



ENCUENTRO
Literario

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XXIX
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WHEN DEATH FALLS IN LOVE

Valentina Vélez Ochoa (8°A)

I'm eternally condemned; my worst sin is to exist and my punishment is to not feel. Everyone is afraid of me, but I'm not afraid of anybody. I do not have compassion; instead, I destroy hope and yes, someday we'll meet. You may be thinking that I'm a soulless creature, willing to take innocent lives to a dark and lonely place, but that's half-way true. I didn't choose to live this way. I was chosen to live this way.

I know you wouldn't understand how I felt the first time I saw Anna Collins. She was just a baby, with the purest heart I've ever seen. For the time I've existed, millions of years, I've never seen someone like her. Perfection is the only word that can be used to describe this human being.

It was April of 1975 when she met Andrew Murphy. He wasn't handsome or rich, but he had something that made her fall in love. She was happy, happier than she had ever been, and I felt the desire to destroy him, not because I didn't want her to be happy, but I wanted that happiness to be lived with me. I wasn't thinking that if I wanted Anna by my side, I had to kill her first, and the only way of doing that was defying nature.

It was cold, nearly as my heart. I couldn't help it. That strange sensation inside my chest was growing every single day and the wish to feel the warmth of Anna's soul was bigger. So there I was in New York City doing my daily routine of taking people's lives away, dressed in my typical black coat with my head hidden behind my big dark

hoody. I was in St. Jude's hospital picking up Mary Jane, a seven-year-old girl who had been waiting for my arrival for more than three years, while suffering all that time, hoping for a miracle to happen. After consuming what was left of her soul, and leaving her family with a hole that could never be healed, I found myself in Pearland, Texas in a small white house, where a boy and a girl lived happy and with no worries. I don't know or I just simply don't want to remember how I entered and stole Andrew's body, giving Anna a kiss that would make her close her eyes and never open them again.

It was slow how I was emptying her soul and leaving behind a cold and pale body, but nevertheless it has been the most satisfactory sensation I've ever felt in my entire existence.

Warmth as love, Anna was the most beautiful creature I've ever seen. And she was just mine.

As for Andrew, I didn't have to worry. I made him forget everything he once felt for Anna, so I didn't take the risk of them never forgetting each other and my satisfaction being interrupted by this insignificant obstacle.

I wasn't that lucky at making Anna forget Andrew. Her heart, pure as water, couldn't stop beating for him. I tried everything, but she would just be more depressed everyday.

After many years, I gave up. I had to let her go, and so I did. At night, she flew away and I could hear her whispering, that if I had not taken her happiness away, she wouldn't have taken mine.

She is now a sparkle besides Andrew, in the dark but beautiful night. She shines as bright as a diamond, and radiates a beautiful glow that reminds me everyday of how close I was to get her, yet so far.