! Yes! You got to go now! Oh, no, look at the time! You have to go to the Blizzard!” he said. “The what?!” Replied the kids. “Okay... Departure time! said the Only. “Jump eight times and on the eighth time, you will close your eyes and relax; just as if you were going to throw yourselves from a cliff. Okay... Ready? Start...now! ” They were counting, and realizing this was really stupid. “Seven...Eight!” they counted.

It felt really weird. “Where are we?” asked Ginny. The wind was strong, so it was almost impossible to open their eyes. “Can you open your eyes, Fred?” screamed Ginny, desperately. “No! What about you?!” He shouted really loud, but they had to because the wind blew and whistled hard into their ears. “Trying... Done!” she said.

Her blonde waist-long hair was moving because of the wind. Fred opened his eyes. He was half-lying in bed. “Hey! Fred! I said open your eyes! Don't you want to go to the trampoline? I'll be waiting for you downstairs,” said Ginny, as she left Fred's room. Everything was just a dream...