



ENCUENTRO  
Literario

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

**STORYWRITINGCONTEST**  
2ND-11TH GRADE

**FRANCÉS**  
DÉCIMO Y UNDÉCIMO GRADO

**2014**





XXIX  
ENCUENTRO  
literario

*BUTTER-FLIES*

Isabel González Johnson (6°A)

I was sitting in the garden when I saw a beautiful, strange butterfly. I got closer and I realized it was kind of “melting”. It was a small, sticky, yellow butterfly, but it wasn’t a regular butterfly... “Butter-flies!” I said in a loud voice and ran back to my house.

- “Mom!” I said excited. “Butter-flies”

- What’s wrong with butterflies? She asked.

I tried to explain it to her times but she couldn’t understand.

“I saw a butterfly made of... butter I think”, I told myself trying to understand what I saw.

I went back to the garden where I had seen it, but now it was totally melted. I tasted it and it actually tasted like butter.

I found melted butter all around the floor, and I heard voices calling me from a tall tree behind me, it had a hole... it was “the home of the butter-flies”. It was the tallest tree in that garden, but the strangest thing was that I could understand what the “butter-flies” in the hole were telling me.

“Our portal to eternal winter is closed, our specie is going to melt.” The biggest “butter-fly” said.

And... how can I make a new portal? I asked.

“You need to become one of us, a “Butter-fly”, by eating some of the melted butter on the floor, then fly to the top of our tree and touch a cloud” the biggest “Butter-fly”

said.

I ate some of the melted butter on the floor as she told me to do but as the “butter-flies” were heavier than regular butterflies, it was quite difficult to fly to the top of the tree, I fell down a few times but now I was melting, I lost one of my wings so I had to climb instead of flying.

As soon as I had reached the top of tree I saw that the nearest cloud was going away and so was my opportunity to save their specie.

A cloud covered the sun, my wing reappeared and I flew to the cloud and touched it.

I went back to the top of the tree because I was starting to melt again. The portal appeared and I saw every single “butter-fly” go in it. Suddenly I was a human... but I was still on the top of the tree!

I fell and I fainted. When I woke up I thought it was a dream but I was still in the garden, as a human, but covered with butter, I peeked at the “Home of the butter-flies” and I saw closing portal.